

NOVEMBER

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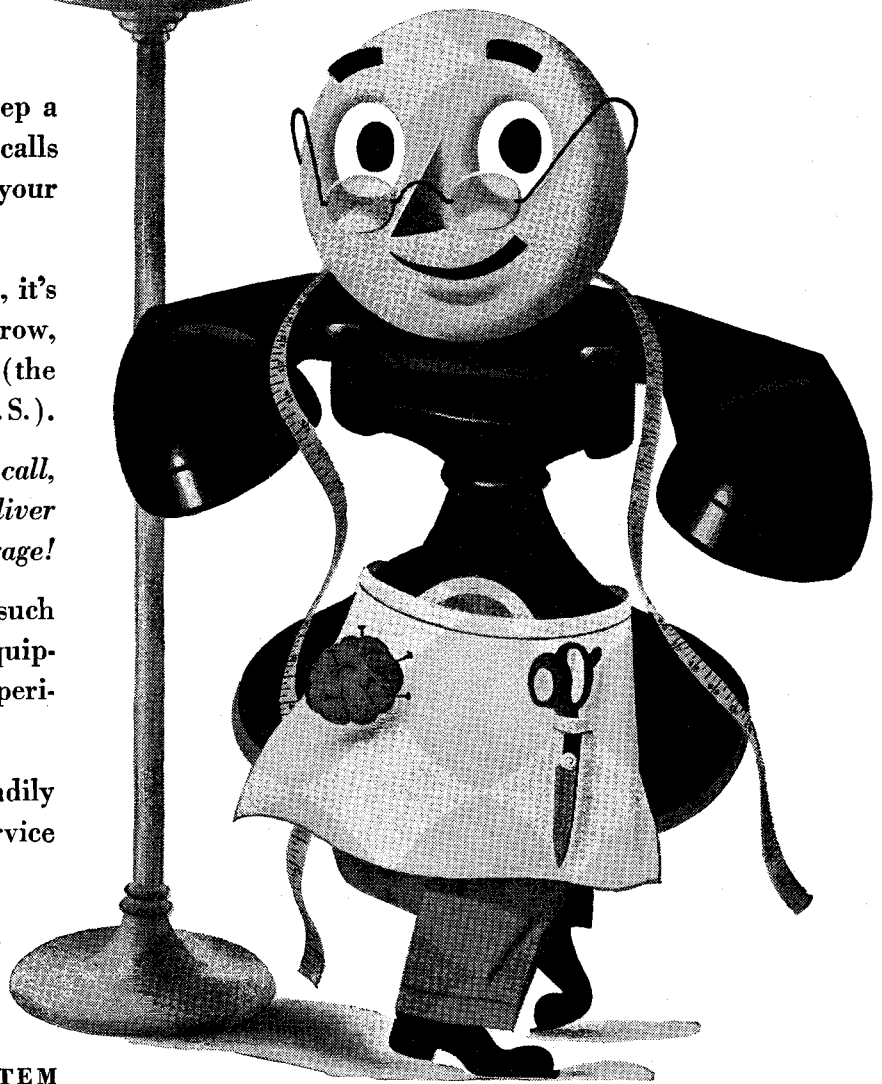
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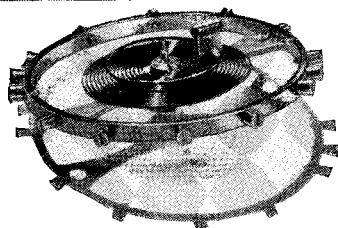


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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Washington

IN the last nine months faith has been sadly lacking in the American system of private enterprise. We have been going through a very delicate phase of adjustment to normal conditions of competition. It is what the London *Economist* now calls "a healthy pause." But the start of the adjustment was the signal for diverse activity on the part of several groups, based upon the premise that we were heading for a depression.

Among them were liberals — for example, the Americans for Democratic Action — who agitated for public enterprise as a "compensatory" measure, though any such activity would have retarded rather than encouraged the spirit of competition. Then there were the mossbacked bankers and businessmen who, equally sure that a slump was coming, thought it should be thoroughgoing enough to purge the system of its inflated costs, forgetting that a high debt level and a low price level cannot coexist in any comfort. Labor groups, also, intensified their agitation for a fourth round of wage increases, and rationalized the demand on the inapplicable ground that only the eking out of purchasing power would save the economy.

The cost of non-contributing

The distinguishing issue of the fourth-round campaign as paced by steel is a non-contributory system of social insurance and pensions. The President's fact-finding board put the case in plausible language. In approving the union demand, though not its terms, the board said it was a legitimate cost of business to take care of "depreciation in the human machine" as well as in plant and machinery.

This doctrine has been written with the obligations of government in mind. The board knows as

well as anybody else that social insurance and pensions would be borne not by industry but by the public. It is for this reason that social security has been established by the government. If this non-contributory system were to spread in industry, the movement toward wider coverage and better scales of government insurance would slacken.

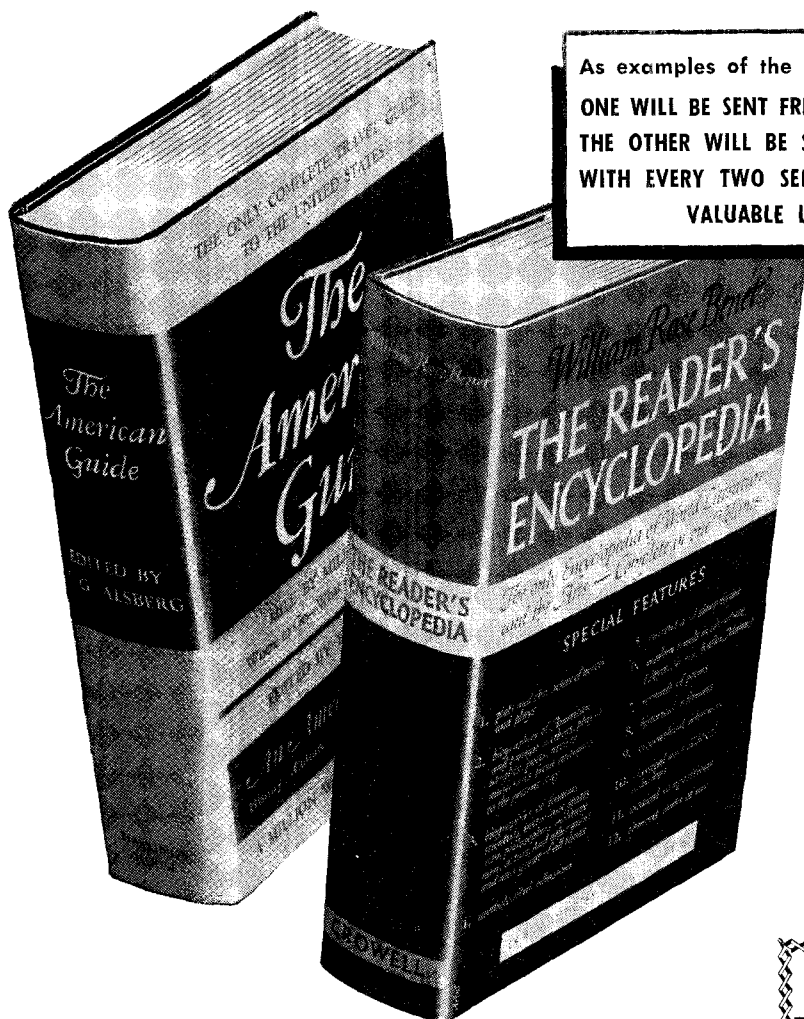
Who would then suffer? Clearly the sufferers would be those workers who are not in favored industries. Small industry cannot possibly copy big industry; so the workers in small industry would be doubly disadvantaged. In their capacity as consumers they would have to bear the cost of private insurance schemes in operation in big industry. And they would be the forgotten men as the movement to improve government insurance slackened.

There is, of course, nothing wrong in duplicating government and private insurance. The former is no bar to supplementary aid in private enterprise. But the hope hitherto has been that the workers would keep their attention focused on the government system. For this is aimed at benefiting society as a whole. The shift in emphasis points up a trend to syndicalism which seems already to have seized the coal industry.

The miners' plush fund

The coal industry is typical, moreover, of what is bound to happen in an industrial welfare system that is non-contributory. Here the system is actuarially cock-eyed. The operators pay out so much a ton on coal mined, and the lowered summer demand, on top of the three-day working week ordered by John L. Lewis, depleted the reserve fund. Yet Mr. Lewis, with the aid of his fellow trustees, blithely proceeded to extend the benefits.

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At stands to reason that if the miners had contributed along with the operators, the fund would not be in the mess it is today. Contributory systems make for a sense of responsibility which non-contributory systems lack.

The parlous condition of the miners' fund throws a glaring light on the inglorious role of Senator Styles Bridges. A lot of feeling was created in the Senate over the revelation of the Senator's take as trustee. It is being sharpened by the realization of the nature of the trusteeship. To be a trustee of this fund, it is now apparent, is to be nothing but a stooge for John L. Lewis.

How does this comport with the dignity of a Senatorship? No violation of the law can be adduced until there has been proof that Bridges has used his position as a Senator in behalf of his private employment. It will always be impossible to prove any such relation. But the immorality of the proceeding appears incontestable to more than a few of Bridges's Congressional colleagues.

As a public servant, supposed to give full time to his Senatorship, he gets \$12,500 plus \$2500 expenses. This he capitalized to become a miners' trustee, and in this position he gets \$35,000 — a sum which shows that no matter what happens to the miners, the Senator's welfare is pretty well insured. Many people are wondering how he can square with his duty as a legislator the high salary he gets from interests involved in many issues before Congress.

The dollar problem

The seriousness of dollar-pound trouble caught the public on both sides of the Atlantic unprepared. The man on the street in Britain cannot appreciate a crisis when he has a job and his pay envelope is full. On the American side, though the farsighted knew what was brewing, the feeling was that any shouting from the housetops might make the situation worse. Specifically, speculation against the pound would have been encouraged. The initiative in this respect rested with the British anyway. So the high officials laid low till the talks opened, and even then let the British carry the ball, so that devaluation might not seem to be forced down the British throat.

The devaluation of the pound had become a fact when the conference opened. That is to say, the pound had been driven down on the black market, and the loss of dollar reserves had developed a momentum. This was due to two factors: postponement of American purchases in Britain while there was uncertainty about exchange rates, and speculation.

How speculation can be carried on in the presence of rigid controls over money movements is something of a mystery. It is done, apparently, in a variety of ways. When an American has pounds in London and a Briton has dollars in New York, under-the-counter transfers are feasible through travelers. Businessmen also can avoid dealings in British pounds by themselves buying in the sterling area and selling for dollars, thus short-circuiting London. This has been done in the case of rubber. At any rate, both trade hesitation and speculation had brought about a *de facto* devaluation.

Britain's war debts

But the malaise is much deeper than a problem in exchange rates. The British feel that their war debt situation has become unmanageable without American aid. This war debt, contracted mainly with India, is expressed in more or less demand balances held in London.

When the American recession began, the Indians, unable to keep up sales to America, at good prices, of jute, mica, manganese, and shellac, started to draw heavily on those balances. The drain prior to the recession took the form mainly of "unrequited exports" — that is to say, British exports in payment of the war debt without compensation in imports from India. After the recession the Indians wanted dollars, and the British could not very well refuse.

The procrastination of the British on this matter of their war debts is one of the deficiencies of post-war statesmanship. Mr. Churchill once said privately that if the British people had confirmed him in office, he would have proposed, as he grandiloquently put it, an International Grand Assize on war obligations.

Nothing of the sort happened. The British simply sought aid for themselves, leaving the sterling debts as the ghost in the background. There

they remained at the time the Keynes loan mission was in Washington in 1945. Some Americans mentioned them, on the theory that a borrower doesn't ask money while his debts are unsettled. But the British always murmured that the subject was a political hot potato. In a way it was, with India getting ready for independence. Now the obligation is too heavy to be endured.

The dollar hemorrhage is accounted for, basically, by a number of circumstances: inability to compete in the American market, diversion of Britain's exports to the seller's market remaining in the non-dollar world, difficulties of selling and marketing in America. But, with the pound righted, the British could doubtless get along if the Indian problem were taken off their necks.

The Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital in the wake of the historic ABC conference is one of satisfaction over the machinery which has been set up to cement the free world. Friendship, as President Wilson said, needs machinery. So much of it has been established since the last report as to stagger the historian. Politically there is the Atlantic Pact; strategically, the defense organization; economically, the agencies to work out the understandings at the ABC conference.

The announcement of the revaluation of free-world currencies is the beginning of close financial teamwork. It is, of course, only a shot in the arm, but a necessary one, for currencies had become completely out of kilter. In this situation the dollar market was impossible for the British (in particular) to break.

This was recognized in the last report of the National Advisory Council, put out in July. The report received little attention in the press, but it showed the British problem. It gave a broad hint that with the return of competition a revaluation of currencies was a *sine qua non* of economic recovery and European integration.

But Secretary Snyder, who presides over the NAC and in this capacity presided over the financial talks in Washington, is under no illusions about the limited value of devaluation in covering the unbalance in Britain's balance of payments. He

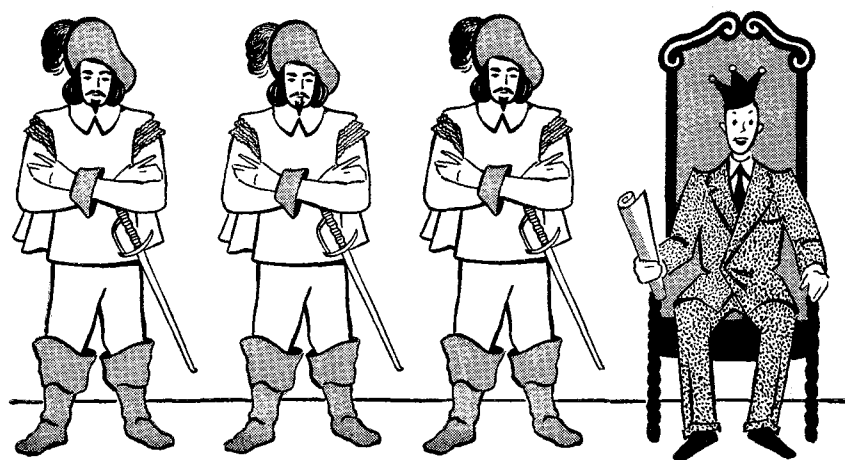
thinks of it only as a breathing spell during which the British can retrench in the matter of business taxation and pull down their costs of production. The mammoth nature of the task confronting British leadership is fully appreciated by Secretary Snyder. But he sees no escape from it if the British in the foreseeable future are to earn their daily bread.

The Capital is wondering whether the good feeling that the conference generated did not hide a great deal more than devaluation and the prospect of American investment. What

appears to be expected is a big-scale swapping of surpluses held by the Commodity Credit Corporation for strategic materials in Asia and Africa. An amendment in this year's renewal of the CCC powers allows this.

A month ago nobody outside the Department of Agriculture seemed aware of this provision, but it certainly entered into the deliberations before they closed, and a sizable swap between India and America is in prospect. This will do more to relieve Britain's anxieties, politically and financially, than anything else.

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Hong Kong

THE occupation of South China by the Chinese Reds is certain to confront the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong with one of the most critical periods in its history. For there is no reason to suppose that China's Communists will prove any less hostile to British and American interests in South China than they have in Shanghai. Hong Kong is unlikely to prove immune from their virulent anti-foreign and anti-imperialist policies.

The island of Hong Kong (literally "Fragrant Harbor"), which has an area of only 32 square miles, was formally ceded to the British Crown by the Treaty of Nanking in August, 1842. Under the Peking Convention of 1860 the small peninsula of Kowloon and Stonecutters' Island were also ceded; and by another Peking Convention, signed in July, 1898, the British Government acquired a 99-year lease of what have since been known as the Leased or New Territories. This brought the total area under British administration up to 391 square miles.

One of the world's greatest harbors grew up naturally in the Colony's enclosed waters. Freedom of the port and freedom of entry and egress of all persons of Chinese race (a privilege, which was not, as mistakenly supposed by many authorities, granted by any treaty, convention, or agreement) ensured for the Colony the role of entrepôt, both for the trade and the labor of China's Southern Provinces, in addition to its becoming a distribution center for much of the trade of Central and North China ports. In 1922 Hong Kong claimed, on the basis of tonnage of entries and clearances of ocean shipping, to be the largest port in the world.

The Colony's role as a distribution center became even more important during the post-war period, when the Chinese government, relieved of the servitudes of the so-called Unequal Treaties, banned the participation of vessels under foreign flags in the coast and river trade.

Until the post-war period little had been done to develop Hong Kong as an industrial center. The only pre-war industries of any importance were the manufacture of refined sugar, cement, ginger, rubber shoes, and flashlight batteries and torches.

Industrial development on a larger scale was hampered by several factors — among them, concentration of local energies upon the development of wharf and harbor facilities; the water shortage (the Colony has to depend upon rainfall and reservoir storage for its entire water supply); and the strict enforcement of those sections of International Labor Codes relating to the employment of female and child labor (which prevented economic competition with such industries as textile mills, on Chinese soil, where the provisions of these codes were ignored).

A recent modification in the ordinance banning night work for women, in the case of approved textile factories, has led to the installation of some of the most modern cotton mills in the world, while the flight of Chinese capitalists from China has resulted in the establishment of a number of other industrial plants. The water scarcity, however, continues to operate as a deterrent to large-scale industrial development.

Too many people

The normal population of the Colony (taking the year 1937, the last year of peace in South China, as a standard) was about 800,000. Following the Japanese occupation of Canton towards the end of 1938, Chinese refugees from all parts of South China poured in, literally by tens of thousands, and at the time of Hong Kong's surrender it was estimated that the population exceeded 1,750,000.

During the occupation the Japanese succeeded, by drastic and often brutal methods, in reducing the population to between 400,000 and 600,000; and after liberation it was believed that the shortages of housing, food, and employment would discourage Chinese immigration.

Unsettled conditions throughout South China, the depreciation of China's currency, and widespread lawlessness, however, led to another mass invasion. At one period Chinese immigrants were pouring in at the rate of over 100,000 per month, and by the end of 1948 it was estimated that the population had risen to approximately two million. The resulting overcrowding aggravated the problems of

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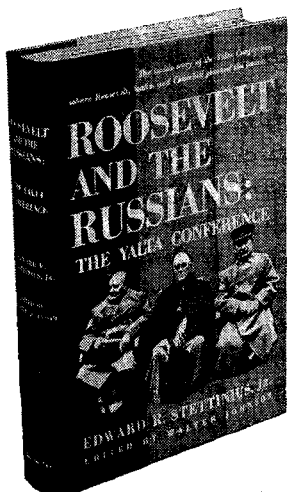
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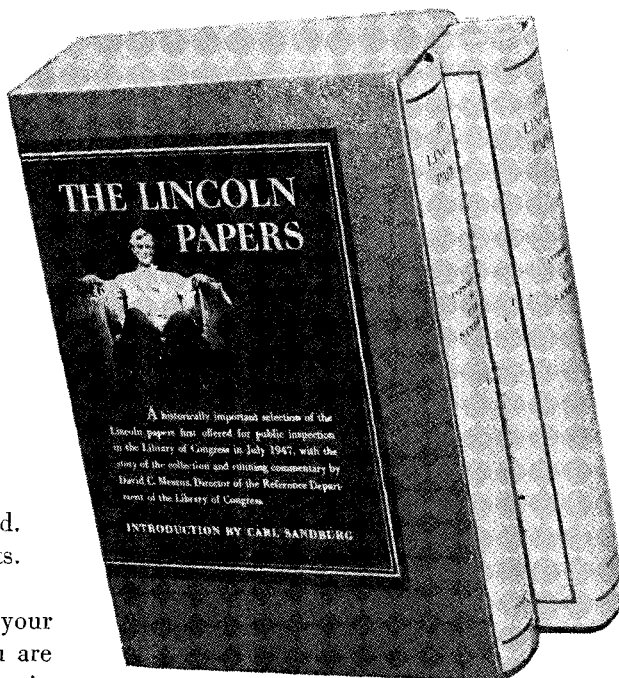
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The Atlantic Report on Hong Kong



rehabilitation. But the re-establishment of the rule of law, a stable currency (the Hong Kong dollar is linked to the pound), rigid price controls, and equitable rationing of necessities enabled the Colony to surmount the difficulties resulting from overcrowding, to make rapid progress in the tasks of rehabilitation, and in the years 1947-1948 to recover most if not all of its pre-war prosperity.

Wealthy Chinese from the North and from Shanghai, apprehensive of the advance of the Reds, and fearful of the consequences of a runaway inflation, arrived in Hong Kong in large numbers, contributing to the Colony's prosperity by financing new industries and businesses, while at the same time aggravating the housing problem by buying residential and office properties at fantastic prices.

The British hold on

The British Government had refused to include the question of retrocession of Hong Kong in the negotiations that preceded the signature of the Anglo-Chinese Treaty of January, 1943, under which the Unequal Treaties were abrogated. But it was obvious that this issue would be raised sooner or later.

No formal demand for retrocession has been made since V-J Day, but frequent attempts have been made to divert attention from internal difficulties by anti-British propaganda in connection with Hong Kong. Apart from allegations of infringement of China's sovereignty it was repeatedly alleged that smuggling to and from the British Colony was obstructing China's economic recovery.

That large-scale smuggling did take place from Hong Kong (as well as from the Philippines, Japan, Formosa, and Korea) was undeniable. But it was organized by Chinese, mostly in China, often with the connivance of the Chinese Army, Navy, and Air Force, and even of the Customs Service.

The British permitted the Kuomintang, then the dominant political party, to establish a branch office in one of the Colony's main thoroughfares, under the direction of a member of the Legislative Yuan, and the Kuomintang was allowed to publish a daily organ — the *National Times*. The branch office and the newspaper lost no opportunity in trying to work up anti-British agitations; and though they were foiled in attempts to secure control of the entire vernacular press, they intimidated it to such an extent that no Chinese newspaper dared to publish the British version of any incident out of which the Kuomintang might make capital.

The most serious of a number of organized anti-British agitations followed the eviction of some 2000 Chinese squatters — for whom alternative accommodations had been offered — from their unsanitary shacks among the rubble of the former little walled city of Kowloon.

Claiming that this was a violation of Chinese sovereignty, the Canton Kuomintang ordered mass anti-British demonstrations, locked out the students of all schools and colleges to compel them to participate, and incited them, headed by a detachment of the San Min Chu I Youth Corps (the counterpart of the Hitler Youth), to invade the former British Concession of Shameen to protest. The demonstrators tore down the British flag, looted several offices, and burned the British consulate to the ground.

The damage was estimated at 1.4 million U.S. dollars, and at first responsibility was admitted by the Chinese government, but not a cent of indemnity has been paid to the victims, although two years have passed since this outrage. This is one of the unhappy consequences of Hong Kong's attempt to coöperate with the Chinese authorities.

Should the Chinese vote?

The Government of the Colony is administered today by a Governor, appointed by the Crown, assisted by an Executive Council of six senior officials and six nominated unofficials — of whom three are of Chinese race — which meets in camera, and a Legislative Council of seven official and eight unofficial members, which holds public sessions. There is also an Urban Council whose duties are mainly restricted to licensing and sanitation.

Proposals to introduce a more representative form of government, which have been made since the liberation, have become the subject of acute controversy. One of them — an elected majority of unofficial members on the Legislative Council — has met with a mixed reception owing to acute differences of opinion over the franchise. One section of the community holds very strongly that only British subjects of whatever race should be entitled to vote. Others advocate a franchise based upon length of residence or taxation.

A very real difficulty in deciding upon the merits of any scheme is the existence of dual nationality. Under China's Nationality Laws, no person of Chinese race, wherever born, can divest himself of Chinese citizenship without a license (which is seldom if ever issued) from the Ministry of Interior.

All British subjects of Chinese race, therefore, are regarded as Chinese citizens and treated as such, in China, in such matters as entry and exit and property rights. A British subject not of Chinese race desiring to enter China — even the port of Canton, a few hours distant by rail — must obtain, and pay the equivalent of 3 U.S. dollars for, a Chinese entry and exit visa, however frequent his visits.

It strikes many Britons as an anomaly that on arriving in the Colony by rail, ship, or plane, they must undergo passport formalities with the immigration officials, while Chinese walk off without examination unless suspected of smuggling in gold.

Communist fifth column

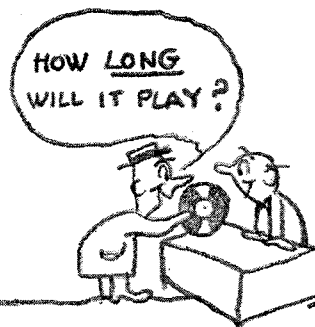
Chinese immigration is difficult to control because the long, indented coastline is so easy of access to small junks and sampans. The security of Hong Kong has unquestionably been seriously undermined by an inflow of over a million unchecked Chinese immigrants, many of them Communists, criminals, and paupers.

The Legislative Council recently passed an ordinance (which has not yet been enforced) empowering the government to restrict immigration, regardless of race, and another providing for the registration of all Hong Kong residents. Unless effective immigration restrictions are enforced in good time, there is serious danger that the Red invasion of South China may result in the incursion of another three quarters of a million or more refugees.

Problems of internal security are likely to become the chief worry of the local authorities when the Reds reach Canton. For there are known to be some thousands of Communists in the Colony, and there has undoubtedly been serious Red infiltration into several of the local trade-unions.

Apart from the difficulties of maintaining order internally, if Communist infiltration is as serious as is generally believed, there will be the problem of feeding Hong Kong's overgrown population. The New Territories, whose farmers are being urged, by pamphlets dropped from aeroplanes, to intensify the cultivation of vegetables, cannot under most favorable conditions produce more than a fraction of the foodstuffs consumed in

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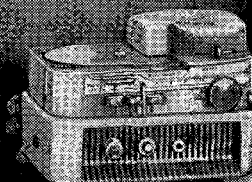
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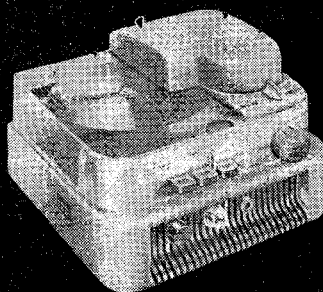
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Hong Kong. Until now most of the vegetable supply has come from the Chinese hinterland, which would probably be isolated by the Reds. Rice is imported from Burma and Siam, meat from Australia, and fruit from South China and the Philippines. The only type of food in which the Colony is self-sufficient is fish.

A wedge for democracy

While it remains in British hands, Hong Kong will offer the only serious hope of maintaining trade relations with China — not necessarily with the Reds. The Chinese are past masters, as they showed during the Japanese occupation of large areas of their country, in carrying on trade in the face of restrictive regulations.

It may be that the highly organized smuggling fraternity in the Colony and across the border will successfully defy Communist attempts to isolate China from the outside world. It may be that, having ruined the economy of Shanghai, the Reds themselves will realize the value of the British Colony as an entrepôt and, without relaxing anti-British and anti-American propaganda, connive at an import and export trade with Hong Kong. Certain it is that the Colony faces a very critical period, during which the endurance of the population, British and Chinese, will be severely tested.

That the British Government is determined to defend Hong Kong is shown by the fact that the defense forces of the Colony, naval, military, and air, have already been increased to over 20,000, and will probably reach a total strength of 30,000 in the near future. In a recent interview the British G.O.C., Lt. Gen. F. W. Festing, stated that when defense preparations were completed the gun density would be equal to that of London at the height of the blitz.

Nor can America be an entirely disinterested party. American exports to Hong Kong in 1948 exceeded those originating in the United Kingdom by 21.5 million U.S. dollars. Although Hong Kong is within the sterling bloc, the existence of an open market for hard currency has been recognized by the British Government. Possibly Hong Kong, as a British Colony, will prove to be the wedge by which the two great democracies will be able to undermine Communism in South China.



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Italy

THE juniors of Roman society have taken to under-water swimming and the spearing of fish with “frog-man” attachments. Rome is full of sleek custom-built superpowered cars, and shop-windows feature lawn equipment reminiscent of Abercrombie & Fitch. Fleets of shiny new yellow trucks sail through the cities carrying the gospel of Coca-Cola.

The May Festival in Florence was carried off in splendor, with *Troilus and Cressida* given with fine Renaissance pageantry. Luchino Visconti, who directed it, had the impish idea of dressing up his Greeks and Trojans as Guelphs and Ghibellines, and the supers beat up each other with unexpected realism. The Festival had already provided unexpected comic relief. As its advertising posters bore Botticelli’s Venus, police authorities confiscated them as obscene and started looking for the artist. Having been called on the carpet for this and other more disturbing moves of censorship, Police Minister Scelba declared in Parliament that an administration which has the Truth cares nothing for “lay cultural claptrap.”

The Italians find this rather funny, and refuse to get excited over an all too familiar type of authoritarian rule whose bark is worse than its bite. They incline to think it is nobody’s fault in particular, but rather the Nature of Things, if they cannot make both ends meet in their wretched private budgets.

The summer was lightened by one or two favorable and memorable omens. Oil spouted most mercifully in the Po valley, and with it a better certified wealth of natural gas. People took to looking into their back yards with a wild surmise. Then the “supermen of the road,” Coppi and Bartali, again faced the grueling Tour de France, and for two weeks the whole nation had no thought of anything else but their winning. But not long after came the grim news of the cuts in the ECA allotments, which filled public opinion with somber forebodings.

Against this checkered backdrop, Italian production has been slowly progressing towards pre-war levels and Italy even has creditor accounts with

most European nations — partly blocked, as usual. Our ECA officials have learned how to gear their work to the methods of Italian technicians, with whom they are on the best of terms; but they are still too polite and helpless against high-level administrative evasion. Although a very positive program of production and land reclamation is under way, little is being done about the reorganization of industries, the breaking of the electric power bottleneck, or land reform. The result is absurdly high prices and a festering labor situation.

Early last summer hundreds of thousands of farm laborers, feeling abandoned by the government in their intolerable conditions, decided to strike. The landowners urged the government to a showdown, in the hope of breaking the Red labor front. The decision proved unpolitical, because it revealed the weakness of the so-called independent unions, once they are used as strikebreakers. After weeks of bitter struggle, the strikers won. The second test came with the maritime workers, and it also went against the government.

But meanwhile nothing is being done about the even more desperate plight of the farm laborers in the South. Said a harassed prefect after many vain appeals to the higher-ups: “We never trouble about the South because we think it’s lead, but it may turn out in time to be plutonium.” The predicament is mirrored in the slow but steady growth in Communist membership, which has passed the 2-million mark.

Chronic overpopulation

It may be said that there is no clear answer to the problem of overpopulation which leaves Italy with 2 million chronically unemployed, while emigration, which has reached the figure of 300,000 this year — mostly seasonal migrants — does not even cope with the annual increase. But the hard fact of masses of miserable men begging for work while so much waits to be done that is not done (even according to conservative business opinion) is no help to public morale.

It may also be said that it is nobody’s fault if the East-West tension has pushed most of the Left be-



The Atlantic Report on Italy



yond the pale and left the worker unrepresented in the political game. But the logical result is that the ruling party forgets its responsibility and is led more and more to rely upon sheer police force.

Local authorities are bitter about the way Scelba and his jeep-mounted cohorts take the law into their own hands. This is a situation which cannot but bear bitter fruit in the long run. Prime Minister De Gasperi, although a well-meaning democrat himself, has made it clear that he may need eventually more repression (and more money) in order to "save civilization."

Catholic Action

The Vatican has been quietly drawing its conclusions and is dissociating itself from the Christian Democratic Party, throwing the whole weight of its support to Catholic Action, which it can control more directly. But even this well-knit organization does not seem to have paid off.

The mood is far from optimistic in Vatican circles. One hears bitter recriminations against the State Department, which did not live up to Vatican expectations, whatever these may have been. But it is only human to find fault with U.S. authorities if things look difficult; for the leaders of the Church are undoubtedly facing hard times in the dramatic religious struggle with the Communists. The Pope has seen himself compelled by the danger of a Catholic schism to use the major weapon of excommunication by bell, book, and candle. Although this may help stiffen resistance in the East, it is felt to be a doubtful commitment in the West.

While the Church has no doubt strengthened its influence on the middle classes, it knows it has not made much headway among the workers, whose Catholicism is largely nominal, and who feel they have long since made their adjustment between their religion and their political unionism. When a worker says he is a Red, most of the time he means he intends to fight with the only weapons at his command for better wages or for a job, and he cannot be made to feel very wrong or impious about that.

Many of the clergy are in a quandary. Spellbinding evangelists like Lombardi, of whose crusading capacities much had been made, have proved strangely "inadequate" in confronting the Communists, for fear of being considered the enemies of the poor. The great religious orders have no longer their traditional compactness, and in each there is a Left wing trying not to know what the Right wing is doing. This disruption is in itself a sign of re-

ceptiveness to social realities, but it carries with it much bewilderment, and a slightly inconsistent wish that America had provided more positive leadership.

American dissatisfaction

The American authorities, on their side, have taken a long hard look at what the Christian Democratic government has been doing with ECA funds, and have proclaimed themselves less than satisfied. As one American put it, "The way we understood the Marshall Plan, it was to provide airplane cover while economy shifted to new prepared positions. We have sent our planes in waves, and now we find those boys still sitting in the old dugouts."

Mr. Hoffman's official *Country Study* for 1948 takes to task Italian authorities for their backwardness in public investment, and for building up a "deflationary surplus" at the expense of the productive machinery. An "aggressive and whole-hearted" investment policy would be needed, it states, in order to utilize fully the capacity of Italian economy, but "because of the timidity of private investment in Italy and the need for extensive public works as well as the degree of state ownership of industrial facilities, a large proportion of investment must necessarily be public investment."

It must be understood that Italian industry is in large part not so much nationalized as state-financed. The government "merely provides a certain amount of financial backing and risk-taking while participating passively or scarcely at all in managerial decisions. In a large number of such enterprises little effort is being made by the government to achieve greater efficiency through modernization and reorganization. Quasi-nationalized industries" (e.g. the Terni electrochemical complex) "are not used as pace-setters for privately-owned establishments . . . but now rather serve to aggravate the rigidities which plague the Italian economy . . . as they have ceased to develop or develop only at a snail's pace."

Italian businessmen who used gratefully the raw materials provided by the first part of the Plan are less enthusiastic about the second, or re-equipment, phase. They do not like to have dangerous questions of efficiency brought up, and to be told that the time of real international competition has come, when one must sink or swim on his own.

To a Franco-Italian mutual reduction of tariffs they oppose a resistance which is cordially reciprocated on the other side of the Alps. They want

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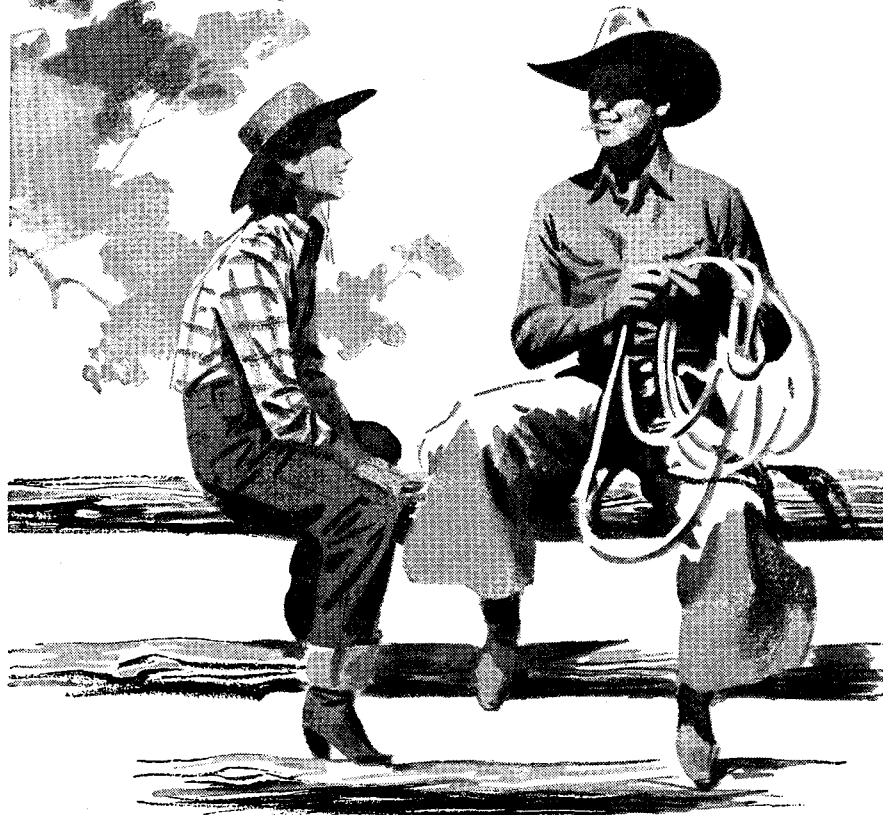
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a stable internal market, not even an expanding one, for they are constitutionally unable to understand mass production, and prefer custom-built production for the few. They would like the international market situation to be clarified, before they embark on capital expenditure.

The British crisis is certainly an awful warning, and rising German exports a fearful specter. Thus there is a tendency among many Italian industrialists to crawl back into the good old cocoon of government orders and cost-plus contracts. Otherwise, they say, how can we keep on those padded payrolls that government requests of us?

The scramble for competitive exports in Europe, for which we had pressed so strongly, while being unwilling to lower tariff walls ourselves, seems to be coming to an impasse; but then, so long as the U.S. has not provided a working system for international exchanges and markets in the Atlantic sphere, the Marshall Plan as a whole will be in an impasse, and this is a point that the Communists are hammering home with enthusiasm. It is up to us to show them wrong.

Meanwhile, as an American expert put it, after a review of the favorable changes in Italian production and trade balance: "It must be admitted that none of these, except land reclamation, are any contribution to the long-term objectives."

One understands why forward-looking Italian economists are in favor of diverting state financing from several branches of industry to land reclamation, which in the long run will at least provide more food for the people. There again, however, a serious land reform would be an essential feature and nothing of the kind can be expected from the present administration, which is in no condition to disturb vested interests.

All in all, as the American observers put it, the Italian administration is not a business-minded one. Their leaders will find it easier to ask for more dollars and more repressive powers in order to "save civilization"; and the danger is that many of our diplomats will find it easier to connive with them than to show them how to spend our money in a constructive way.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"The Giant Snails"

SIR:

I was pleased that you published Albert R. Mead's informative article, "The Giant Snails" (August *Atlantic*). It will reach many people who otherwise know little about the problems involved in introduction of alien animals. The Federal Lacey Act is woefully deficient and out of date, especially as air transport now can bring animal immigrants from any country, in prime condition to survive.

During 1930 in Los Angeles someone released several myna birds; they were promptly liquidated by a zoology professor and an agricultural inspector, but their appearance served to focus attention on the hazards from alien animals. In 1933 we obtained a law prohibiting the introduction of certain species known or believed to be injurious to agriculture. Under administration by the State Department of Agriculture and Division of Fish and Game this legislation has served to intercept several unwanted additions to the California fauna. The entry of the giant snail shows that even with legislation and fairly good administration the back door is occasionally unlatched.

TRACY I. STORER
University of California
Davis, Cal.

SIR:

It grieved me to find that a scientist of Dr. Albert R. Mead's standing would deviate so far from the truth, in attempting to color a situation so that it may have more popular and dramatic appeal, as he did in "The Giant Snails."

There is a law against the introduction of plant or animal life into the Territory of Hawaii that may be dangerous to agriculture. The original snails were not intercepted in the mails by customs inspection. When the snails were first discovered in Hawaii there was a degree of hysteria about their presence. Every effort was made to locate all infestations and to eradicate them. Eradication has not been accomplished, but the areas of infestation have not increased over the original ones. Diligent searching in these areas, which do not total more than three hundred acres, by a crew of four to eight men, has only turned up between fifty and one thousand snails per month during the past four years.

Dr. Mead's statement that the literature is replete with the sad tales of biological control of insect pests wherein the control has boomeranged and become a cure worse than the disease is followed by an example which is completely false. There have never been any snakes in Hawaii except a small burrowing snake (*Typhlops braminus*) which is about the size of an anglerworm. The mongoose was introduced into Hawaii to control a serious rat problem in the sugar-cane fields. It is established on all except three islands. On the islands where it is not established the rat is still a serious pest of sugar cane. It is also interesting to note that the ground nesting birds such as pheasants and quails are no more numerous on the islands where the mongoose is not present than on those where it is.

COLIN G. LENNOX, President
Board of Agriculture and Forestry
Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii

In answer to Dr. Lennox's letter, Dr. Mead wishes to make the following comments:—

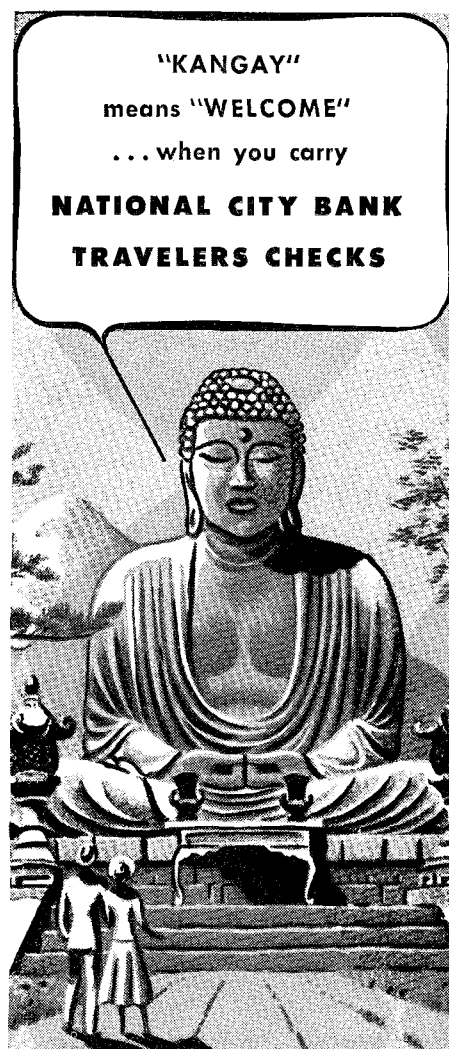
The sole purpose of my article was to warn the people in this part of the world of the imminence of invasion by the giant African snail. Anyone who has seen thousands upon thousands of these snails crawling across the roads of Saipan, Tinian, Rota, Ponape, or any other of the badly infested islands of the Trust Territory of the Pacific will agree that my statements are neither "colored" nor "deviations from the truth."

After traveling over 22,000 miles and visiting twenty-three islands from the Bonins to the Eastern and Western Carolines this summer, under the direction of the Office of Naval Research and the Pacific Science Board of the National Research Council, I am more convinced than ever that these omnivorous molluscan giants are a genuine threat to agriculture in the Western Hemisphere.

My warning was given not with the hope that my article would have "popular and dramatic appeal," but with the genuine hope that knowledge of the threat would stimulate the American people to insist that adequate legislation be enacted to protect American gardens and agriculture.

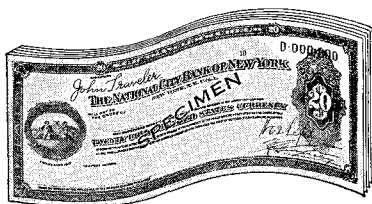
It is the minimizing of the danger by overconfident, unwarrantedly reassuring souls that has generated an attitude of smug security and facilitated the entry into this country of at least three major mollusk pests in the last few years.

Eradication at present appears wholly impossible after *Achatina* has



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once got a firm foothold. *Control* is quite another thing. The authorities in Hawaii have done a remarkable job of controlling these snails, but *control demands constant maintenance* until an eventual eradication can be effected. This is expensive. We do not want the snails here even if they *can* be brought under control in some cases.

Since the very *first* area of snail infestation on Oahu was but a single locus and there are now at least two and probably three, I do not know what Dr. Lennox means when he says in his letter that "the areas of infestation have not increased over the original ones."

A re-examination of my article will show that I completely refrained from referring to the *biological control of insect pests* per se. By inserting this phrase in his restatement of a sentence in my piece, Dr. Lennox gives implications which are wholly at variance with what was intended. Both my entomological training and my acquaintance with the remarkable biological controls effected through the efforts of Dr. Harry S. Smith, Curtis P. Clausen, and others have long convinced me that the biological control of insects is not only highly efficacious but in many cases the sole means of bringing an insect pest under control.

Insect biological control, however, is blessed with a high degree of host specificity wherein parasitic or predatory insects eat only what they are *supposed* to. But the predators that have been considered in the biological control of the giant African snails are not in the least particular about what they eat and thus are potentially dangerous.

The Japanese introduced the three to six foot giant monitor lizard (*Veranus*) into some of the West Pacific islands to kill the rats. Instead, they have taken to eating eggs and young chickens. The giant toad (*Bufo marinus*) has been introduced into these islands to eat the centipedes and slugs. This the toad has done but it, in turn, has been eaten by the monitor lizard. The toad has poison glands in its skin and the lizards are therefore dying on this diet. But so are some of the pet cats and dogs which are better rat catchers than the monitor lizards!

It is this element of a lack of dietary specificity that persuaded me to state that "the utmost caution must be exercised in proceeding with the ex-

ceedingly dangerous biological control." I am happy indeed that plans for the biological control of the giant snail, which at present is the best and only other promising means immediately available to us, are encouraging, and are progressing with "the utmost caution." In fact, it is precisely for this reason that the prematurely and unwisely advertised giant beetle *Teflus* from Africa will not be used in the biological control of *Achatina*.

The inadvertent error involving the confusion of snakes and rats is deeply regretted, as is the use of the word "darnedest" which offended at least one timid reader of my article.

— ALBERT R. MEAD

"The Conquest of America"

SIR:

Here below the equator, I am not always proud of what appears in our magazines. Archibald MacLeish's splendid article "The Conquest of America" (*August Atlantic*) will overbalance many, many others. Is there some way you could "sow" reprints? It should be a must for every thinking North American.

HELEN F. BAKER
Rosario, Argentina

SIR:

What I liked about Mr. MacLeish's article was its forward thrust; its sense of emergence into a completer individualism. It gave me precisely the same feeling as when I read Channing on Spiritual Freedom. Moreover Mr. MacLeish has avoided that type of mysticism, void of reality, in which so many are seeking refuge these days, even though they may escape the pitfalls of authoritarianism.

I have the suspicion that he probed deeper than his article indicates and that perhaps his thinking has led him to the conclusion that the crisis he sees so clearly rests upon the problem of the nature of man — perhaps to the concept, also, that freedom implies an innate capacity on the part of man to achieve through culture and discipline victory over all determinisms.

For my own part, though I hold this view of human nature, I keep asking myself whether it is only a postulate of faith beyond possible demonstration, or whether it can be established on the basis of knowledge.

If the former, then I am afraid that the Grand Inquisitor in his argument with Jesus in *The Brothers Karamazov* is right in his contention

that man will prefer the illusions of authoritarian security to the risks of freedom. On the other hand, if freedom is more than a postulate concerning the nature of man, then there is hope for the future in that, be it soon or late, man will know himself and thus fulfill himself.

REV. HORACE WESTWOOD
Charleston, S.C.

I Personally —

Two months ago Richard P. Bissell of Dubuque, Iowa, received one of our "I Personally" Awards of \$1000 for his river story, "The Coal Queen." Here is what's happened since.

— THE EDITOR

DEAR MR. WEEKS:

Life has certainly grown more vibrant in the past few months. Yesterday the Public Relations man of Kinsey Distillers wrote that they wanted to send me a case on account of the nice publicity in "The Coal Queen."

Some sailors floating around up in the Arctic Circle wrote me asking clarification on a piloting question in "C.Q."

Frederick Way, Jr. ("The Log of the *Betsy Ann*," "Pilotin' Comes Natural"), dean of rivermen, wrote and asked me to come to a meeting of the Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen next month in Marietta, Ohio. This organization is the Somerset Club of the river fraternity.

Every mail is filled with astonishing proposals, compliments, and insults. Very stimulating. Yesterday I got a letter from a woman who says she is sorry for my poor old mother to have such a depraved son. She adds that she is praying for me to beat the band.

Sincerely,

RICHARD P. BISSELL

SIR:

A charming letter from Charlie Brackett notifies me that I have, to my great regret, made the *Atlantic* a vehicle for the perpetuation of a vulgar error. In writing about *Double Indemnity* ("Are the Foreign Films Better?" September *Atlantic*) I credited it, as most people do, to Brackett and Wilder. It should have been Raymond Chandler and Wilder.

This is particularly annoying as, in order to check details, I had the text of the screenplay, properly assigned, right before me.

GILBERT SELDES
South Wellfleet, Mass.

Confession?—Ask The Man Who Goes There!

Catholics go to Confession to a priest for one reason only: to obtain divine forgiveness for their sins.

But why, you ask, go to a priest? Why not confess our sins directly to God?

Ask the man who goes to Confession and here's what he will tell you: Sin is an offense against God; it must be forgiven by God. It is God, not man, who determines how forgiveness must be obtained. Christ plainly pointed this out when He empowered His Apostles and their successors to forgive sins or to refuse forgiveness.

"Whose sins you shall forgive," Christ said, "they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (John 20:21-23). Thus Christ authorized the Apostles, and their successors, to pardon or to deny pardon as they judged the sinner worthy or unworthy. To do this they had to know what they were forgiving . . . the secret dispositions of the sinner . . . his sorrow and willingness to repair the wrong done to his neighbor by his sins. Who could make this known but the sinner himself—and what is this but Confession?

But Confession—the Sacrament of Penance—is only one of the seven Sacraments Christ left in His Church. Yes, seven—no more and no less! Christ's religion is not merely a message to be

accepted, but a life to be lived—from the cradle to the grave. Christ's seven Sacraments are the answer to man's seven basic needs.

Man is born, but he needs to be reborn a Christian in the Sacrament of Baptism. He is nourished, but he needs Christian

nourishment in Holy Communion, the Sacrament of the Eucharist. He grows, but he needs to grow and be strengthened in Christian life by the Sacrament of Confirmation. He is cured of disease, but he needs a remedy for sin, so destructive of Christian life, and this he finds in the Sacrament of Penance.

Man lives in society which needs officials to promote the common good—and for his life in the Church, he finds officials provided by the Sacrament of Orders. He perpetuates the human race in marriage, which Christ made the Sacrament of Matrimony. And at death, he needs consolation and strength for the last dread hour which he finds in the Last Anointing—the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

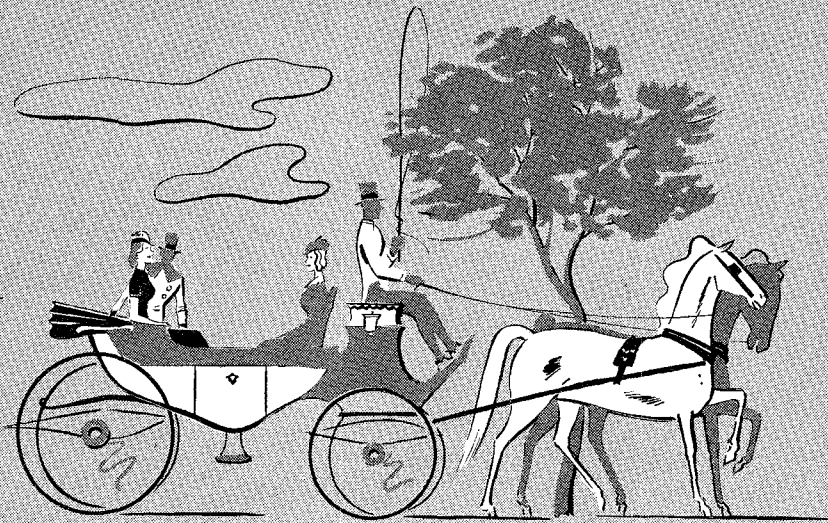
Would you like to know more about each of the seven Sacraments? How they can help you to meet the seven basic needs of your life? Then write today for a free pamphlet which gives important information concerning them. Ask for Pamphlet No. 5-B.



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NICOLAS NABOKOV, the composer, was born in Russia in 1903 of a family long distinguished for its talent and liberalism. His musical education was interrupted by the Revolution. From Petrograd he went to the conservatories in Germany, and always he dreamed of Paris, where Stravinsky, Diaghilev, Balanchine, and Prokofiev had challenged and captured attention. Nabokov joined the group in Diaghilev's workshop; his first ballet, *Ode*, was produced in Paris in 1928. Out of his experience has grown a book in which this *Portrait of Stravinsky* will be a chapter. Other chapters on Diaghilev, Balanchine, and Prokofiev will follow in successive issues.

IGOR STRAVINSKY

by NICOLAS NABOKOV

THIS was my first trip to California. I had never wanted to go. Up to the last minute I could not make up my mind whether to give in to the persuasion of a convenient neuralgia and send George Balanchine off alone. The whole trip appeared silly and extravagant. To surrender oneself to some three night-days of boredom, restlessness, and insomnia in "through" cars, "luxury" diners ("Sorry, sir, no more roast beef"; "Sorry, sir, they forgot to put on the wine in Chicago"), and "strato-stuffed" airliners for the pleasure of four or five days in California (unfamiliar surroundings, dubious landscape) seemed capricious indeed.

True enough, at the other end of the journey there were the two Stravinskys, whom I liked so much and whom I had come to know so well during the years of their American "retreat." Auden had described to me how warmly they received their friends, how simple and gay Igor Fëdorovitch can be in his tiny home. Then, too, I remembered the relentless fascination which he held for me as for most of the musicians of my generation. To see him in his house, to observe him at work in his studio, to talk to him for long hours and follow the trail of his penetrating, agile thought, enlivened with succulent metaphor ("Can you imagine what it means for me to conduct in the City Center, with its orchestra pit like a men's room and no acoustics at

all? It is like putting a new Rolls-Royce on Russian roads"; or about the Berkshire Festival: "It is perfectly all right, but why should contrabasses practice outdoors under pine trees? After all, they are not herbivorous instruments"), and above all, to scrutinize his latest scores — all this seemed enticing enough to outweigh the apparent absurdity of the tedious journey.

All along the way my thoughts buzzed around Stravinsky. I thought of his extraordinary destiny, how strange, how brilliant, and how perplexing it has been. A true and earthy child of that miscarriage of history, the Russian civilization of the nineteenth century, he reflected both its creative dynamism and its refinements.

Stravinsky has been one of the earliest "Great Refugees" of our ungrateful modern times. He left old-fashioned, miasmatic Imperial Russia, which had no real use for him, in the first decade of our century and he never returned to any of the Russias which have since appeared on the Eurasian plain. He has little use for any of them, least of all for the various Red ones, even for his memories, and he is altogether free of any romantic Ulyssean longing. For Stravinsky, Russia is a language, which he uses with superb, gourmand-like dexterity; it is a few books; Glinka and Tchaikovsky. The rest either leaves him indifferent or arouses his anger, contempt, and violent dislike.

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In the years between 1908 and 1913, Stravinsky became famous in the old-world capital of Paris, where a wave of infatuation with exotics brought about the "discovery" of Russian music, painting, opera, and ballet. These were the true *années des Ballets Russes*, as any Parisian old-timer will tell you; and the young man from the land of the tsars, boyars, samovars, ballerina mistresses, and vodka attracted notice as the most famous *fauve* of Western music, the leader of its most radical movement.

In 1913 he shocked the congregation of Paris balletomanes by his *Rites of Spring*. The scandal of the first performance of this work at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, the yelling, whistling, and the ensuing scuffle (some fifty people got undressed to the bone and landed in the Commissariat de Police on the rue Havre Commartin), has never been surpassed, not even by the historical scandal of the first performance of *Tannhäuser* (that time the Jockey Club offered to its operagoing members elegant silver whistles with the inscription "*pour siffler Tannhäuser*").

From here on, Stravinsky's leadership of modern Western music became incontestable. As years went by he gained more prestige and received a greater and deeper respect, mixed at times with envy, jealousy, or limitless adulation. His reputation spread over the world in a similar and perhaps somewhat broader way than the fame of Picasso, his close friend and collaborator. Every new work of Stravinsky's was a major event; his Parisian adepts, the "inner circle" of his admirers, acclaimed him as the greatest composer of the time.

No sooner did the chestnuts begin to burgeon along the boulevards of Paris than the international musical intelligentsia would be seething with rumors about the new Stravinsky ballet or concert piece which was to have its first performance each year at the end of May. I remember the unique, the unforgettably pure excitement (so totally devoid of any non-musical considerations), of these first performances of Stravinsky's music, the electric tension of the audience and the ensuing ovations.

A real commotion occurred when, in the early twenties, Stravinsky stopped using Russian folklore as subject matter and, turning toward the Western tradition, started to write music akin in style and spirit to the baroque period, the period of Bach, Handel, and Scarlatti. Numerous people were so deeply shocked at this new monster, half jazz, half Bach; half "modern man," half powdered wig, that they developed an intense and a prolonged heart-bleed. They bled at the loss of the "Russian Stravinsky" (the Stravinsky of *The Firebird*); they bled at the horror of this perverse new thing which, for want of a better term (or rather, for lack of imagination), was christened "neo-classicism." The bleeding persisted and in some cases developed into hemophilia. Traces of it can still be found, for ex-

ample, in the pages of the New York *Times*. It manifests itself in an angry, resentful, and disillusioned denial of nearly all that Stravinsky has written since he abandoned the sacred soil of Russian subject matter.

Today, many still hate his music for many contradictory reasons. He deceived the congenital lover of Russia (not the new, but the exotic, fairy-tale Russia of wide spaces and *âme slave*), he enraged the extremists by his respect for and his return to tradition; he irritated those who saw in him the apostle of dissonance, of the percussion instruments, and of lush new tone colors.

Despite his so-called "neo-classical" twist, Stravinsky nevertheless remained the unquestionable leader of modern music in Paris and the West throughout the early thirties.

2

IT WAS a little past noon when George Balanchine's wife Maria stopped the car on an incline of winding North Wetherly Drive. On our right a low white picket fence was concealed by a wall of tall evergreen shrubbery. Some two hundred and fifty feet behind the shrubbery, silhouetted against blue-brownish hills, stood a small and flat one-story house, rimmed by a narrow porch in front and a large terrace on its left-hand side.

Balanchine climbed out of the car. "Here we are," he said, helping me to get my bags and packages out of the back seat.

From behind the shrubbery we heard hasty footsteps and Russian voices. A minute later both Stravinskys appeared at a small side gate near the garage. They were dressed in breakfast clothes — she in an impeccably white *négligé*, which made her look large and stately, he in a polka-dotted burgundy bathrobe, with the striking addition of a narrow-brimmed, wilted, black felt hat. Both of them smiled and gesticulated.

This vision made me suddenly aware of their extraordinary physical disproportion. There was something both touching and amusing in it. The tall, Olympian figure of Vera Arturovna, her broad and regular Scandinavian features, her wide-open and languidly smiling blue eyes, in such contrast to her husband's sharp facial contours, his beak-like nose and fleshy lips, and his short, totally fatless body, so surprisingly young, so agile and elastic.

I remembered that Tchelitchev called him a "prancing grasshopper" and that Cocteau used to remark, when Stravinsky conducted, that he looked like "an erect ant acting its part in a La Fontaine fable." Yet the moment I saw him in front of his garden in California, I knew that both Tchelitchev and Cocteau were wrong. He is neither a grasshopper nor an ant; he is not an insect at all: he is much more like a bird — one of those small birds with large, sturdy beaks, like cardinals or lovebirds,

whose movements are quick, electric, and nervous.

"Give this to me," said Stravinsky picking up my bag. "Heavens, what is in it? Someone's meat?"

"It's only music," I replied, "and a couple of bottles."

"Come, come," said Vera Arturovna, "let's go in."

We went through the gate and walked up to the house. The path led uphill through a patch of garden banked on one side by bushes, on the other by long-stemmed pink and cream-colored roses.

"Go to your right, *through* the living room," said Vera Arturovna as we reached the small entrance hall of the house. I crossed a spacious, sunny room filled with spring flowers, modern pictures, light-colored furniture, and several birdcages, and entered a smaller room, lined on two sides with bookcases. Across the room, turning its back to the terrace window, stood the sofa.

Vera Arturovna ordered me to take off my shoes. "The first thing we do," she said, "is to measure the prospective sleepers."

"Here they are, all of them," said Stravinsky, and he pointed to an array of marks and signatures written in pencil on different levels of the door frame. "See, this is Mrs. Bolm. She was the smallest of them all. And this is Olson, the tallest."

They were both relieved when my watermark did not exceed Auden's six feet. "Oh," said Vera Arturovna in a disappointed tone, "I thought you were much taller than Auden."

"It's only his hair," commented Stravinsky. "Come here. Stretch out on the sofa. You see," he turned to George Balanchine, "he fits perfectly: from socks to hair. Like a violin in its case."

The Balanchines were leaving to visit Maria's family. They planned to pick us all up in the evening for dinner at the Napoli, Stravinsky's Italian *Stammstube*.

"I suppose you want to bathe and change," said Vera Arturovna.

"Why, he looks clean," said Igor, "*et il ne sent pas trop mauvais*."

"Come, come, Igor; let's leave him alone." She dragged him by the sleeve. "When you're ready, we'll eat lunch."

I had barely finished washing and changing when he returned. "Nika, if you're ready, come and have a drink. I have just received two bottles of Marc from a farmer in Brittany. Let's have some."

Stravinsky carefully extracted the cork with one of those double-decker silent French corkscrews which make one think of dental or obstetrical instruments. Having accomplished the operation, he fondly smelled the cork and, looking very earnest, said, "*N-da*, this is perfectly reliable Marc," and added in English, "Not so bad!"

We gulped the Marc, Stravinsky making a smacking sound with his tongue.

"Now, quickly, some proteins! Verotchka, where

are the proteins?" he shouted excitedly. "Give Nabokov and me some proteins."

"Ah, here they are," he said as we entered the living room. He gave me a plateful of biscuits thickly smeared with Camembert cheese.

During lunch they asked me all sorts of questions, mostly concerning the political situation. I had quite recently returned from Berlin after two years with the U.S. Military Government. This, coupled with a general interest in politics, made me in their eyes an expert analyst of any political situation. Furthermore, as I undoubtedly had acquaintance with government secrets, I surely would be able to predict the course of world events.

The main question was whether there would be another war and consequently whether it would be safe to plan a European tour for the coming summer months. There was real anxiety in the way Stravinsky asked this question several times during the meal. I was of course aware of his profound distaste for any form of social upheaval, be it a war, a revolution, a strike, or simply a mild political demonstration. "How can one work in disorder?" he would say.

For Stravinsky social disorder of *any* kind is primarily something which prevents him from doing his work — that is, fulfilling his duty. He hates disorder with all the strength of his egocentric nature. He dislikes even the terms *revolution* and *revolutionary*, particularly when they are applied to music. He is very angry when music historians use them. "What can they possibly mean?" he says. "*Revolution* is a term describing the overthrow of an existing order by means of violence. It is necessarily accompanied by disorder. Music is the antithesis of violence and disorder. Music is order, measure, proportion — that is, all those principles which oppose disorder. The only thing this term can mean is a cycle, a span of time," and with a didactic emphasis on each word he adds, "This is the only *correct* way to use it."

Stravinsky is equally fearful and contemptuous of conditions in which the creative work of the artist is subject to supervision or dictation (and possibly extinction) by the authorities of the state.

"Tell me, please," he would say with intense irritation, "what can these gentlemen [the authorities] know about how to write music? I don't try and tell them how to be a *tchinovnik* [bureaucrat]."

Hence Stravinsky's deep disgust for the situation of the artist in the Soviet Union, "where every *tchinovnik* can tell you what to do." Hence also his spontaneous and sincere attachment to the United States, where he can work in peace, earn a comfortable income, and feel secure and happy. "America is good for me," he often says.

"He has become softer and is less frequently angry," echoes his wife.

Stravinsky does not permit criticism of America in his presence. He usually interrupts and changes

the conversation or, in an aside, says, "As far as I am concerned, they can have their Generalissimos and Führers. Leave me Mr. Truman and I'm quite satisfied."

3

AFTER lunch Stravinsky said, "Nika, if you aren't too tired, come and show me your music."

"Perhaps I could show you my music some other time," I said. "Now I would rather look at your *Orpheus* and at your Mass."

"All right, come with me." He led me to his study at the other end of the narrow corridor, where we had had a drink before lunch.

He sat down at the piano, carefully wiped his glasses with a Sight Saver, and opened the orchestra score of *Orpheus*. A moment later we were both absorbed in it.

I stood behind him and watched his short, nervous fingers scour the keyboard, searching and finding the correct intervals, the widely spaced chords, and the characteristically Stravinskian broad melodic leaps. His neck, his head, his whole body accentuated the ingenious rhythmical design of the music by spasmlike bobs and jerks. He grunted, he hummed, and occasionally stopped to make an aside.

"See the fugue here," he would say, pointing to the beginning of the Epilogue. "Two horns are working it out, while a trumpet and a violin in unison sing a long, drawn-out melody, a kind of *cantus firmus*. Doesn't this melody sound to you like a medieval *vielle* [a viol]? Listen . . ." And his fingers would start fidgeting again on the keyboard. Then, coming to a passage in the Epilogue where a harp solo interrupts the slow progress of the fugue, he would stop and say, "Here, you see, I cut off the fugue with a pair of scissors." He clipped the air with his fingers. "I introduced this short harp phrase, like two bars of an accompaniment. Then the horns go on with their fugue as if nothing had happened. I repeat it at regular intervals, here and here again." Stravinsky added, with his habitual grin, "You can eliminate these harp-solo interruptions, paste the parts of the fugue together, and it will be one whole piece."

I asked him why he introduced the harp solo. He smiled maliciously, as if he were letting me in on one of his private secrets. "But didn't you hear?" He turned the pages to the middle of the score. "It is a reminder of this — the Song of Orpheus." And he added thoughtfully: "Here in the Epilogue it sounds like a kind of . . . compulsion, like something unable to stop. . . . Orpheus is dead, the song is gone, but the accompaniment goes on."

Several months later, listening to the first performance of *Orpheus* in New York, I remembered this last remark of Stravinsky's and understood its full implication. The Epilogue seemed to me to be

one of the most effective pieces of dramatic music since the Prelude to the last act of Verdi's *Othello* (to which, of course, it bears no resemblance whatsoever). Yet the musical devices of this Epilogue are as simple and even as obvious as the dramatic situation of the ballet plot.

Orpheus has just been ripped to shreds by the Thracian women; or rather, as Balanchine's choreography and Stravinsky's music suggest, they have completed a bloodless, inevitable, and dispassionate surgical operation on the body of hopeless Orpheus. Orpheus is no more; Orpheus is dead. The world is without song, mute and desolate. Apollo's hymn to the memory of the dead hero and his attempt to play his lyre enhance the melancholy realization of Orpheus's death. The lyre (or harp) in the hands of Apollo sounds like the forlorn accompaniment of a song which is lost forever. This translation of a simple dramatic situation into an equally simple musical form is executed with incredible lucidity and with the microscopic precision of the laboratory scientist.

Stravinsky's devices are always the same: a remarkable economy of means coupled with an infallible sense of proportion, time, and form.

The ingenious instrumental combination of this Epilogue, the slow and majestic flow of its polyphonic lines, are both at the service of the dramatic situation. The very choice of the instruments which sing those expressive, sad melodies is significant; two French horns and one trumpet (the unison of the solo violin melting in the timber of the trumpet) — purposely *not* bowed string instruments.

Here, once again, Stravinsky revealed to me his uncanny sense of the individuality or, better, the personality of each instrument of the orchestra. It is this sense which enables him not only to find for each dramatic situation (when he is concerned with a dramatic subject) the most suitable and therefore the most expressive instrumental combination, but also each time to discover a new and surprisingly fresh mixture of orchestral sound. All this, as I said before, is accomplished with the greatest economy of means — few polyphonic lines, a minimum of tones in chords, a minimum of instruments to each melodic line, and the most astute use of the specific qualities of each instrument. Stravinsky is, I believe, unquestionably the greatest living investigator of instruments as *individuals*, perhaps even the greatest since the middle of the eighteenth century.

The experimentation with instruments in the nineteenth century was primarily concerned with the extension of their range and their dynamic power. The specific expressive qualities of each individual instrument were a secondary consideration. The motive was not so much a craftsmanlike interest in the technical possibilities of each instrument as the need of finding the necessary "tone colors" on the orchestral palette, in order to sug-

gest or describe the extramusical images, expressions, ideas, or objects with which romantic music was preoccupied. Only towards the end of that century did composers show a renewed concern with instruments as individuals within the orchestral unit.

Today, in the middle of the twentieth century, the attitude of the composers towards the instruments of the orchestra, and hence to the art of orchestration, has definitely changed. Composers know that *orchestration* is not *registration* (not like pulling the stops on a huge electric organ in order to acquire impersonal and "phony" mixtures of sound), but is rather a highly complex art, in which the intuitive or imaginative faculties of the composer's mind are combined with the logical and critical faculties. Thus, this art can be completely successful only when the composer thoroughly understands the individuality, and hence the limits (in terms of technical possibilities), of each instrument in the orchestra.

The primary importance the art of orchestration holds in contemporary music is largely due to the influence of Stravinsky. If we consider that at least two thirds of the quality of an instrumental piece is in its adequate orchestration, we must give credit to Stravinsky's approach to and his discoveries in the instrumental field.

His approach is based essentially on his knowledge of the technical limits of each instrument. Hence his imaginative and extremely skillful exploitation of these limits. In other words, Stravinsky treats every orchestra musician as an accomplished performer, a master craftsman of his instrument. He requires of him the ability to play at extreme velocity and at the same time to be at ease in the most complicated rhythmical design; he must be able to intone with mathematical precision in all the ranges of his instrument and at all possible dynamic conditions of the music (from very soft to very loud); and finally, he must strive to extend the high ranges of his instrument beyond the conventionally accepted limits.

This is why most orchestra musicians, despite its difficulty, like to play Stravinsky's music. When we ask a modern-minded orchestra musician if he likes Stravinsky's music, he usually replies that he does, because it is *interestingly* written for his instrument.

4

STRAVINSKY and I spent most of the afternoon looking at the score of *Orpheus* and at the two parts of the Latin Mass he was writing at the time.

After a while I grew tired of standing, and flopped down on a soft, narrow couch that stood behind the piano in his study. By then he had entirely forgotten my presence and was absorbed in one of the pages of his Mass. He was playing the same passage over and over again. It looked as if he were

testing the quality of what he had written. He was remeasuring the interval relations and recalculating the rhythmical patterns. His head and body jerked and bobbed and he was quite distinctly humming the words of the Mass.

I suddenly caught myself following his movements with a special kind of interest. Often before, I had been captivated by the movements of his body. They are always so personal and profoundly revealing of his personality and of his music. Frequently, in fact, while listening to his music, I have closed my eyes and seen in front of me a characteristic Stravinskian gesture. At other times, when seeing him pace the floor on tiptoe in the middle of a discussion, his upper body bent forward like that of a frog-fishing stork, his arms akimbo, I would be struck by the parallel between his physical gesture and the inner gesture of his music. His music reflects his peculiarly elastic walk, the syncopated nod of his head and shrug of his shoulders, and those abrupt stops in the middle of a conversation when, like a dancer, he suddenly freezes in a ballet-like pose and punctuates his argument with a broad and sarcastic grin.

Not only does Stravinsky's music reflect his bodily movements and characteristic gestures; it also reflects succinctly and convincingly his whole mode of life — his attitude towards his environment, towards people, nature, and objects. Above all, it reflects his love for order and his meticulously stern work discipline, so totally devoid of self-indulgence and self-pity. It reflects his penchant for all sorts of mechanical gadgets, from thumbtacks to stop watches and pocket metronomes, his passion for hardware stores and the pleasure he derives from fitting a message into the prescribed twenty-five words of an overnight cable. It reflects his attitude towards money, for which, as everybody knows, he has a "profound respect," which some people mistake for avarice.

But perhaps, in an even stronger way, his music reflects his nervous and acid hates; his hate of all kinds of stupidity (stupid people, stupid art, stupid letters), his hate of stuffy rooms, of dirt or disorder, of dusty furniture and bad odors. The wittiness of his caustic remarks about people and, chiefly, about bad music is the same kind of wit one finds in some of his scores — in, for example, his ballet *Jeux de Cartes* or the dances from his *Histoire du Soldat*, or his ballet *Renard*. It is a scathing, pitiless kind of humor which knows no compassion.

In general, Stravinsky likes precise, picturesque, or onomatopœic remarks. His talk as well as his letters is full of them. Once in New York a cold bothered him. He complained: "*J'ai un portemonnaie dans ma nossoglotka* — I have a change purse in my larynx." Another time we were discussing his new opera, *The Rake's Progress*. He was explaining how he intended to treat Auden's libretto: "I will lace each aria into a tight corset."

Stravinsky's love for clear terms, for laconic definitions and adequate translation, manifests itself in his enthusiasm for dictionaries, with which his study is filled. Of all of them he prefers the French "Grand Larousse."

His own remarks generally have a Laroussian precision as well as wit and imagination. When, for example, someone is in a hurry, he will say, "Why do you hurry? *I have no time to hurry.*" But particularly sharp and picturesque are his remarks about people. An overemotional conductor, who bristles with exuberant gestures, reminds him of a "*danse du ventre vue par derrière* — an Oriental belly dancer seen from behind," while his arms are a pair of "egg beaters."

Conductors in general readily incur Stravinsky's wrath and his most scathing remarks. In a filing cabinet under his piano, in a separate folder, are collected some choice pictures of conductors in highly contorted poses. Most of these pictures are taken from publicity releases or newspapers.

"Look at him!" says Stravinsky, pulling a conductorial extravaganza out of the folder. "Look at the dandy! Look at his idiotic expression, his frothy gestures. Is all this nonsense necessary to conduct an orchestra?"

His workroom is another example of the precision which orders his music and his language. An extraordinary room, perhaps the best planned and organized workroom I have seen in my life. In a space which is not larger than some twenty-five by forty feet stand two pianos (one grand, one upright) and two desks (a small, elegant writing desk and a draftsman's table). In two cupboards with glass shelves are books, scores, and sheet music, arranged according to alphabetical order. Between the two pianos, the cupboards and desks, are scattered a few small tables (one of which is a kind of "smoker's delight"; it exhibits all sorts of cigarette boxes, lighters, holders, fluids, flints, and pipe cleaners), five or six comfortable chairs, and the couch Stravinsky uses for his afternoon naps. (I saw him on it the next day, lying on his back, with an expression of contained anger on his face, snoring gently and methodically.)

Besides the pianos and the furniture, there are hundreds of gadgets, photographs, trinkets, and implements of every kind in and on the desks and tables and tacked on the back of the cupboards. I believe Stravinsky has in his study all the instruments needed for writing, copying, drawing, pasting, cutting, clipping, filing, sharpening, and gluing that the combined effects of a stationery and hardware store can furnish (and yet he is always after new ones). A touch of nature in the midst of all this man-made gadgetry is provided by a bunch of fresh roses in a white china vase which stands on his desk. His wife cuts them for him every morning from his special rosebushes.

Yet despite this mass of objects and cluster of

furniture, Stravinsky's study is so well organized and so functional that it gives one a sense of spaciousness and peaceful comfort. One feels as if one were surveying a chessboard, with its black and white figures arranged in exact relation to each other, ready for a long musical game.

5

WHILE I was still sitting on the couch and Stravinsky was puttering at the piano, Vera Arturovna appeared in the entrance to the study and announced that the Balanchines had arrived.

"George and Maria are here," she said, "and Genia Berman is waiting for us with vodka and *zakousska* [hors d'oeuvres]. It is time to go, Igor. Come, Nika."

"*Seytchas, seytchas,*" answered Stravinsky.

I got up to join her while Stravinsky, without changing his position at the piano, said to me, "Nika, please go and tell them that I'll be out in five minutes." And he went on playing.

Half an hour later we were driving down to Eugene Berman's apartment. On the front seat of the car, squeezed in between Vera Arturovna and myself, was Stravinsky's tiny figure, dressed in a pea jacket and a yachtsman's hat. (He bought the pea jacket at a Navy surplus sale and is both proud and fond of it.) The Balanchines followed us closely in their own car.

Eugene Berman, the painter, is one of the few members of Stravinsky's Hollywood "family circle." A gentle, soft-spoken, and somewhat melancholic man with a wistful sense of humor, Berman is devoted to the Stravinskys and they in turn to him. While I was in Hollywood, Berman came nearly every afternoon to the Stravinskys', stayed for meals and long into the night. One felt that Vera Arturovna and Igor Fëdorovitch, with their warm and attentive friendship, had made their house a home for Berman.

The dinner at the Napoli was gay and happy, like one of those dinners of the twenties when we used to get together with Diaghilev, Prokofiev, Picasso, Derain, Balanchine, and other collaborators of the Ballet Russe at Giardino's restaurant on the top of the hill in Monte Carlo. Stravinsky was in wonderful form — voluble, witty, and at the same time extremely attentive to all of us. As usual, he ordered the best food and, especially, the best wines, and he had the waiter play funny, sobbing old Caruso records on the juke box.

Gay and happy as the occasion was, both Balanchine and I couldn't keep from yawning — so much so that Vera Arturovna and her husband (who usually can sit it out till the early hours of the morning, provided he is with close friends and there is Scotch around) started to urge us all to go to bed as soon as we had finished coffee.

But by the time we came home and I fitted myself

comfortably on the three cushions of the famous sofa, my tiredness was gone and I felt just as wide-awake as when I had arrived that morning at the Los Angeles station. I looked around for books and found a few rare Russian editions on a shelf that contained a pell-mell assortment of French novels, Russian classics, murder stories, and biographies. I took down a volume of Rozanov and tried to read, but discovered that I could not concentrate and that my eyes were wandering senselessly over and over the same sentences. I was still too much under the influence of my afternoon with Stravinsky in his study, and all my thoughts were concerned with his work. Somehow I felt that I had to find answers all over again to essential questions about his art.

What, after all, does his art mean to us contemporary musicians of the younger generation? What is its value in the general evolution of music history? What are his essential discoveries?

Lying on his sofa in his house, surrounded by his warm friendliness, I felt overcome by an enormous sense of gratefulness for his art — the kind of gratefulness an apprentice feels towards his master craftsman. I felt that I owed Stravinsky much of my understanding of how to use the materials of music — intervals, rhythms, melodic outlines. I felt that it was his art that opened my eyes to the decay of impressionist harmony and the corruption or the emotive paroxysms of late Romanticism. Above all, I felt that it was his example that had brought me to admire the continuity of the classical tradition, the beauty of polyphonic technique, and to understand the necessity for a clear-cut, well-defined formal structure.

At the same time it was Stravinsky's art, I believe, which showed the musicians of my generation new horizons in the domain of rhythm, new possibilities in the use of musical instruments, and a new concept of harmony, fuller, broader, and nobler than the sterile harmonic concepts of the late nineteenth century. Yet to me the most important discoveries of Stravinsky lie in his artful perception and measurement of the flow of time by means of the most complex and beautiful rhythmic patterns.

Who else, I thought, among contemporary composers can exhibit such a continuity and such a variety of admirable works of art (or should I say solutions of "problems")? Who else has *successfully* used *all* forms, *all* styles, *all* techniques, and integrated them in an unmistakably personal art of his own? Who else in our time has written pieces so easily understood and of such immense popular appeal to the layman as *The Firebird*, *Petroushka*, *Histoire du Soldat* (in the twenties in Central Europe thousands of schools performed this piece to the general delight of teen-agers; my own son, when he was about seven, loved this piece more than anything else and always wanted me to play the records of it over and over again), *Symphony of*

Psalms, and *Apollo*, and at the same time has produced such hermetic masterpieces as the *Symphony and Octet for Wind Instruments*, or the *Serenade for piano solo* (which is the joy of a skilled music-lover)? And finally how few, how very few, composers of our time can produce a record of such total devotion to his craft, so completely devoid of any concession or compromise, so intransigent and conscientious.

When . . .

I was suddenly interrupted in the middle of my thoughts by soft footsteps in the living room. The door opened and Stravinsky appeared, in his bathrobe.

"Why aren't you sleeping? Put the light out. It's late," he said reproachfully. He walked over to the window. "Don't open it so wide — especially with your neuralgia. Our California nights aren't warm at all." And having shut the window to a small crack, he left.

The days in California went by much faster than I would have wished. They were filled with music, talk, enjoyment, and gaiety. I had rarely seen Stravinsky so gay and so full of fun. But at last my time was up and I had to go back to New York.

We drove to the airport through the darkening hours of the evening, long in advance of take-off time (an old Russian custom). We sat in the waiting room unnoticed by anyone. A fat man passed by and went to the traffic counter.

"You know who that is?" said Vera Arturovna. "It's Alfred Hitchcock."

"And there," added Stravinsky, "is Henry Fonda. It looks as if you're going to have lots of famous men on the plane with you."

Finally the plane was called and we started moving towards Gate No. 2. A man in an overlong and broad polo coat turned to me and said, "I think we have met in Vienna. Aren't you Nicolas Nabokov? My name is Helmut Dantine."

"Oh, yes," I said. "How are you?" ("One more famous man," whispered Stravinsky.)

We parted at the gate and I walked with the crowd of passengers through a tunnel to the plane, leaving the two Stravinskys on the platform in front of the terminal. As I was going up the steps of the gangplank, I looked back. There in the bright California moonlight I saw a small figure frantically waving his hat. I waved back and entered the plane.

Helmut Dantine approached me and asked in a quaint Viennese accent, "Excuse me, who was that man with whom you came to the airport? His face looks so familiar."

I explained.

"That's what I thought," he said. "But what is he doing in Hollywood? Oh, yes, on second thought I heard that he was here. Is he doing a picture?"

I answered that he was not.



Japan with her ancient heritage so different from ours is now poised on the threshold of democracy. Will she turn our way or Russia's? NORA WALN, author of The House of Exile and Reaching for the Stars, has been living in Japan for the past two years. With her disarming Quaker spirit, she has penetrated farther than most Americans in her understanding of the uncertainty and the aspiration of the Japanese people. Her findings will come to us in the form of a regular monthly article; next month she will tell of "The Grass Roots Revolution in Japan" and of how the wealthy Japanese family has responded to the reform.

JAPANESE PRISONERS HOME FROM RUSSIA

by NORA WALN

I

RAIN pelting the roof woke me. Sliding back the walls of the room which opens to the court of the wing where I sleep when I am Yasuko's guest, I was close to the downpour yet protected by the eaves. When the shower was over, the darkness was the fragrant dark of country night in an upland hamlet. I heard the river and the clatter of wooden sandals on the highway as a traveler passed. The bell insect called *suzumushi* hummed a tinkling cadence. Light came. Above the wall, through the branches of a walnut tree, the full moon shone down from a sky veiled by floating clouds. I saw the beauty of the courtyard in white light dappled with shadow. Peace was on every clean washed stone and shrub.

There was light enough to read or write. I reached for my diary and put down, as well as I could remember, all that had happened the previous day after Mrs. Masa Mukaibo, my companion-interpreter, and I went to Ujeno railway station in Tokyo at seven-thirty in the morning to board the train that brought us north. Into the car with us came children and the adults who were taking them to country relatives now that schools had closed for *dojo* — the season of greatest heat; and old men and old women in neighborhood parties, wearing the names of their villages on arm bands, who were en route to the big Buddhist temple at Nagano City where they believe that the keys to heaven, which should be touched before life ends, are kept. And others.

The school children offered the old people seats. Places were found for everyone. The crowd was in holiday mood excepting several men, who acted hostile and suspicious, and the tired women and children with them. They were men of Nagano prefecture on their way home after long absence, yet there was no radiance in them. In the company of two thousand, the vanguard of ninety-five thousand

prisoners of war expected back from the Soviet Union, they had come into the port of Mazuru with manners more brusque and with singing more harsh than when they went away. They were separated now from the great company of repatriates with whom they had shouted in the streets of the capital that they were back to unite Japan with the mainland of Asia. A few looked bewildered. Some were alert as if to an unseen danger. The women and children who had gone south to meet them were very quiet.

The train left Tokyo and crossed the fertile plain which was under water in disastrous flood when I arrived in Japan two years ago. Now, as far as my eyes could see, on either side were neat settlements, firmly banked rice paddies filled with good crops, patches of soya beans, root vegetables, many kinds of edible plants, and busy people. Homes had been rebuilt, shrubs replanted. Groves of graceful bamboo flattened by the rushing waters had stood up and grown taller since the flood subsided. Stone images of Jezu — protector of children and wayfarers — if knocked down, had been set up again at the crossroads they guarded. One near the train window had vases filled with fresh flowers at his feet. We came to the hills. Their barrenness had caused the flood. The slopes from which lumber had been taken by government order during the war had been reforested by General MacArthur's order with little trees.

Among the hills were valleys gardenized as trimly as well-tended English kitchen gardens. Fruit trees were trellised against the outcroppings of gray rock. Every tiny space, in valley or on mountain ledge, that could be tilled without causing soil to slip away was cultivated even if it held no more than a few potatoes. Wheat, buckwheat, and barley were grown in rows like garden plants because farmers

have learned that the most handfuls of grain can be produced this way. Occasionally we saw a small ox or a horse drawing a little plow or cultivator, but nearly all the work was being done by hand. Where every clod has to be carefully husbanded, farmers fear that waste will be caused by the clumsiness of animals or machines, though agricultural advisers want to modernize farming.

At homes with thatched roofs women had their bright quilts out to air. Spread in patches of whiteness, newly washed clothes drying in the sun were like snow upon the grass. I saw the repatriates looking intently. Children outside waved to children in the train and our children waved back. Nobody in the car or in the fields we passed was in rags and tatters this fourth summer of the Occupation. Many of the field workers had on new wide-brimmed straw hats. A young woman wearing a blue cotton kimono and a crimson obi had her skirt pinned up to save the hem from soil. She straightened from her reaping and waved a bundle of cut grain.

2

BEHIND me, I heard the sound of weeping. One of the hardest-faced repatriates sat straight up and cried. His sobs were heartbreaking. He had neither wife nor child with him. We were all quiet. Nobody spoke or went to comfort him. Impulse moved me but caution held me to my seat. Long ago in China, I was taught never to intrude when another lost control. He regained self-control as soon as he could.

We passed through the first of many tunnels. Water wheels turned on the swift current of little streams close by little sheds in which there are always many homemade arrangements for using water power in domestic tasks. Boys who had been fishing both had strings of trout.

"The Americans have helped us stock our rivers and lakes better than ever before," a mother told her children so loudly that it seemed as if she wanted the repatriates to hear. "The Americans of Natural Resources section of the Occupation know how little we have had and they try to make it more. The old fish hatcheries have been improved and new ones made."

"Can we go fishing tomorrow?" her boy and girl asked and she nodded yes.

Soon after this, directly across from us, a repatriate stood on his seat. "Have you forgotten that we take off our shoes?" reminded his wife gently. He glared at her and she smiled at him. He looked at his feet, slowly sat down, and took off the Russian boots he wore. Then stood on the seat again.

"*Mune ga ippai*," he began in a rough voice, meaning "My heart is full." "*Sa nanto mo iyeu*," he faltered, "I can't put it in easy words."

"Don't try," interrupted a man who did not look as if he were a repatriate — he did not look so

rough, well fed, and physically strong as they did. He pulled a red flag up from his vest pocket and pushed it down again. "Let's sing," and he started a song about "Wake, my country." A few joined in. Some women. Several boys and girls. But it was feeble. "Come on," said he addressing the repatriate who had cried. "You can sing."

The man hesitated, then sang. He had a big voice. Soon he was leading — conducting with his right hand. There were scattered voices from all over the car. When those willing to try did not know the words, he went back over the verse as if practiced at this. They sang one song and then another, until I felt caught in a nightmare. Was I back in Nazi Germany again? Inner terror gripped me. The school children were following him. They closed with the Japanese army song "*Bando no sukara*" right after the Red "Youth of the World" from Prague.

The repatriate who had tried to make a speech did not sing, although he was ordered to do so. He sat down. For a while he held his head in his hands and then he looked up and down the car and finally stared beyond his wife — out of the window. She touched his knee. He jerked away.

Finally the singing was over. It was noon. We opened our lunches. Vendors on station platforms offered fruit for sale. Watermelons, plums, apricots, and fine peaches. Purchases were made through open windows. All the journey, passengers got off and on at every depot. Trainmen in uniform came on the platform at each halt — welcoming the incomers, saying farewell to country people going away, and generally attending to things, as if the railway were theirs.

"The railway men all look worried," said a farmer in front of us to his son. "Sixty-five thousand were dismissed last week. It's rumored that the American-advised plan is going to throw a million or more out. Railway men have counted on the job for life. As a nation, we have all been happy that we could build this foreign idea of travel and find work for so many in it. Where the British used eight men, we could find employment for forty-eight or more."

"It's the Dodge plan," said his son. "It's reduction of staffs in all branches of industry and government to the number who can do the work. We are studying it at high school in a new course called social economics. Efficiency without humanity, our teachers call it. The fathers of many in school have lost their jobs. The families are frantic. They don't know what to do. Jiro's mother is selling her kimonos to the U.S. Military Government Team's wives."

"That won't help for long."

We went into a tunnel. The farmer was silent until we came out. Now he said firmly, "You remember this, son. Shogun Mac, aloof and benevolent, is one of the best rulers we have had in all our long history. A man is not judged by his nationality

but by his deeds. You must not forget what I am going to say. Pass it down the generations. He came in — a war lord — and he got our men disarmed and back into their homes without the use of his soldiers' violence. There was bitter feeling among us and yet not one dared to fight another in civil war. He has seen to it that we got enough imported food to keep down famine and he has helped bring our farming to the highest yield we have ever had. We have got good seeds and good fertilizers."

"Our teachers say that others are now making the plans he must execute."

"Whatever the future, the past is to be remembered," insisted the father.

A repatriate turned to speak to them: "The problem is exactly the same as before the war — not enough land for so many people. All that the Americans have done is to keep down social unrest by supporting you at the cost of their taxpayers. That cannot go on forever."

"They have an industrial program for getting in enough raw materials, processing them, and finding Oriental markets which will buy enough to pay for the margin of food we must import to live on a modest scale. I'm president of my Women's Club and I do not want to hear criticism of the Americans. They have helped us. The Soviets send us nothing but trouble," a matronly woman spoke up.

"We don't want violence here," said another woman. "We had enough of war. The Americans brought in an era of peace."

Without saying anything since the singing, the man with the red handkerchief got off at a lonely station. With his knapsack on his back he went briskly up a mountain path. After he was gone, a woman with a baby in her arms began to sing the song of the beavers that danced in a temple courtyard. Nearly the whole car sang, one simple lyric after another. A boy played softly on his mouth organ. The repatriate who had been interrupted made his speech, standing on his seat with his shoes off.

"I'm glad to get home," said he. "Home after five years. I thank you who have been here for keeping things nice, as you have. If eighty million of us can get a living on the space of these four small islands it will be just fine. The land seems little for so many. Everything is small after the vastness we have seen. Small and pretty."

"Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!" they cheered him, led by a middle-aged man in a brown kimono.

An old man came from the other end of the car to give him a cigarette and his wife an apple. They took the gifts with bows and smiles. This time he did not pull away when his wife touched him. They sat holding hands.

"It's the new way," she told him. "American democracy."

"He will be all right when you get him tamed," remarked the old man before he went back to his

seat. "He'll settle in if he can find work. A baby would gentle him."

"We have a boy and a girl waiting at home. I am afraid that they will have forgotten me," said the repatriate.

"They are eager for you to come," assured his wife. "With grandfather's help they count the hours."

From every narrow valley beautiful wooded hills rose steeply. Near every hamlet milk goats were grazing. On one open glade were small brown cows. Amid the serenity a volcano belched puffs of blackness. We were nearing Komoro, the station where we get off to come to Shiga. We had to gather up our luggage and prepare to leave just as a conversation I wanted to listen in on had started.

"I am an engineer," one of the repatriates had volunteered. "I was in Manchuria and then in Siberia. I have been away since 1932. I secured a place to come on the repatriation ship — to worship at the grave of my ancestors. I could have stayed. I have an offer to return. It's a big place — there is work over there. The conditions are hard if you get into trouble — but not so hard as starvation will be when it starts here after the Americans stop their help. Japan cannot get along separated in ideology from China, and China has turned to the Soviets."

"There will be unrest here, increasing unrest this winter." A man put down his book. "We have practiced the policy of dividing work thin — jobs divided so that none are exactly idle. Turning men from their useless jobs with no new jobs provided — we will have suicides by men who cannot give the dismissal orders — strikes — riots — and the multitude of workless not knowing where to turn — except to the Reds, who will offer guidance."

Yasuko's son Tadshiko, her eldest, who is studying to be a doctor and intending to practice in this valley with his cousin, was bowing to us at the car window. We had to get off. The train boy passed our luggage to a waiting handcart. Komoro is a friendly place. The stationmaster greeted us. Behind the station, the local taxi was enveloped in smoke and there was the smell of burning wood. The car is an ancient Dodge, built high, excellent for cart roads; it goes well, propelled by a contraption on the back which the owner invented after looking at pictures and reading a book.

The road to Shiga follows a winding branch of the Chikumagawa, the river whose waters have rushed round a thousand bends. As soon as the taxi's firebox showed a bed of red embers and gave off no smoke, we started. For an hour or more, we went up a well-farmed valley with good apple orchards and fine mulberry trees for the silkworms, and came to the second of the three hamlets jointly called Shiga.

Twenty-eight members of the Kozu family were on the roadside to welcome us to the "heart center" of their clan.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



A Southerner whom we regard as a discovery, GUDGER BART LEIPER was born in Asheville, North Carolina, in March, 1921, did his growing up at Signal Mountain, Tennessee, took his B.A. at the University of Chattanooga, and worked on his M.A. at the University of Minnesota, where he was a member of Robert Penn Warren's seminar in Writing. In 1948 he received a Rosenwald Fellowship and went to Paris, where he began his first novel.

THE MAGNOLIAS

by GUDGER BART LEIPER

HAZEL sat on the porch, absent-mindedly watching Sonny playing on the big gun. Young June shadows covered most of the packed earth of the front yard. It was bare and cold-looking, the earth a pasty lime-gray color devoid of fertility, smelling sour when dug up. There was an ugly fringe of coarse, tough grass near the unclipped privet hedge to one side; more like an imitation grass, hardly growing, without life and of a dull, dead brown hue. Some of the grass had pushed itself up through several black heaps of ashes from the stoves which some of the roomers had dumped there during the winter.

The new green of the year was weak and feeble in that yard. The spirea bushes along the edge of the front porch, and the three clumps of flowerless daffodils by the big cannon in the yard where Sonny was playing, were more black with soot than green with summer. There was a film of grime and sparrow droppings on the little metal sign the something or other Society had put up, many years before, telling about the Confederate cannon and Battery B of some regiment there on the hill where the big house sat darkly facing Lookout Street.

Beneath the two magnolia trees, one on either side of the short brick walk, were splotches of sickly white mold and the bricks of the walk were damp-beaded where it ran in the deep shade of the interlocking magnolia branches. The trees were that old and large; and you could tell by the way the porch flooring sagged that the house was old, too; perhaps older than the magnolia trees from which Mrs. Watkins' boardinghouse had gotten its name. The limbs had been chopped from the soot-blackened trunks a distance as high as a tall man could reach.

In fact, as high up as Willard Watkins could reach, and Willard was a tall man. He chopped them off with a butcher knife from his mamma's kitchen early one morning two years ago. It had frightened all Mrs. Watkins' roomers. Poor little Mrs. Mallonee seemed close on to having a stroke and kept flitting from window to window upstairs in the house, her great big eyes even bigger than ever before and darting about in their sockets, and trying to tell Wilma that no true Southerner would ever do a thing like that.

Hazel heard him out in the yard, it must have been after four o'clock, the street empty and silent and before the streetcars began running on Third Street, one block down the hill from the house. And she heard the other boarders at The Magnolias slamming doors and raising windows to get a good look at the crazy man with the butcher knife in the yard, hacking away at the lower limbs of the magnolia trees. Little Mrs. Mallonee was scurrying through the upstairs hall kind of crying, or sighing, "Oh, I declare! I declare! As Mr. Mallonee used to say —" but then in the excitement she couldn't remember any of the things her long-dead husband used to say, and so she ended feebly: "It's just awful! Just perfectly awful!"

Arleen and Wilma came into Hazel's room, excited and nervous, and told her what was happening. Hazel grabbed Sonny out of his crib and held him, still sleeping, against her side while they watched out the front window.

"Now, son," Mrs. Watkins said, standing in the front door, the screen half pushed open, her voice firm but a little wary, "son, you put that knife down and come on to bed." But Willard hacked

away with the tremendous knife at the trees, chopping off the limbs and throwing them across the sidewalk into the street, as if he had not heard his mother.

"Son, are you listening to me?" she asked, holding up the front of her long, flimsy cotton housecoat as she stepped off the front porch into the yard, into the gray haze of the before dawn light. The mother and the son were, in the bare yard and the indistinct light, like two ghosts trying to speak to each other but having no language. "Now ain't you playing the wild, though, out here this time of the morning destroying your poor old mamma's magnolia trees? Come on, Willard; come on to bed now, you hear?"

"That ain't like Willard at all," said Wilma, Willard's younger sister, watching with amazement the scene in the yard.

"Looks to me like he's dawg-drunk," commented Arleen. She had moved in across the hall from Hazel about three months before.

"Drunk!" exclaimed Wilma. "Hunh! Not Willard. Why, that old brother of mine would die fore he touched a bottle. All the time talking about likker and the Sewer of Sin and saying the Reverend U. D. Hopewell said this and the Reverend U. D. Hopewell said that. Ever since that Hopewell commenced that tent revival over there on Cherry Street you can't keep Willard at home. Why, he even started fussing at me about my lip-stick."

"*Mamma, you better git on back in the house!*" Willard did not look at his mother when he spoke, but continued to hack off the limbs. His voice was unnaturally deep and the sound of each word was a prolonged threatening slug in the manner of revival preachers.

"Woman, you've sinned in the sight of the Lord God, yes, and in the sight of Jesus Christ, his Only Son who died for us all!" Willard stopped hacking the limbs of the still dark and shadowy trees. He held the butcher knife high like an orator. "Woman, you've wallered in the mud of Iniquity and fleshed with the Devil in the Sewers of Sin!"

"See!" whispered Wilma to Arleen up by the windows in Hazel's bedroom. "What did I tell ya?"

"But she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth and Paul said to Timothy that all women orta learn in silence with all subjection and not let no woman teach to them or hold it over them and wear the britches, nor to usurpt authority over the man, but to be in silence and keep their mouth shut and just keep right quiet like and not greedy of no filthy luke-er . . ." And Willard ranted on in the yard in a strange and tortured voice.

He accused his mother of "wallerin in the Filthy and Iniquitous sheets of a Couch of Sin — you're sleepin with the Devil, O sinful Woman!" Willard meant that Mr. J. Carter Pope who traveled in Checkerboard Feeds and who stayed at Mrs. Watkins' whenever he had to do business in Chat-

tanooga. He had been stopping over at The Magnolias for fifteen years. Hazel knew that some of the roomers talked about something going on between Mrs. Watkins and "that brooder house man" (Mr. J. Carter Pope also traveled for a firm in Knoxville that made sheet-metal brooder houses: No-Hen Brooder Lamps. "We Can't Lay Them, But We Sure Can Raise Them" was on the bottom of his business card). But she didn't know what to think.

Willard had just gone off his nut that night and no more ever came of it. After the bright lights and sawdust of Reverend U. D. Hopewell's tent revival moved from the vacant corner on Cherry Street he didn't seem to think much about his mother and Mr. J. Carter Pope. He didn't even notice how much thicker and redder Wilma's lipstick had gotten. Before long he had begun to bum around the country and then took a job in a brickyard over about Blue Ridge, Georgia. And from there, Mrs. Watkins told her, he enlisted in the Army at Fort Jackson. He hadn't been back to Chattanooga that Hazel knew of. Nor did she or anyone else at The Magnolias ever know for sure why Willard had hacked his mamma's magnolia trees the way he did that night.

2

Now Hazel, moving idly on the porch swing and feeling the still cool breezes of the June morning brush her face and hair, looked at the odd-shaped magnolia trees. She could see one or two blooms on each tree, high up in the tops where a little sun occasionally filtered through. The giant white blossoms looked cool and clean and fresh set among the crisp curled leaves.

Hazel stared vacantly at one of the blossoms on the branch hanging nearest the eave of the porch. Vaguely she wanted it, and though she did not put it into words — or even conscious thought — still she felt somehow the magnificent bloom could give to its owner some of the cool grace and great loveliness. Then the thought became less abstract. Hazel held an imaginary blossom in her hand. She felt with a tingling, incongruously like her arm going to sleep, the flower's beauty entering her body and blood. Before the hall mirror she arranged the flower in her hair. But it was too large. She tried it three or four ways, once even redid her hair another way, and still the great white blossom looked awkward and out of kilter. Nervously, she tried pinning the flower to her dress; first as a corsage, but that didn't work either. The flower dominated and made her look even more flat-chested than she actually was. Damn little things, she muttered between her teeth. Even having Sonny hadn't helped her there and that was one thing she had hoped for back then when she was carrying him. And she knew what Frank had felt about them. Next she tried the magnolia blossom at her waist, but that was no

good, somehow. The goddamn thing's just too big! And she hurled the bloom out across . . .

"Sonny! Now you just git yourself down from there and don't be long about it either, Mr. Smarty. You hear me? Git down! Right now." Sonny had left the Confederate cannon and was now playing with the youngest Burlingame boy from next door under one of the magnolia trees and Hazel had been watching them out of the corner of her eye from the front porch swing. Her mind was flooded with sights and sounds and memories vague and tenuous as cigarette smoke. And now Sonny was climbing up the magnolia, making use of the hacked-off snags of limbs. With the exertion of the climbing he thrust his small tongue out one side of his mouth and held it strained and tense against his cheek. The habit angered Hazel. That was the way Frank had done every time he had had her. It had become a symbol to her of all the things in her husband she hated. Even now, this long after Frank had told her, "By God, you're my wife and you're either goin to sleep in my bed or get the hell out," even now when she looked at her six-year-old son with his tongue held that way it brought back all the tenseness and sickness and she could hear Frank's heavy, strained breathing. Hazel did not realize that she was whipping Sonny for the resemblance he bore to his father — for the memories of sounds, rumbling and magnified into an awful thunder in her ears.

"Sonny!" she screamed again with far too much anger. Sonny had stopped climbing, but remained about three feet up the magnolia trunk.

"Aw, Mamma, I'm not a-hurtin nothin," he whined, his voice ready to break into a nagging crying. "Why can't I go up —"

"You want a lickin, you little devil? Now git down from there right this minute, Mr. Smarty, and be quick about it." Hazel jumped up from the swing, leaving it careening wildly on its forked chains, and broke a spray out of the top of a spirea bush growing near the porch, noting in her mind what Mrs. Watkins would say if she had seen her. She stripped the leaves and bloom clusters with two or three angry movements of her hand. Sonny dropped quickly and easily from his perch. The little Burlingame boy giggled. Then the two children ran laughing around the corner of the old house, beyond the flat brown slant of the cellar doors where the old cold moss softened the underpinning. "Orta take this limb to him good," she thought bitterly and did not know why. As Hazel returned to the swing she felt the heat of her anger radiating from her face and she blew a strand of hair off her forehead.

3

THE spring on the screen door twanged loudly and then lowered into a fading hum as the door was kicked open and let slam shut. Josephine Smathers

came out on the porch. Both of her hands were filled; in her right she carried fingernail polish and remover precariously resting on a box of Kleenex. In her left she had a crumpled package of Luckies and a scarred lighter with the yellow 6th Cavalry insignia on it. In her mouth was a cigarette, a long section of gray ash showing that the cigarette hadn't been flicked since it was lighted. Her scanty brown hair was barely visible beneath the elaborate and shiny metal curlers. She sat down awkwardly beside Hazel on the swing, putting her things on the floor. "Lord, Hazel darlin, what you a-doin out here this time the mornin?"

"Nothin much — just don't-in them youngins. Boys, now, they's a mess! Sonny's so full of meanness I caint hardly do nothin with him. Full of the devil, just like his daddy." Hazel sighed.

"That old Mrs. Mallonee been tryin to chew my ear off again this mornin already. Thought maybe I come out here I might git rid of her. But I reckon she'll be out here too, in a little dib. I'm beginnin to git like Wilma is when she's around me: just so nervous I caint stand it."

"Pore old fool," commented Hazel. "Wonder what happens to make people like that?"

"Lord, they's no tellin!"

"I'd just like to know where she came from."

"I just wish to hell she'd stayed there, wherever it was!" exclaimed Josephine.

"Ain't you got to work today?"

"Naw. I don't go on till leven this evenin," answered Josephine. She worked now as a waitress at Jimmy's Steak House down on Market Street across from the Bus Station.

"Oh Lord!" groaned Hazel sympathetically. "Work all night!"

"Well, I don't mind it so much, cept that's the hatefulest old cashier down there on the night shift. She and me's goin to git into it and I don't mean maybe, if she keeps on tryin to tell me what to do ever time I turn around. Just like I'd never done no waitin before. I'll slap her cross-eyed; and I told her so, too. I said: You just better mind yore own business, Miss Knowitall, or I'll —"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Hazel. She walked to the end of the porch, flicking the switch spasmodically, and listened. "Sonny!" she called. "You youngins come on back round here in the front yard, you hear? Soooony. Come on now!" There was no answer. She returned to the swing. "No tellin what meanness they're into back yonder." For a moment there was only the sound of the street in the June morning. "How about bummin one of your cigarettes? I shore-God need one."

"Hep yourself, honey," answered Josephine. Hazel took a cigarette and lit it with the lighter expertly, masculinely.

"Is that that lighter you got from old Punk, Punk — Oh, what the devil's his name?"

"Punk Turbyfield. Yeah, Lord! Pore old Punk!"

Josephine's voice was deep and rough; the sort of voice men always think means a woman you can tell the dirtiest jokes to and use all the words; and are usually right about it.

"Turbyfield. That's right," said Hazel. "Wonder what ever happened to old Punk? I allus sorta liked him."

"Some of them said he got killed out there som'ers in the Pacific. But, Lord, I don't know. You can hear anythin. A body don't know what to believe." Josephine took a last powerful drag from her cigarette, her thin eyebrows arched and the lids half closed and trembling as her head and face and throat focused and strained at the end of the cigarette.

"Seems like don't nobody know where anybody is these days," said Hazel, thinking of Frank, of Punk and all the others.

Mrs. Mallonee came out on the porch carrying something in a paper shopping bag, ragged and frayed; on the bag were the name and insignia of a once very fashionable store which had closed during the depression, sixteen years ago. She also had an old black umbrella.

"Well, well, I declare, Miss Smathers: we meet again, don't we? And good morning to you, Mrs. Russell. I see you are enjoying this beautiful day. Isn't it just simply elegant? I declare! Dear Mr. Mallonee always used to say how a beautiful day was a gift from God. Yes he did! And how true that is, don't you think?"

Josephine whispered, "Damn it, here we go again!" under her breath and Hazel's reply was merely an abrupt "Mornin." She was in no mood to put up with the little old lady and all her talk talk and those nervous darting eyes. All the time going on about something nobody gave a good goddamn about. Like all that fretting and worrying about Willard cutting those two magnolias that morning. Be better to cut them down and get rid of them, thought Hazel, and let a little sun in. But it seemed like Mrs. Mallonee would never stop talking about them.

4

MRS. MALLONEE was a very tiny old woman who had a little potbelly proportioned perfectly to the minute dimensions of her frail body. Her eyes were large and contrasted with the fragility of her little body; they seemed like caged, frantic white birds with little blue wings, beating their bodies and wings against their cages. The eyes, always moving, darting to this side and that, seemed trying to flee, to escape from what they saw, or as if they knew somewhere else there was a better view.

No one at Mrs. Watkins' house was quite sure where Mrs. Mallonee came from, though she often mentioned Louisiana and sometimes Mississippi. And she did talk different from the rest of them

there in the old house. Even Mrs. Watkins was no longer certain how many years the "pore old soul" had been with her at The Magnolias: twenty-five, maybe thirty years. Nor did anyone know much about Mr. Mallonee except that he had died many years ago, that he was a heavy-set man with a bushy red mustache and beard and a hard, boss-man look about his eyes and the set of his mouth. Most of this Mrs. Watkins gathered from the oval picture on Mrs. Mallonee's washstand upstairs in her little room.

There were many stories in the house about the old woman's past, most of them mere guesses on the part of this or that roomer, which during the years grew more detailed and complicated and romantic. They were always offered without hesitancy as facts to any newcomer to The Magnolias. No one ever really bothered to ask Mrs. Mallonee about herself. Maybe it was because they would rather make up their own stories. Mrs. Mallonee was the character who provided, when life grew boring and the weather had already been discussed, a subject for them to talk about, idly and haphazardly. The story of Mrs. Mallonee was for them like an ice cube you eat on a hot July afternoon trying to get cool when it's so hot nothing can cool you off.

Most of the roomers more or less agreed with Wilma's flat and final judgment on Amy Curtis Mallonee (as she always called herself): "Lord-God, that woman's bats—crazy as a bedbug!" Most of the men at the house were uneasy and nervous in her presence and pretended a need of cigarettes or razor blades from the Lookout Café down on the corner when they found themselves alone with old Mrs. Mallonee on the front porch after supper. Hazel knew that Sonny and the children in that block were afraid of her and ran and hid in the spirea bushes when they saw her coming along the root-buckled hexagonals of the sidewalk. They used "Mrs. Mallonee" for the Buggerman: "Yes, and you tell Mamma on me and I'll tell Mrs. Mallonee about what you done, too!"

But Hazel didn't know what to think. She hadn't made up her mind. Sometimes it seemed to her that Mrs. Mallonee was the happiest and most contented person at The Magnolias. Other times she halfway agreed with Wilma and joined in with Josephine, who found in Mrs. Mallonee a butt for laughter and jokes. They laughed at almost everything Mrs. Mallonee said or did. They laughed at her old, ridiculously out of style clothes. As far as Hazel knew, the old lady didn't have more than three dresses to her name. The material in them must have been good, but they were as old as the hills the way they looked so funny and shabby now, and sometimes buttoned or snapped wrong and gaping open. Almost without fail Mrs. Mallonee's slip would be showing way more than an inch, sometimes two.

They laughed about her hair. She had an abun-

dance of gray hair — a wan and dirty gray, rather than a soft, pure white, which Hazel regretted: she wished Mrs. Mallonee had the beautiful oldness and the pure white hair of the old ladies in the advertisements getting roses by telegraph on Mother's Day or sitting so pretty and nice and comfortable in a bus — which she wore in little strands twisted and pinned into countless little knots all over the top and sides of her head. It gave her head the appearance of a quilted pincushion covered with large rosettes. Usually one or two of the knots had come loose and the straying hair wandered in complete confusion. Often a strand or two would fall and catch in the corner of her mouth.

Standing now halfway down the steps in the shade-splotted sunlight she fumbled at the snaps on her coat and dropped her umbrella. Apparently this morning Mrs. Mallonee wasn't going to linger and plague them, for after her first words of greeting she had started down the steps. She was halfway down before she had paused.

"You must excuse this impoliteness of running off so quickly and not chatting a little while — Mr. Mallonee used to say that impoliteness was just" (she fumbled with the snaps and the torn, shredded lining of her coat and she sucked at the hairs in the corner of her mouth) "just — well, inexcusable and I thought so too. But she's indisposed. Yes she is. Poor Mrs. Poindexter is indisposed and needs some friend to sit with her. It's so hard being confined to one's room. Mr. Mallonee was always fond of saying that a sickroom was like a faded rose, once so pretty and now so worn. And that's *so* true, don't you think? And then Mrs. Poindexter — Mrs. J. W. Poindexter, her husband was for a long time one of the directors of the Citizens' National — has got those two pitiful little squirrels" (she pronounced it *squills*) "to think about. They fell down the chimney and Mrs. Poindexter told me she *just simply* didn't have the heart to have Ben take them away. She's so kind, you know, and wouldn't harm a flea, not a flea. And I said, But my dear, are you sure you want to keep those two little squills? They'll be such a lot of trouble. Afterwards I was so ashamed of myself . . ."

She started down the walk, but stopped by the magnolias and turned, the white band of her slip showing. "Oh! I declare, every time I think of it! That wicked boy harming these beautiful Southern trees like that! I sometimes think that's why Mrs. Poindexter took to her bed: the news was just too much for her. She wrote a perfectly beautiful poem about them for the *Flower and Feather Magazine*, how two gracious Southern ladies had been dishonored by a drunken Yankee. Perfectly beautiful." Then she continued to the sidewalk, but had not finished. "And you know, they are both little gurl squills! Wouldn't you just know it! Mrs. Poindexter named them Melaney and Pittypat and I think that's awfully sweet. She said she did that pur-

posely, leaving out that terrible Scarlett, to honor the two *real* Southern ladies in Miss Mitchell's marvelous book. And I wouldn't be one bit surprised if some day right soon the *Flower and Feather* doesn't have a poem about Melaney and Pittypat. I declare, Mrs. Poindexter is so talented! But I really must hurry on now."

5

LORD, Lord, Lord!" groaned Josephine, as Mrs. Mallonee disappeared down Lookout Street. The screen door spring twanged and Wilma Watkins stuck her head out. "Has that damned old fool gone yet?"

"Yeah, Lord. Finally."

Wilma came on out to the porch steps and sat down in the small spot of sun. She had on a yellow sun suit and was drinking a Coca-Cola.

"I'm tellin you," said Josephine, starting on her nails, "that old woman makes me so nervous ever time she gits around me I caint hardly stand it. If it ain't them eyes a-jumpin and jerkin back and forth thataway, it's a headful of hair hangin in the corner of her mouth and her not a-doin nothin bout it cept sort of swattin out with her hand like a fly's a-pesterin her. Now whatabout a person that don't know enough to git her hair out of her mouth!"

"Poor old thing," said Hazel, feeling pity, wonder, for the moment.

"Poor old thing hell!" echoed Wilma from her position on the top step. "I'm just like Josephine about her. Lord, yesterday evenin she cornered me up over there next to the swing and got off on what Willard done to them damned old magnolia trees out there in the yard and how they's so beautiful and precious and how real Southerners orta preserve them and all that crap she's always a-spoutin about the Old South. I wish to hell Willard had had enough of the Spirit that night to cut the damn things down. Maybe that would have been enough to kill the old biddy!"

Wilma lit a cigarette and then began to smooth the skin on her arms and legs. She was olive brown from many afternoons of sunning at the municipal pool at Warner Park. She was proud of her body; and a little surprised at the sudden ripeness which had come over her. When she sat in the sun she ran her hand over her arms and legs and sometimes peered down into the loose halter or began to pick and worry a small blemish on her thigh — all with a kind of thrill and astonishment that this, *this* was Wilma Watkins of 328 Lookout Street, Chattanooga, Tennessee! Now, while talking to Hazel and Josephine, she placed a thumb over the top of the Coca-Cola bottle and shook it to make it fizz more.

"I just want to say, Now hold still, you old fool, and pull them hairs out of her mouth and pull them pore old twisted, wrinkled hose up. That's what

makes me so nervous, I reckon. Lord, it beats me how some people live," continued Wilma, popping her gum with precision and adroitness. A good, clean loud pop, usually four in succession before she chewed softly a while. "I don't know why Mamma don't git rid of her. Don't pay nothin' much."

A voice from the kitchen, way back at the other end of the still cool, dark hall, called: "Wilma!"

"My God," exclaimed Wilma, "if it's not one damn thing it's another!" She got up angrily, knocking the empty Coca-Cola bottle off in the yard, and went into the house. Since Wilma had quit the tenth grade she was supposed to help her mother and Violet in the kitchen.

The two women sat silently on the porch for a short while. Hazel heard Sonny shouting and laughing and shooting with the Burlingame boy in the back yard so she knew he was all right. They both lit another cigarette and sat staring out into the street where the traffic of the day was heavier with bread and laundry trucks and dripping ice wagons. The hot sun had begun to make the tar run in little streams and puff up in black blisters. They bubbled and popped when a tire hit them, but not so nice a pop as Wilma made with her gum.

"Aw, Punk was awright, I reckon," recommenced Josephine. She had the ability to retain unfinished conversation in her mind through all kinds of detours and interruptions, suddenly coming back to where she had left off an hour, two hours, sometimes a whole day later. "Just got dawg-drunk too damn quick all the time. Messy drunk. But now, they shore was a bunch of real men in that Calvary! Cute, Lord I'd reckon!" Working her nails, she fitted her words to her labor, talking or suddenly stopping according to the easiness or difficulty of the work. "That Calvary beat any outfit I ever seen. I was workin' down there at the B & B Café when they was stationed out at the Fort. Lord, we had more parties and fun than anybody. And when I say parties, darlin, I mean *parties!*" Then her voice trailed off toward silence and her thoughts to a hangnail.

"I know, I know," half whispered Hazel in a different tone of voice. The parties didn't seem so wonderful to her now; there wasn't much from all of them that you could remember; sort of empty. Across the yard to the left came the sound of a radio suddenly blaring very loudly a late breakfast club program, its announcer talking back to the recorded vocalist, first imitating a duck and then a pig. Someone slammed a back door across the street. The ice truck dripped on down the block.

"You were here, weren't you, Hazel darlin, before they moved out?"

"Just a little while. Frank and I come back from Detroit about two months before. Leastways, I knowed old Punk."

"Oh, Lordy! We'll never see days like that again," sighed Josephine. "Don't reckon we could

stand it, but, boys-howdy, I'd shore like to try!" She laughed, a kind of cackle, low and hoarse with the intimated bawdiness. "These men here at the house make me sick. Think they're so all-fired smart!" Her mouth formed the sickness as well as said it, the corners pulled down tightly. "Boys-howdy, if they knew half as much as . . ." Again her voice trailed away from its thought. Then, suddenly, holding up five freshly painted nails to dry: "Honey, light me another cigarette, will you?" While Hazel was lighting the cigarette she thought again of all the days and nights during the war, the cigarettes, the lighters held waveringly up to cigarettes, the beer and whiskey, floor shows and soldiers and dance joints from Detroit to Antioch, California, and back to Chattanooga, Tennessee. With a small twitch her mind realized how cloudy and *gone* were all those hours, those years she thought at the time were brim-filled.

"It's goin to be another scorcher. Not yet ten o'clock and already I'm sweatin!" Hazel handed her the cigarette. "Thank you, darlin," Josephine replied.

Hazel noticed with a touch of disgust the way Josephine had lately taken to calling her "darlin"; that was something new; one more in the long list of things Josephine had picked up for her "personality" as she called it. Like "J." for a first name, instead of Josephine or Jossie, or even Jay. Josephine Smathers hadn't been out of Sale Creek much more than six months when she got a room at Mrs. Watkins' rooming house on Lookout Street. From the first she had been right friendly with Hazel, making a big fuss over Sonny and carrying on about Hazel's smooth complexion and hair. She wanted to know if Hazel used the Max Factor Hollywood Kit, her complexion was so beautiful. They became, on the surface at least, good friends. But before long Hazel realized Josephine could be dangerous. Any woman who was out to get all that little red-lipped, plucked-eyebrow hillbilly thought she was going to get was dangerous. Not only knock a feller down, but stomp his guts and use his body for a stepladder.

6

HONEY, you may think it downright awful of me to be talkin like this," Josephine had declared one evening to Hazel when they were alone on the front porch, and down the street at the Lookout Café (where all the men had gone after supper) the sickly red color of a faulty neon sign fretted its way around a Red Top Beer label, giving that end of the street an unreal light, "but I know where I'm going and just how to git there — purtnear ever step of the way." It was near the end of the month and both Hazel and Josephine were almost broke. Hazel hardly had lunch money left in her purse. Neither had been able to get a date for that Saturday night.

Clyde Givens, a quiet, not handsome roomer at Mrs. Watkins', had asked Josephine to go to the Gene Autry picture at the Dixie Theater, but she turned him down, feigning some excuse about not "runnin round ever Saturday night just like a mill hick from Lupton City!"

In reality she was doing her best to get one of the new roomers to ask her for a date. His name was Byron Littleton — Josephine liked the sound of that name, "just like a movie star," she told Hazel — and he had arrived at Mrs. Watkins' two days before. There was something about him that was different from most of the men staying at The Magnolias. Hazel thought he looked like a lifeguard, he was so smoothly tanned and his blond hair so bleached by a lot of sun. He was only nineteen, but he dressed and lit his cigarettes like he was twenty-five or more, and Wilma, who went out with him that night, couldn't sit still from the moment he walked in the front door. The first evening, he had stopped Hazel in the hall and asked her if she wanted to have a "highball" with him in his room. "Seagram's Five Star. The real McCoy, baby. You bring the ice." He had lit a cigarette then, cupping the match as if it were dangerous to show a light there. "How bout it, baby?" he had continued, the cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth and moving with his words. Hazel had told him no: Mrs. Watkins didn't allow any whiskey-drinking in her place. Besides, she knew damn well what the score was. How many times had this happened, the same words, the same smart smile, the same dangling cigarette, in Detroit? She might not ever rivet bombers again, but she could sure tell a slickey a mile off. That's one thing she'd learned at Willow Run.

But Wilma and Josephine were interested in him (one sure thing: he wouldn't have to dangle that cigarette long before Wilma the way she had commenced to feist around). Josephine had the rumor that he was a gambler from Miami and had been running one of the roulette tables up at an expensive night club on Signal Mountain and that added to his differentness; just like the way he didn't say "Goddammit!" like all the others, but said "Jesus Che-ris!" Josephine had been talking to Hazel about him that evening, with Josephine doing most of the talking, when she had confided her goals and ambitions.

"If you do, honey," Josephine had continued, "I just caint hep it. You know as well's I do a girl these days can go purty far if she just keeps her eyes open and makes the right moves. I'm not so bad lookin — if I do say so mysef — and they's been others said more than that; but what I mean is: I just git plumb sick all over when I think of some of my girl friends up there at home that could have done real well by themselves, you know what I mean. But Lord no! Upt and married the first little old boy that got it, and now they's allus got a

youngin in the belly and splittin kindlin and totin water while their jake-leg husbands run off down here to Chattanooga of an evenin and git their *real* fun, you know what I mean and all. Now, boys-howdy, you'd never ketch me a-doin that. Last thing I told Roseen fore I left home — me and Roseen all the time run round together up there at home fore she played the wild and went and married that old Jim Thrasher — I said, Roseen, yore just about the biggest damn fool in Tennessee! And that's the truth, too. I said, Roseen, you take my *advice* and leave that Thrasher boy while the gittin's good. Roseen, I said, and I told her this straight to her face, too, I said, Roseen, that boy's not *no* good. Ever Saturday night for the past three months I know of and the Lord Hissef knows how long fore that, he's been takin off to Chattanooga with a bunch of old boys and he's been boozin beer and runnin round with a little old blond waitress that works down there at the Silver Dollar — and *you* know it well's I do. I said, Roseen, honey, don't bury yourself back up here in a red clay hole with a passel of youngins and a settin of dominecker eggs and a man that'll not never git you nothin else but a Feb'uary grave and not even no rocks to go on it, if the truth were known! And you know what that little fool went and did? I'm tellin you what's the honest to goodness truth, Hazel darlin: she picked up a stick of stove wood and thowed it at me — just a-screamin at me and a-cryin and a-carryin on like the Devil had a-holt of her. And you know what I done? Just as sure as I'm settin here, if I didn't just turn around to her as calmly as you please, and I said, Well, good-bye, Roseen, *you damned old brood sow* — that's what I told her — *you damned old brood sow, you!* I'll be seein you. And then when I got to the door, I said, And you might pick up yore pore old mamma's picture off the floor. She knocked it off the wall with that stick of stove wood she thowed at me. And I just walked off and left her cryin. I'm tellin you, Hazel darlin, what's the honest truth; that's just what I done."

But in Josephine's eyes, when she had finished telling about her fight with Roseen, there was a look of incomplete triumph and her eyes searched Hazel's face for some expression, for some reassurance. She seemed to be waiting for Hazel to say something that would complete the victory. Hazel didn't say anything.

7

It was still not quite dark, that evening on the porch, and Josephine talked on aimlessly into the night, while Hazel half listened to her and half thought of many other things. Of Sonny upstairs in the room asleep. She had failed to give him a bath again, decided he was just too hot and tired from playing hard all day to try to bathe him. But she knew, faintly, the truth — that it was herself: that *she* felt too tired, too worn out from the day at the

store. And then she had begun to argue with herself about a little dirt not hurtin nobody, leastways not for a day or two; and then she heard in the back of her head and in her ear the voice of her mamma ranting about dirt, and poor white trash living like niggers in filth. . . . Things were falling to pieces and she sensed it; felt it. Where were all the things that her life used to lean on, count on? Mamma and Papa gone and nobody left down at Trenton no more. And Frank who had told her she was his wife and she'd either sleep in his bed or get the hell out — Frank was gone and with him all those months of the war, the big pay checks and the fast life she had thought was the real thing. Then alone with Sonny after Frank left, living at The Magnolias and clerking in a dollar-down, dollar-a-week department store. At the bottom of a sump hole. If only there were some way to start over again, to get back on the right track. But the trouble was she didn't know where she had gotten off the track in the first place. Maybe it had always been that way. Even so, where was she going, she and Sonny, Sonny upstairs in the hot room, sleeping in the dirt and grime of three days? Even little old Mrs. Mallonee seemed to have some place to go and had those magnolias Willard hacked up to give her mind something to chew on. But she and Sonny? Where?

" . . . And so I asked him: Why ain't you in Hollywood right now, if yore such a biggety-big out there?" Hazel heard again the voice of Josephine, chewing away at the past experience, telling her little story, weaving a little glory out of mud. "And so I acted right cold like, you know what I mean, making out I had to warsh a bunch of Co-Cola glasses and clean off the grill and that big old coffee maker. And he just kep it up, talkin about my hair and complexion and all like that. I declare, I never heard a man make so much fuss over how much I look like Ann Sheridan . . ."

She knew that Josephine was almost the spittin image of herself eight, nine — she even refused to name the correct number of years — ago. Hazel thought of the men she had known since she left Trenton and the memories led her to Frank. Then came the nightmare and the hot sheets and cheap mattress and noisy springs. Oh Lord God, she had cried out, No! No! I caint stand it! I caint. Hazel pressed her eyes and shook her head to erase all the rush of the past from her shuddering body. She tried to focus on the droning, persistent voice of Josephine going on and on like a mosquito in an August-stifed bedroom.

" . . . And that other feller that drove up with him in that big Buick — I'm tellin you what's the honest truth, honey, that car looked long enough to stretch might-nigh all the way from Soddy to Daisy it was so big . . ."

Down the street there were indistinct voices and the slow, gentle sound of heels strolling on the pave-

ment. The red neon continued to flicker spasmodically over the sidewalk by the Lookout Café. There was a scream of tires as a car rounded the corner from Third Street into Walnut. The sound soon subsided. There was only the strong thread of Josephine's voice weaving in and out of all the short spasmodic noises.

But for some reason she hadn't figured out that night or since then, listening to Josephine had made her sad and restless, had brought on that feeling of being afraid. Maybe it was because she knew that Josephine would never get where she thought she was going. Or maybe it was because she, Hazel, knew and Josephine didn't; and the knowledge hung heavy on her and troublesome like that awful goose-egg wen hanging down from Uncle Thad's jaw. She wanted to tell it to Josephine and be rid of the terrible ache it caused. Just to say: "Honey, you're just kiddin yourself and nobody else. You know well's I do a year or two from now you'll probably be married to the first Byron Littleton you can catch and have a youngin or two and be livin right here at Mrs. Watkins' or maybe in some little old room out in Alton Park — even Lupton City with the mill hicks, as you call them — and wishin to hell you had room enough for a stack of kindlin and a settin of eggs . . ." But you couldn't tell her that, any more than you could tell yourself where you had gotten off the track. Maybe it was the not being able to tell, to say it, that hurt so bad and made her so sad and lonely. The same feeling she had now about the magnolia blossoms in Mrs. Watkins' two big out-of-shape trees — so pure and so beautiful and not no flaws. But you couldn't do a thing with them. You couldn't get up close to them, cause then, somehow they weren't so pretty any more and you could see the grit of coal dust. They were much too big to wear in your hair or anything. You just had to leave them in the big tree in the bare yard and just sit back on the porch and look at them.

Just look at them now in the late hot morning from the porch swing and think about how you can't get close to them and how you can't tell Josephine you know exactly where she's going, only it ain't where she thinks; about little old Mrs. Mallonee — who had asked Byron Littleton if his mother was one of the Manker Littleton girls of Milledgeville and he hadn't even answered her: just stared with a sneer — who would soon be returning along the sidewalk from her visit with Mrs. Poindexter; about what had got into Willard that night with the butcher knife; and about how all the Byron Littletons seem to *have* to say: "How bout it, baby; and you bring the ice"; and about Frank and Sonny, dirty in his bed upstairs in the old house. Sitting and listening to the morning and dreading the far dark. Safe even in the twilight, but wondering and afraid of the real night.

Still Expanding

SUMNER H. SLICHTER, the Harvard economist, is not given to wide-eyed predictions, and when he says that by 1980 — only thirty years away — we can achieve a national income of 416 billion on a work week of only thirty hours and with a labor force of 72 million people, the hardheaded will want to know how. Well, here is his forecast in detail. Born in Madison, he took his A.B. degree at the University of Wisconsin and his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago in 1918, and is today Lamont University Professor at Harvard and chairman of the Research Advisory Board of the Committee for Economic Development.

HOW BIG IN 1980?

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

I

SUPPOSE someone in the year 1900 had predicted that within fifty years the amount of goods consumed per person in the United States would have risen two and one-half times, that nearly four out of five children of high school age would be in high school, that the number of university students would increase four times as fast as the population, that nearly every family would own an automobile, a telephone, and a wireless receiving set (the word "radio" would not have been understood); and that this would be accomplished after paying the cost of the nation's participation in two great world wars and while we were gradually reducing the work week from about 58 hours to 40. The forecast would have been quite accurate, as we now know, but anyone making such bold predictions would have been regarded as irresponsible.

At the risk of seeming irresponsible and extravagant, I am going to suggest that by 1980 the output of goods and services of the American economy, which was 246.7 billion dollars in 1948, will be at least 416 billion (in terms of present prices) and that it is more likely to be considerably larger — probably in excess of 550 billion dollars a year. The lower estimate would mean an annual output of nearly \$5744 per worker (at present prices) or roughly \$2377 per capita. In 1948 the output of goods and services was about \$4065 per worker or \$1684 per capita.

How can one possibly justify those figures? Let us first examine the lower estimate. It is based upon four underlying assumptions: (1) that the total population of the country in 1980 will be roughly 175 million; (2) that the proportion of the population in the labor force and at work will be about the same as in 1948; (3) that output per man-hour will continue to increase at about the rate that has prevailed for several generations; (4) that the number of hours worked by each person per year

will be about one fourth less than at present. Suppose we scrutinize these four points.

Population of the country

Estimates of population growth have uniformly turned out to be too small. Today the country has more people than the Temporary National Economic Committee assumed it would have by 1960. The Bureau of the Census, realizing that the war had made previous estimates of population growth obsolete, issued new estimates in 1945. By the middle of 1948, the population of the country was 3.2 million above the new forecast made by the Census only three years before. During 1949 the number of births has continued to run far higher than in pre-war years. By 1950 the population of the country will be about 4.5 million greater than the figure predicted by the Census.

After 1950 the growth of population will be held down for about ten years by the abnormally small number of births which occurred during the depressed thirties. About 1960, however, the large number of births between 1940 and 1950 will begin to affect the number of marriages and hence the growth of population. Population will also be increased to a small extent by immigration. All these considerations lead to the rough estimate that by 1980 the population of the United States will be at least 175 million.

The labor force

In 1948 the average number of persons at work was 41.4 per cent of the population. It is reasonable to assume that the proportion in 1980 will be about the same. This would mean that the number at work will be about 72.5 million. The average age at which young people enter industry will be higher, but this will be roughly offset by an increase in the proportion of women in the labor force. The drop in the standard work week, in particular, encourages women to

enter industry. A larger part of the population will have passed the age of retirement but the proportion who are too young to be in the labor force will be smaller.

Some people expect that the usual age of retirement will drop and that this will reduce the proportion of the population in the labor force. I do not expect the age of retirement to decline unless unemployment is severe and chronic. Most people do not like to retire. Hence, the efforts of employers to retire workers will meet more and more resistance. I make the conservative assumption, however, that the age of retirement will not change.

Output per man-hour

For several generations output per man-hour has been growing by about 2 per cent per year. If this rate of increase continues, output per man-hour in 1980 will be about 88.4 per cent greater than in 1948.

The thirty-hour week

Everyone knows that as incomes go up, the demand for leisure also increases. Back in 1900, as I have said, the average working week in the United States was about 58 hours; by 1929 it was about 48 hours; in 1940, outside of agriculture, about 40 hours. There has also been a rapid spread of vacations and holidays with pay during the last ten years. Many people believe that even now Americans spend too much time making things and too little time enjoying the fruits of their labors. Certainly if output per man-hour continues to rise, working hours will continue to decrease. I assume that by 1980 the number of hours worked by the average person per year will have dropped about one fourth. That rate would be in keeping with the decline of about one sixth in the last twenty years. It would mean that by 1980 the 30-hour week would be virtually universal, at least outside of farming and other occupations where the self-employed predominate.

400 billion dollars a year

If the average worker produces about 88 per cent more per hour than now and works one fourth fewer hours, annual output per worker, which was \$4065 in 1948, will be just under \$5744. If there are 72.5 million persons at work, the net national product per year will be 416 billion dollars.

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Is it reasonable to expect the output of American industry to exceed 400 billion dollars a year in another generation? Certainly the assumption that the average worker will be employed one fourth fewer hours per year than now does not inflate the estimate of output. And my estimate of the growth of population is low. The crucial question, there-

fore, is whether output per man-hour can be expected to continue to rise at the rate of 2 per cent per year.

Obviously workers cannot turn out 88 per cent more per hour unless they have much more and better plant and equipment to help them produce and unless methods of production improve. Between 1879 and 1929, output per man-hour increased about 3 times and plant and equipment per worker about 2.7 times. This suggests that a gain of 88 per cent in output per man-hour could be achieved with an increase in capital per worker of somewhat less than 88 per cent — perhaps only about 75 per cent. Nevertheless, in order not to underestimate the capital needs of the country, I assume that an increase of 88 per cent in output per man-hour will require an increase in plant and equipment per worker of 88 per cent.

In 1948 the country had about 442 billion dollars of plant and equipment, or about \$7265 per employed worker. An increase of 88.4 per cent per employed worker would mean \$13,687 per worker. If employment is 72.5 million, the country would have about 992 billion dollars of plant and equipment — a rise of about 550 billion.

What proportion of the national income will have to be devoted to increasing plant and equipment in order to add 550 billion dollars to the country's plant and equipment in the next thirty years? A surprisingly small proportion — only 6.1 per cent. Between 1879 and 1929, about 8.9 per cent of the national income was devoted to increasing plant and equipment. The explanation of why a smaller proportion will be needed for this use in the future is simple. Since the rate of population increase will be much slower than in the past, a smaller proportion of the population will be entering industry each year and needing to be supplied with new plant and equipment.

Can methods of production be improved and equipment increased so rapidly that output per man-hour is raised 88 per cent in thirty years? This rate, it is true, is no faster than the country has successfully maintained in the past, but were not conditions in the past far more favorable for increasing production and accumulating capital than they are today or are likely to be? Consider the following five possible obstacles: (1) stiff taxation; (2) powerful trade-unions; (3) the concentration of industry and the decline of competition; (4) the exhaustion of natural resources; and (5) the slowing down of the making of inventions.

Stiff taxation

In 1948 the cash outlays of the local, state, and national governments were 21 per cent of the national output. This proportion is not likely to drop, because the demands on the government are growing. Not only will taxes be stiff, but the personal income tax will remain steeply progressive. Hence it

will seriously impair the ability of the well-to-do to save and it will also impair their willingness to embark upon risky ventures. The well-to-do, who may be conveniently defined as the 10 per cent receiving the highest incomes, account for one half to three fourths of all investment by individuals.

Taxes will, of course, substantially limit the volume of saving by the well-to-do, but I do not think that high taxes will prevent the country from adding 550 billion dollars to its plant and equipment during the next thirty years. There are several reasons for this belief.

Such an increase, as I have pointed out, would absorb a smaller proportion of the net national income than has been spent on plant and equipment in the past.

The reduction in saving by the well-to-do can be offset to some extent by business enterprises' plowing back a larger part of their earnings. Between 1910 and 1948, corporations plowed back only one third of their profits — though retained earnings were the largest single source of investment funds for corporations. About 60.1 billion dollars was obtained from this source, 51.7 billion from issues of bonds and notes, and 21.9 billion from issues of common and preferred stock.

The reduction in saving by the well-to-do can be offset, to some extent, by encouraging persons of moderate and small incomes to invest in corporate securities. During the pre-war years 1933 to 1941 and the post-war years 1946, 1947, and 1948, individuals put 157.5 billion dollars into investments of various sorts. Only 3.8 billion, or 2.4 per cent, however, went directly into corporate securities. Individuals put no less than 30.3 billion dollars into residential building; 29.6 billion into cash and bank accounts; 24.6 billion into private insurance (and thus indirectly into industry); 47.4 billion into unincorporated businesses (including farms); and 12.2 billion into government securities. Particularly striking is the fact that investments of individuals in unincorporated businesses were more than twelve times as large as their direct investments in corporate securities.

An enormous source of new capital is open to corporations in the savings of persons with small or moderate incomes and these savings could, if corporations offered inducements, be substantially increased.

Loans from commercial banks, which lend money by creating deposits, will go far to offset any shortage of savings.

During the last three years taxes have been far higher than anyone dreamed they would be after the war, and yet in that period the country has spent 92.3 billion dollars on housing, plant, and equipment. After allowance for the wearing out of capital, the increase in housing, plant, and equipment is estimated by the government at about 41.3 billion dollars. This estimate is probably too high,

but the present rate of capital formation is sufficient to increase the country's stock of housing, plant, and equipment by about 4 per cent a year.

Powerful trade-unions

Today about two thirds of the manual workers in manufacturing, about four fifths in mining, about four fifths in construction, and about four fifths in transportation are organized. Until the last fifteen years, however, the union membership of the country was less than 10 per cent of the labor force, and strong unions existed in only a few industries. Unions will be able to force up wages faster than 2 per cent per year — in other words faster than the rise in output per man-hour. If wages rise faster than production, is not the accumulation of capital bound to be reduced?

Although unions will push up wages more than 2 per cent per year, it does not follow that unions will retard the accumulation of capital — at least to any great extent. Any tendency for wages to rise faster than output per man-hour will cause either unemployment or an offsetting rise in prices.

The community will not tolerate a substantial volume of chronic unemployment. If it occurs, the government will adopt policies designed to encourage prices to rise or will limit the right of unions and employers to raise wages appreciably faster than the average gain in output per man-hour. Thus the trade-unions will be prevented from reducing in substantial measure the ability and willingness of individuals to save and to invest in industry.

Furthermore, the pressure of unions for higher wages will stimulate management to increase output and to cut costs. In this way unions will indirectly help to increase output.

Intensity of competition

Many people believe that the American economy is becoming less competitive. They argue that business is becoming more and more concentrated in large, well-established enterprises and that these concerns are more interested in maintaining the status quo than in improving their methods and products. Competition undoubtedly helps to increase production by making industry progressive. Consequently, if industry is becoming less competitive, the previous rate of increase in output per man-hour is not likely to be maintained.

The view that competition is less vigorous today than formerly is one of the most pervasive myths of the age. As a matter of fact, the economy is becoming more competitive, not less so, and will continue to become more competitive. In some industries a few large firms turn out a larger part of the production than they did a few years ago. Between 1939 and 1947, for example, the proportion of employees working for enterprises with labor forces of more than 1000 has increased. Concentration, however, is not in itself a sign of lack of competition.

It may be a sign of vigorous competition. Furthermore, the number of enterprises in the United States has been rapidly increasing — from 3.1 million in 1929 to 4 million in 1948.

One reason why the economy is becoming more competitive is the rise of chain stores and mail-order houses. These enterprises do business on small margins and depend upon rapid turnover for profits. They are the best and most efficient purchasing agents that consumers have ever had. They have done much to make retailing more competitive. In addition, their buying methods stimulate competition throughout a large part of the manufacturing industries of the country.

A second reason why the economy is more competitive than ever is that it possesses a larger stock of technological knowledge than in the past. This means that the economy has more raw materials and more ways of doing things at its disposal. Consider, for example, the number of raw materials that have become important in recent years — petroleum, natural gas, oxygen, aluminum, rayon, nylon, plywood, plastics, rubber, glass, and paper. Some of these have been used for generations, but have become cheap or have been given new properties. Hence they are now used for many new purposes — paper for towels, milk bottles, and shipping boxes; and rubber for upholstery.

Consider also the great increase in the varieties of apparatus and methods of doing things — the heat treating of metals; the use of freezing, refrigeration, welding; wireless methods of communication and control; the improvement of forging; the development of new kinds of apparatus such as grinding machines; and the internal-combustion engine. The new materials and new methods greatly increase the points of competition in the economy. Aluminum competes with steel and copper; nylon with silk; paper with wood, glass, and cloth; welding with molding and machining; freezing with canning; photography with the linotype. The vigorous competition in the American economy is illustrated in the effect of movies on the stage, of automobiles and trucks on the railroads, of oleomargarine on butter, of the telephone on the telegraph, of synthetic rubber on natural rubber. It remains to be seen what television will do to several industries.

Finally, and most important, the economy is made more competitive by the huge expenditures of business and government upon industrial research. The outlay of business upon research increased ninefold between 1920 and 1940, and nearly twofold between 1940 and 1947. The growing expenditures of industry on research are a good indication of the fact that the economy of today is more competitive than the relatively static economies of the past, which year after year were content to make goods of about the same quality by the same methods. Enterprises do not engage in research for the fun of it, but because they know that

better and cheaper products will increase their sales and profits. The outlays of industry on research are more or less self-perpetuating — if one enterprise spends money on research, its rivals must do the same or be left behind.

The war has greatly stimulated the support of research by the government. The outlay of government on research in 1947 was over nine times as large as in 1940 and 40 per cent larger than all the research expenditures of private industry. Some of the research financed by the government is secret, but much of it yields results available to industry.

Depletion of our natural resources

The rich and abundant natural resources of the United States have been partly responsible for the rapid increase in the output of industry. We have been drawing upon these resources rapidly, and some of the richest and most accessible have been nearly exhausted. If output per man-hour were to increase by 2 per cent and if there were to be a gradual drop of one fourth in the number of hours worked by each employed person, the total national income in the next thirty years would be roughly about 9008 billion dollars (in terms of 1948 dollars). This would be nearly 25 per cent more than the country produced in the 149 years between 1800 and 1948 inclusive. In other words, the economy would consume more raw materials in the next generation than in the previous century and a half!

Does the United States possess sufficiently rich and accessible raw materials to support such a high rate of production? If the labor and equipment required to supply industry with raw materials rapidly increases, the rise in output per man-hour will be retarded.

The fact that the country will use up more raw materials in the next thirty years than in all its previous history presents difficult problems, but I do not believe that scarcity of materials will prevent output per man-hour from continuing to rise at 2 per cent per year. The advance in technology reduces the scarcity of materials because it leads to the development of substitutes — aluminum for copper, and plastics for many metals. It also makes possible the development of inaccessible or low-grade materials at costs little above those of developing accessible and richer materials a few years ago.

As time goes on, the United States will import a larger and larger proportion of many materials. At the present time, when everyone is worrying about the world shortage of dollars, the prospect that this country will need unprecedented quantities of raw materials should be a source of optimism.

Technological stagnation?

The industrial revolution has now been going on for two centuries. Can it be expected to continue

at the present pace much longer? Have not the easiest discoveries been made? If one looks at any given industry, one finds that, following any great discovery, output per man-hour grows at a decreasing rate. The more or less steady increase in output per man-hour for the economy as a whole has been achieved in large part by the spread of machine production from one industry to another. Now that most industries have been mechanized, must one not expect that output per man-hour for industry as a whole will rise at a decreasing rate?

The very nature of discoveries makes it impossible to predict the rate at which they will be made. Nevertheless, it is easier to make out a case for expecting technological progress to be faster in the future than a case for expecting it to be slower. In the first place, the number of persons engaged in research in the physical and biological sciences and their applications is a larger proportion of the population today than ever before.

In the second place, the tools available for scientific and industrial research are better than in previous ages. By this I do not mean merely that the apparatus is more powerful, accurate, and sensitive. The most important tool of research is knowledge. The fact that the accumulation of knowledge is greater than in the past is an important reason for expecting that additions to knowledge will be made more rapidly than ever.

Incidentally, the advance of technology should not be thought of as merely a process of replacing handwork with machines. It also includes giving men new and better materials to work with. It is quite as important in the field of biology as in the field of mechanics, and promises in the next generation to make revolutionary changes in agriculture. It includes new drugs and curative agents which greatly increase the output per man-hour of doctors.

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Is an increase of 2 per cent per man-hour per year a sufficient rate of growth? I do not think so. It is less than the country could reasonably expect to attain and it is also too low for our needs.

The United States, as I have pointed out, is better able to increase output than ever before. No one knows what rate of technological advance may be reasonably expected. I suspect that 3 per cent per man-hour per year would be well within the range of possibility — though it will not be easily achieved. It would mean that the national product by 1980 would be about 569 billion dollars, or over \$3252 per capita. It would also mean that the United States in the next thirty years would produce about 70 per cent more than it has produced in all the previous century and a half.

Would this rate of increase in production be enough? It would certainly not be too much for a country which has undertaken to maintain the peace of the world, to help war-stricken countries adjust themselves to the post-war world, to help industrially backward countries develop their resources, to provide incomes for millions of its own citizens on the basis of need. An increase of about 3 per cent per man-hour per year might prevent a further rise in the proportion of the national income taken in taxes by our local, state, and national governments, but it would not make possible a substantial reduction in taxes in the near future.

The people are bound to insist that every sick person receive adequate attention regardless of his ability to pay, and payments to the aged are bound to rise rapidly in the next several decades. Nor is a rise of 3 per cent per year likely to equal the wage increases which trade-unions are able to obtain. Hence, it will probably not eliminate the necessity for a slow rise in the price level or for some kind of government control of collective bargaining. I conclude, therefore, that bright as are the prospects for a substantial rise in production, the problem of how to get more output will continue to be the country's number one economic problem.

What will living be like in the United States in another generation? It is easier to estimate the probable increase in quantity of goods that will be consumed than to foresee the changes in the kind of goods. People will have far more leisure and they will consume at least 50 per cent more per capita than now, and probably from 75 per cent to 100 per cent more. One is fairly safe in predicting that the United States will gradually become a country of two-car families and that in another generation 70 million or more cars will be on the roads. This will make much of the present road system obsolete. Air conditioning in restaurants and office buildings will create the demand for much air conditioning in homes. The family-size swimming pool is likely to become popular, and millions of these pools may be installed.

More important than greater consumption of commodities will be the rise in the use of services. Medical services of all kinds will be used far more than today. The proportion of people completing high school and spending some time in college will rise. Travel will continue to grow in popularity. The most interesting possibility of all is the effect of greater leisure upon interest in the arts. A nation on a 30-hour week will have more opportunity to pursue a multitude of arts, from gardening to painting and writing, than any people has ever possessed. Surely the chance is good that the arts will flourish in the United States as never before in the history of the world.



An Atlantic Story



CAPTAIN SIR DAVID WILLIAM BONE, C.B.E., LL.D., is one of the most distinguished shipmasters in the British Merchant Navy; he is also an author whose experiences in the war of 1914–1918 are described in *Merchant-men-at-Arms* and whose personal story of the greater conflict, 1939–1945, is about to be published. Frequently acting as *Commodore of Convoy*, and for four anxious years in command of an assault landing ship in North African waters, at Sicily and Anzio, the South of France, and finally on the beaches of Malaya, he has much of active incident to recall. He is now retired and finds his recollection of old sea days remembered in tranquillity.

THE CAPTAIN'S BATH

by DAVID W. BONE

THE poop, the post of command, of the full-rigged ship *City of Florence* was always a reserved enclosure. No one but the Captain and the officers stepped briskly, sauntered, or loitered on its planks — according to their several degrees. Occasionally, an apprentice would be posted to leeward, immobile, as punishment for some delinquency. But the wheel stood on it and that had to be manned. At two hours interval an alien from the main deck appeared, mounted the lee ladder, buttoned his jacket, and relieved the steersman. Sometimes there were moments of hurried action. The shrouds of the mizzen rigging led to the chains at the fore part, and when sail had to be made or reduced there was a rush of seamen to lay aloft. But the normal state of the poop was one of quiet movement, for it was the Captain's rooftree and he slept lightly, as a commanding sailor should.

In the early morning hours though, there was a minor activity. It was the duty of the apprentices on watch to fill the Captain's bath. For this, a spar and a canvas bucket had to be rigged, the blue salt water drawn from overside and poured through a pipe inlet in the deck above his quarters. Close to this inlet and not dissimilar to it there was another "flush-head" through which the carpenter could lower his sounding rod to determine the content of precious fresh water in the tank far below. Both had brass screw caps, fitted to close the pipes when not in use. These were lettered to distinguish them, one from the other.

On a day of calms and light airs in the South Atlantic, advantage was taken of the dry weather to shift canvas. From the first sign of daybreak the watch had been hard at work unbending the heavy sails of 00 Storm that had brought us round the Horn, and setting in their place the older light canvas suit that could still serve its turn in the settled trade winds. The Second Mate was ambitious to do well before handing over to his senior at eight bells, and the routine of a normal morning watch was maybe disrupted. Somewhat late, he realized that the Captain's bath was not yet drawn and both apprentices were aloft. He ordered two men of the small deck party to attend to it, then resumed his supervision of what he may have thought the more important work. Unfamiliar with the job, the Belgian lamp-trimmer (who could not read) unscrewed the wrong pipe-head and poured the statutory twenty full buckets of Neptune's salty best into the fresh-water tank!

Had that tank been nearly full the saline content would not have mattered very much, for square-rigged sailors are hardy, but we were long out from San Francisco and its level was low. Except for a small emergency container of about ten days' normal supply and the *barrecqs* in the lifeboats, it was our last reserve. Its water was now heavily brackish and just barely potable; the end of the voyage was still far distant.

But the "sweet little Cherub" who sends wind to fill the sails has his own way of watering a sailing ship at sea, and it would be in the hope of torrential

rains in the doldrums — the zone of baffling weather that lies between the influence of the constant trades — the Captain stood on northward through the southeast trades, dismissing any thought he may have had of putting in to Montevideo to replenish.

As the days wore on, preparations were made. The spare tank, already exhausted, was cleaned and limewashed; the poop was scrubbed as never before; brine tubs, charred by fire and scraped anew, were held in readiness; old sails were patched and fitted as catchwaters. We were all ready. But the rains did not come as we worked ship from the petering southeast trades to the Line. This was sufficiently unusual to arouse disquiet. If we had no rains, what then? The ration, now reduced to one half-pint per man per day, that had been drawn from the emergency container, was now exhausted and we had no recourse but to the salted tank. Curiously, it did not taste as vile as when the Belgian's error was first discovered. Had we grown case-hardened to it or was the rusty floor of the tank effecting some chemical reaction? The few sips that could be saved from cooking purpose were red-rusty and thick like syrup. Maybe old iron had its merit. But there was not enough.

What Captain Leask thought of it we did not know. As he strode briskly on the poop there seemed no special anxiety in the eyes he turned to windward at each end of his thirty paces. Was he confident that the rains would come, as so often he had found them there; or had he the hope of speaking other ships at the known Line crossing in 28 degrees West Longitude? We could not know.

"Doldrums" was not in character with its description in Findlay's *Atlantic*: it was not the seaman's purgatory so often doggedly endured. Calms there were, and light wayward airs, but not the black nights of incessant downpour, the thunder of weeping skies, or the interludes of brazen breathless heat, broken by sudden fierce squalls of wind — and rain. Nor was the watch, now enfeebled and distressed, called upon to haul yards and trim sail continually to meet each capful of a furthering wind. The days stayed fair. Infrequently and at night, there was vivid lightning and the rumble of distant thunder; a few light showers fell but did no more than wet the canvas and the decks. The tubs stood empty when the drizzle had cleared. But we made progress. The *Florence* — built for the tea trade — had the quality of ghosting in light airs. By what seemed little more than the *thr-r-rap* of her canvas she carried some quirk of steerageway and we reached the parallel of 2 degrees North.

It was there we sighted the first ship we had seen since Vootgert's adventure with the Captain's bath. Only from high aloft was the stranger seen, and it was late afternoon then. Almost a flat calm prevailed, and we spent an anxious night wondering whether she would still be there at daybreak. She

was, and appeared even to have drawn nearer. We guessed that she was outward bound although there was nothing other than her enlargement on the horizon to warrant that assumption.

A day later, the ships had closed perceptibly and signals were exchanged. She was the *Mermerus*, outward bound, right enough, for Melbourne. The business of flag signaling — that started with such uncommon ardor — became a long and exhausting task as we made known our plight. The flags hung limp in the windless air and had to be jiggled and flaunted in the efforts of recognition. It was nearly dark when we were fully understood, and the ships were then over five miles distant.

Darkness or no, we were athirst, and when the *Mermerus* showed a light in her rigging we lowered and manned the longboat and pushed off to get our drink. The Mate was in charge and we were six oarsmen, but the heavy and leaky old craft — she was used for loading guano at the Chincha Islands and stank of it — taxed all our powers. It was ill-sitting on the thwarts too, for we had encumbered the boat with the awkward tubs and could find no proper purchase for foot grip as we laid back at the oars. A long back-breaker of a journey! But the Mate was understanding and did not press us. At frequent intervals we lay to — gazing ahead at the lamp that seemed no brighter for all the effort we had made.

2

WE WERE in poor shape when, just before midnight, we paddled wearily alongside the good Samaritan. Captain Cole was he indeed. Our Mate, always to the fore, had his program to advance; but the Captain of the *Mermerus* would have none of it when, in his cozy cabin, he had one look at us. There was no sign of wind, he said: if it did come, We-ell, he could then work the nearer to our ship. No! *His* "people" would bail out the longboat and they would also attend to the watering during the night. It would be time enough at daybreak for us to return. Meantime —

By all the standards, we should have slept and rested in anticipation of the greater labor on the return journey with the longboat deeper and heavier under her load of fresh water the Captain had promised, but there was little sleep when, after a good meal and water, *water*, we snuggled down on the main hatch covers under the stars. The activity and excitements of the day, the realization that our plight was at length relieved, promoted a state of wakeful well-being, and that encouraged by the sound of new voices as the crew of the *Mermerus* gathered around to "pass a word" with us.

There were many words. Although hailing from Greenock on the Clyde, the ship was engaged in the lordly trade between London and Melbourne and was manned largely from Ratcheliffe Highway

— and we of the *Florence* were mainly Scots. But we found at least one compatriot: her carpenter was from Port Glasgow. He was our first visitor, and with him as occasional interpreter we got on famously with the London men. Three of our boatmen were foreigners, shipped under duress at San Francisco. These slept heavily throughout the night, undisturbed by the talk and the laughter, the knocking out of pipes, the striking of matches, that went on from time to time, but with Grainger and me and a Bluenose sailor from Lunenburg the people of the *Mermerus* could not find enough to say, to discuss, to inquire.

A ship visit in mid-ocean is sufficiently unusual to arouse interest in any event, and rumor had spread to enlarge our sufferings far beyond the real truth of scarcity and discomfort — but not quite the stress and agony they presumed. Curiously, there was little argument and no controversy in the babel of talk that was mostly reminiscent. Statements that would have been hotly challenged in a tavern on shore were calmly accepted on the main hatch in 2 degrees North Latitude. We all lied famously concerning the respective merits of our ships, the fast passages they had made, the gales they had encountered. There was little said of the news of the day and happenings ashore. In 1893, Britain stood out peaceful and serene, the embodiment of unchallenged strength and power. It was that way when the ships put to sea, it would be that way when they returned. Of what use to talk about it when there was so much to be said of ships and passages, of landfalls and departures — with ever and anon the big Scots carpenter breaking in to ask again what ships were building on the Clyde?

That night on the main hatch of a friendly ship had all the elements of a pleasant dream. I suppose we must have slept at intervals, for I was strangely refreshed. At times, orders sounded out from the poop to haul yards or trim sail to meet some wayward breath of wind, and I found myself, sheepish and but half-awake, tailing on with the people of the *Mermerus* at brace or halyard in the darkness. But quickly back again to my nest on the hatch cover, to court another cat nap while gazing up at the mastheads and the stars they pointed. It was a pleasant night, for all the distractions and fitful slumbers. Nor was the awakening, when the gray of day came flooding from the eastward, portent of the hard task we had so lightly forgotten in the concert of the night. By some miraculous agency, the ships had closed to a distance of about three miles and the sea was still flat calm.

Under broad of day we sailors so strangely met at sea took stock of one another. In contrast with the cleanly appearance of the London men, we of the *Florence*, tanned and ragged, stood no comparison at all as we lined the starboard bulwarks to gaze outboard at our ship before spitting on our

hands to reach her. It was over a month since we had had fresh water to indulge even a cat wash; our beards in the interval had grown to Biblical proportions. Only twenty-five days from the Downs, the people of the *Mermerus* had not lost the landward habit of personal lustration. Ample water supply was available and they had made use of it. But, despite our grimy appearance, we seemed the harder in the grain, and when it was clear that Captain Cole was on the point of enlarging his benefaction by sending away his cutter laden with brimful water *barreacas*, there seemed the prospect of a test in that convoy.

As with the men, so with the ships. Around her decks the *Mermerus* was immaculate in fresh paint and well-stoned planking; even the brace coils were flemished down in readiness for any sudden call to trim the yards: she had an order and formality about her that would not have disgraced a frigate. I could see that our Mate, talking with Captain Cole on the poop, had eyes for all this. He would be thinking of our sorry state and the effort he would have to make to remedy it before the Shore Captain of the City Line, the arbiter of promotion, met the ship at a homeward port. Looking outboard, I could see the dingy red-rusted hull of our ship as she lay, windless and heading southerly in the calm. There was movement on the sea — a long and gentle swell from eastward that swayed her to expose the slimy growth on her underbody. There and on her weather-beaten topsides she showed the scars of long voyaging, but she swayed buoyant and seaworthy as we viewed her when shoving off from the smooth unblemished plating of the outbound *Mermerus*.

Any thought we might have had of making a match of the distance was quickly dispelled as we got under way. The longboat was deepened like a dumb barge, and the fulcrum of such a low gunwale was productive of many mis-strokes and feeble puffs. Had she been fitted with outboard crutches, we could have stood upright and facing forward, the way the Latins do, and have made better progress digging our blades deep for purchase. But these had been unshipped long ago and left as jetsam in the Chincha Islands beach. Our hands too, that we had thought hardened by ship labor, proved flabby at the unaccustomed frictions, and painful broken blisters bloodied our palms. No! It was no occasion for friendly competition as the cutter of the *Mermerus* forged ahead. But she too was burdened, and the flashy stroke at which she passed us was not long maintained. At intervals, growing more frequent as we labored on, a halt was called and we lay within hearing, shouting out catchwords for mutual encouragement. It took over two hours to make the distance, and we were barely able to mount the pilot ladder when we blundered alongside.

The transfer of our precious cargo, completed

without haste, was not a task for exhausted boatmen and we were left at liberty to further the friendships we had formed with the men from the *Mermerus*. Foremost among them, their Scots carpenter strove to make the most of his visit. Quickly he discovered a townsman in our young sailmaker and nothing could exceed the native dialectics — with the *r*'s rolling like thunderbursts between them. Although "Sails" was eighteen months from home, he could remember the state of activity in the Scottish shipyards and even the names of ships then under construction. But it was of steamships he spoke, for few if any sailing ships were being built. Such talk led inevitably to condemnation of the new steam seafaring and of those who engaged in it. We had our fine conceit, but more than one looked at his bloodied and blistered hands with private reservations.

The signal of recall was hoisted in their distant ship all too soon, and we cheered them away with hearty thanksgiving. The calm still held, but the

slight easterly swell I had remarked at daybreak seemed more pronounced as the cutter left us — bowing to it with a slight upsurge of broken water. The wind could not be far away.

It came in late afternoon, perhaps conjured by the westing sun. Its rising was not the dramatic glooming of squalls or even an overcast of the unclouded sky. It grew out of thin air, and in both ships there was much hauling of yards and trim of sail to capture it. Being to windward, *Mermerus* was the first to start afoot when there appeared the shadow line on the eastern horizon — the darkling that seamen pray for in light weather. We watched it creep toward her, saw her canvas lift and flutter, then blow a-taut as she backed foreyards to pay off on her southerly course. Soon we too were working ship as the breeze carried down to us and it was no time for sight-seeing. When next I saw her, the *Mermerus* was leaning away before a fine quarterly wind while we stood full and by towards home.



OF AN ANCIENT SPANIEL IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR

by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

SHE was never a dog that had much sense,
Too excitable, too intense,
But she had the cocker's gift of charm.
She never knew what to do with a bone,
But shielded all her life from harm
She cost me several years of my own.

Sweet old pooch! These final years
She rubs white chaps and floating ears
In summersweet suburban loam;
Digs, she thinks, a final home:
Scoops every day fresh graves to lie,
Humble and contented, knowing
Where, any day now, she'll be going —
And so do I.

I said, buying with Christmas care,
Her collar and tag for '49:
This is the last she'll ever wear
(And the same is true of mine).
Equal mercy, and equal dark
Await us both, eternally,
But I was always ready to bark —
And so was she.



Louisiana-born and today one of the most invigorating and independent of Southern editors, HODDING CARTER received the Southern Literary Award in 1945 and the Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing in 1946. Educated in the public schools of Hammond, Louisiana, and in the North at Bowdoin College, at the Columbia School of Journalism, and as a Nieman Fellow at Harvard in 1939, Mr. Carter served as a cub reporter on the New Orleans Item-Tribune, then as Manager of the AP Bureau in Jackson, Mississippi. Since 1939 he has been editor and publisher of the Delta Democrat-Times in Greenville, Mississippi.

SOUTHERN TOWNS AND NORTHERN INDUSTRY

by HODDING CARTER

1

AS EDITOR and publisher of the *Delta Democrat-Times* (circulation 12,000, rates on request), I have often been astonished and gratified by my fellow citizens' tolerant acceptance of editorial opinions which are contrary to theirs, and of stories which many would prefer to go unpublished. At no greater cost than occasional nervousness, I have been able to denounce flaccid sheriffs, sundry community inequalities, drinking at football games, the city council, bonuses for veterans, and even the New Look, with the certainty that occasional subscription cancellations will be offset by new subscribers and that those who differ will be content to denounce me in turn.

But there is one sacrosanct topic which, even were I so minded — and I hastily add that I am not — I would not dare to discuss save in the most favorable terms. That topic is the advantages which Greenville, Mississippi, offers the prospective industrialist.

At least once a month, and preferably more often, a group known as our business leaders is summoned to play collective host to Northern industrialists in search of plant sites. In this welcoming assembly are, invariably, the mayor, all three bank presidents, the managers of our two principal industries — both operated by Northern corporations — the district manager of the power company, the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, the executives of the principal retail stores, the city engineer, and, for occupational reasons, myself. Each has a role to play, and an honest, hopeful one, as an authority on some phase of the community: its housing and recreational and utility facilities, its industrial program, its tax rates, its available labor, its attitude toward new industry. And each visiting delegation gets our earnest, whole-spirited attention.

If these industrial site-seekers can spare us as

much as a day of their time, they get to know a great deal about Greenville. They see our wide, tree-blessed avenues and older residential districts, the store fronts of our business district, and the new suburban additions which prove our proud claim that our population has nearly doubled in twelve years. They are dined and unlawfully wined in our country club or in the pleasant hotel whose modernity surprises them. Their brief cases are crammed with statistics and the Chamber of Commerce's illustrated brochure; and even though they undoubtedly knew of it in advance, they are reminded of Mississippi's now successful experiment in industrial subsidization, the BAWI plan — Balance Agriculture with Industry.

After they have departed, we hold depressed post-mortems or more hopeful reviews of these conferences. Was the question about schools sufficiently answered by the figures on the new school bond issue? Was it clear that the supply of natural gas is as great as in any area in the valley?

These monthly meetings are evidence of a tremendous competitive struggle, composed of many intersectional and intrasectional contests. On the outer fringes of the campaign for a more balanced and richer economy, towns within each Southern state are battling each other; these, however, are diversionary skirmishes, meaningful only in that the well-being of a Greenville may or may not come to surpass that of its sister Mississippi communities. More decisive is the competition among the Southern states for the decentralizing or expanding industries of the East and Midwest, for upon its outcome depend the relative developments of entire states. But the elemental conflict is that which is being waged among the separate regions of the nation for the industrial payroll.

Thus it is that we in Greenville are happy if a

hill town in eastern Mississippi gets the factory for which we had fought, even though we find it hard to forgive the town's spokesmen for their base calumny that the Delta is fever-ridden, populated only by lazy, rich planters, and inundated twice a year by the Mississippi. We are delighted even to learn that a paper mill is being built in Alabama, a viscose plant in Georgia, and a great new chemical factory in Louisiana. For these accomplishments mean that we, the inclusive Southern we, are beginning to catch up after the long, lean years.

But, although the South is gaining ground in this intersectional industrial war, it is not yet effecting thereby the basic decentralization of financial-industrial direction itself. The legacy of economic domination from outside still influences greatly not only our industrial development but our social and political thinking, so that it remains difficult for too many of us to distinguish between our own best long-range interests and the frequently conflicting best interests of our hereditary liege lords.

2

DURING my boyhood, that part of Louisiana in which I lived and much of adjoining south Mississippi were scarred and gutted by the harvest of the sawmills. The countryside was pocked with ugly little sawmill villages which thrived unhealthily while the timber lasted, then languished in decay after the pine and cypress forests had been cut away. We have no local timber millionaires. What we furnished was the trees, the labor, and some of the supervisory personnel. The resident managers were Northerners. Most of the timber and all of the profits went somewhere else.

But the lumber companies were unchallenged. They were welcomed for their payrolls; their resident executives were privileged citizens, and the interests of the local bankers and attorneys and businessmen were identical with theirs. If the sawyers wanted more money, they found the leading citizens of the lumber towns allied almost solidly against them. When legal involvements, from injury claims to land controversies, occurred, the best lawyers represented the companies. Only a maverick few among the politicians spoke out against the domination of the timber interests in local affairs. And when the policy of reforestation was mercifully adopted, it was only because the operators themselves saw the light. Before that happened, almost the whole of south Mississippi was cut bare, its land exhausted, its people reduced to marginal living, and its leaders so aroused, belatedly, that — going to the opposite extreme — the state enacted legislation which, until it was repealed, made it all but impossible for a foreign corporation to operate in Mississippi.

So, too, with the mineral resources, the transportation system, the few processing industries, and

even the raw agricultural materials of the South. No more than twenty years ago it could be proved that, in its relationship to the East, the South was one great company town. This is less true today. Yet even now, control of most of the oil companies, the textile mills, the railroads, the steel mills, the utilities, and the major industrial plants lies in the hands of absentee owners.

We are told that we made our bed and must lie in it; that the South chose more than a century ago to be and to remain agricultural and that we are just waking up. Yet it is not Southern decision which preserves the old colonial status, but consolidation of industrial-financial control in the East.

The techniques of control are multifold: patent monopolies and freight-rate differentials; protective manufacturing tariffs; the centralization of capital in the Eastern money markets resulting from a century of concentrated industrial development and the channeling of profits on the raw materials of the South and West; political mastery; and willing Southern mercenaries.

Just as multiple are the results. In the New England and North Central states are concentrated 89 per cent of the high-wage, skilled-worker, mobile industries — chemical processing, air conditioning, ceramics, electrical devices, scientific instruments, internal-combustion engines, radio equipment, plastic products, textile processing. In the East are located the life insurance companies doing 95 per cent of the total volume. As of 1940 — and the picture cannot have changed greatly since — the total assets of each of at least seventeen Eastern corporations were larger than the assessed valuations of any of the Southern states. Five were life insurance companies, the principal private financiers of enterprise. Four were banks, with chains of control extending down to the bankers of Greenville. Three were railroads, so adamant against the ending of freight-rate differentials. The others were Standard Oil, United States Steel, General Motors, Alleghany Corporation, and Commonwealth & Southern, and for each of them the South represents principally a source of raw materials, a sales territory, or an area for branch operations.

And 2 per cent of the total number of American manufacturers, most of them based in the East and the Midwest, employed, as of 1944, 62 per cent of the total number of industrial workers. Sometimes their hearts bleed for their fellow men, too, as when a governor of Connecticut urged New England manufacturers to contribute \$500,000 to aid in the unionization of Southern labor — in order to arrest the “drain of Northern industry into the sweatshop areas of the South.”

Let us concede that the North earned this monopoly because of superior initiative, thrift, know-how, determination, wisdom of choice, and a more skilled and intelligent population. The copybook virtues can be very real, and I have no wish to detract from

the success stories so abundant in the history of New England, Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey.

Let us admit, too, that branch plants in Mississippi are far better than no plants at all, and that these new industrial payrolls have helped to increase our per capita income to two thirds of the national average even though the industrial profits have been skimmed off for consumption elsewhere. I am in complete accord with my fellow Greenvilleans in trying to induce industries to locate in our city, even if their owners live in Tibet. A Northerner with new ideas may get a quick brush-off or worse, but a Northerner with a new factory — right this way, gentlemen, and do you realize the advantages of river transportation?

But why endorse that self-immolating Southern philosophy which identifies the objectives of the absentee owner with our own, and which provides Southern spokesmen for Eastern self-interest? Non-union labor and wage-scale differentials are desirable to the industrialist in search of a branch plant location, for example; and it is understandable that Electric Bond & Share would like to hamstring the Tennessee Valley Authority. It is not understandable that there should be such wide Southern support for these attitudes.

3

OF COURSE, it is not majority support. But the South is not yet a place where the majority exercises economic or even political self-determination. The politico-economic alignments, especially in the towns and smaller cities of the South, are made through the traditional coalition of the banker, the lawyer representing absentee corporation interests, the large landowner, and the executive of existing local or branch industry. Flanking these leaders is an army of subordinates — the merchants, the professional men, usually the politicians, and more often than not the newspaper publisher.

This coalition is conservative not only by occupations and tradition, but through social identification with the managerial and absent-owner groups. The spindle operator down at the mill may be dividing his pay check among them, but he is not sitting around in the locker room or the home bar, disinterring the remains of that damn radical who wrecked the country and discussing the alliance of Joe Stalin and Philip Murray. It is not the fear of Red rebellion that causes Southern representatives of Northern industry and the industry hunters of the South to shrink from the ballooning specter of unionization. Rather, they are fearful that increased operating costs will reduce profits and jeopardize the already established industry, or that the prospective industry will shy away.

This point of view is not necessarily malicious. Once there was reason for the South to emphasize

cheapness of labor as its principal attraction for industry. Low standards of literacy and health, an unskilled population, transportation handicaps, an individualistic, rural society's mistrust of collective effort — all these combined to make cheap labor the principal lure. And even today there is a hard practicality behind Southern emphasis of the willingness, the abundance, and the good behavior — the 100 per cent Americanism — of Southern workers. The intensity of the labor-management struggle elsewhere in industrial America must make the South seem like heaven to a strike-harassed manufacturer, even though that heaven is temporary.

That is why we never mention our long-ago strike in Greenville, and why I should feel like a Judas when my newspaper reports that the CIO is seeking an election at the mill. Such stories may be upsetting to the next delegation from Toledo. We need the payrolls. A dollar-an-hour minimum would be nice, but even 50 cents an hour, multiplied by 500 workers whom mechanization is shunting from the plantations, would add much to the local economy. After all, if we get them here on a 50-cent premise, the CIO and the AFL will come along soon.

Why becloud the issue by observing that in the organized textile mills of the South the average minimum wage has risen from 35 cents to 75 cents an hour, and that if in the wood-products industries alone the wages of white and Negro workers could be equalized, the spendable income of the South would increase a billion dollars a year? Let us get the new industry now and the less said the better.

This is part of a war for survival and for growth. As such, it is understandable. The coalition prospers and the town itself becomes more stable, even though the steady job at the new plant may be disillusioning to the new, fumbling employee from the farm.

But this alliance with distant interests cannot be condoned when it is formed in opposition to the TVA, which I am singling out as the paramount example both of regional development and of absentee recruiting of mercenary or thoughtless opposition. No part of the country stands to profit as much as does the South from the restitution and development of its resources and the increased purchasing power of its people. In the Tennessee Valley, the per capita income has risen in fifteen years from 40 to 70 per cent of the national average; land long ago abandoned has been made again fruitful through TVA-directed farming practices; new industries have come in, shutting their eyes to socialism where it profits them; and the Tennessee River, navigable now to Knoxville, is virtually flood-free. But I wish I had a dollar for every time I have heard my fellow citizens tell me the TVA is Communistic and we want no part of it.

And there is the pitifully special concern which we show for the faraway manipulators of our economic destiny. No one in Greenville worried when

my printers organized or when the unions invaded the locally owned machine works or cottonseed-oil mills. We are home folks, and we are not going to leave.

When my employees first engaged in collective bargaining three years ago — and, by coincidence, added a good many thousands of dollars to the annual payroll — I wrote an editorial pointing out that Greenville now had a \$100,000 payroll and that we certainly were entitled to a five-year tax exemption and a modern plant, to be built by a municipal bond issue and amortized over thirty years. Everyone laughed and said that we were lucky to have such a sense of humor. But the absentee owner is a disembodied ogre. No one smiles at the report that Sewell Avery is upset in faraway Chicago because the mill organizers have come to town.

The South, so proud in all things else, is in this respect prideless. We have set too small store by the worth of human sweat, put too low a price upon what we have. Nowhere else in the United States is there such a happy conjunction of climate, end products, potential water power, diversity of resources, and hopeful determination to catch up with the rest of the country. Nowhere else is there such

disparity from the norm, so many who lack so much. Nowhere else are sons and daughters the principal export commodity, not only because jobs are fewer but because the pay for the obtainable job is less.

The conviction that the South's economy rests on cheapness of labor antedates our late surge toward industrialization. Cotton was historically a product of unskilled labor and had to be produced cheaply to compete in the markets of the world. Cotton was the South's one cash commodity. Thus the unskilled field hand, slave and free, set the South's wage standards, depressing inevitably the incomes of all who rode on his back. And all did.

When I was a boy, the farmers used to say that no Negro was worth more than a dollar a day. They do not say it as often now. But the insistence that the Southern worker, white and Negro, should be grateful for less than his fellows get elsewhere persists; and boasting that his costs of living are lower, we forget that his standards of living are lower yet.

It is time that we remember this disparity; time to recognize positive heritages. We have too long undervalued our manpower and wasted our resources. We have more to offer the cruising industrialist than docility, cheapness, and a blank check.



ASPIRING APE

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

I LOVE in man the ape, and not the angel,
The transience that clothes abiding bones!
Kin to the sun and earth, to green things growing,
He's not content — oh torment of time flowing! —
With dusty chanting before timeless thrones.

To man, the ape has given love and courage,
Dexterity and patience, wit and fire,
A nameless aching of the heart with wonder,
That humble, idiot longing to aspire
Which blossoms in the arts' vast world of thunder.

Where did the angel lurk in Helen of Troy!
(The monkey's skull was structure for her beauty.)
What does the angel bring for our fulfilling,
Except a sense of righteousness in killing,
And brag of abnegation and of duty?

To man, the monkey brings an animal warmth,
The lovely gift of life not everlasting,
And talk and laughter and the seeing eyes;
So let no man this ancestor despise,
Who brings the arts, the customs and the trades,
And when he kills, talks never of crusades!



The most eminent living English philosopher, BERTRAND RUSSELL, was asked to deliver the first Reith Lectures, an endowed series of broadcasts, over the BBC. He chose for his theme the conflict between individual initiative, which is necessary for progress, and social cohesion, which is necessary for survival. From the series, we have selected the third talk as of special interest to Atlantic readers. The collected lectures have just been published by Simon and Schuster under the title Authority and the Individual.

THE EXCEPTIONAL MAN

by BERTRAND RUSSELL

1

IN a very primitive community the individual's impulses and desires play very little part. Hunting and war are activities in which one man may be more successful than another, but in which all share a common purpose. So long as a man's spontaneous activities are such as all the tribe approves of and shares in, his initiative is very little curbed by others within the tribe, and even his most spontaneous actions conform to the recognized pattern of behavior. But as men grow more civilized there comes to be an increasing difference between one man's activities and another's; and a community needs, if it is to prosper, a certain number of individuals who do not wholly conform to the general type.

Practically all progress, artistic, moral, and intellectual, has depended upon such individuals, who have been a decisive factor in the transition from barbarism to civilization. If a community is to make progress, it needs exceptional individuals whose activities, though useful, are not of a sort that ought to be general. There is always a tendency in highly organized society for the activities of such individuals to be unduly hampered; but on the other hand, if the community exercises no control, the same kind of individual initiative which may produce a valuable innovator may also produce a criminal. The problem, like all those with which we are concerned, is one of balance; too little liberty brings stagnation, and too much brings chaos.

There are many ways in which an individual may differ from most of the other members of his herd. He may be exceptionally anarchic or criminal; he may have rare artistic talent; he may have what comes in time to be recognized as a new wisdom in matters of religion and morals, and he may have exceptional intellectual powers. It would seem that from a very early period in human his-

tory there must have been some differentiation of function. The pictures in the caves in the Pyrenees which were made by Paleolithic men have a very high degree of artistic merit, and one can hardly suppose that all the men of that time were capable of such admirable work. It seems far more probable that those who were found to have artistic talent were sometimes allowed to stay at home making pictures while the rest of the tribe hunted. The chief and the priest must have begun from a very early time to be chosen for real or supposed peculiar excellences: medicine men could work magic, and the tribal spirit was in some sense incarnate in the chief.

But from the earliest time there has been a tendency for every activity of this kind to become institutionalized. The chieftain became hereditary, the medicine men became a separate caste, and recognized bards became the prototypes of poets laureate. It has always been difficult for communities to recognize what is necessary for individuals who are going to make the kind of exceptional contribution that I have in mind: namely, elements of wildness, of separateness from the herd, of domination by rare impulses of which the utility was not always obvious to everybody.

I wish to consider both in history and in the present day the relation of the exceptional man to the community, and the conditions that make it easy for his unusual merits to be socially fruitful. I shall consider this problem first in art, then in religion and morals, and finally in science.

The artist in our day does not play nearly so vital a part in public life as he did in many former ages. There is a tendency in our days to despise a court poet, and to think that a poet should be a solitary being proclaiming something that Philistines do not wish to hear. Historically the matter was far otherwise. Homer, Virgil, and Shakespeare

were court poets; they sang the glories of their tribe and its noble traditions. (Of Shakespeare, I must confess, this is only partially true, but it certainly applies to his historical plays.) Welsh bards kept alive the glories of King Arthur, and these glories came to be celebrated by English and French writers; King Henry II encouraged them for imperialistic reasons. The glories of the Parthenon and of the medieval cathedrals were intimately bound up with public objects. Music, though it could play its part in courtship, existed primarily to promote courage in battle — a purpose to which, according to Plato, it ought to be confined by law. But of these ancient glories of the artist little remains in the modern world except the piper to a Highland regiment. We still honor the artist, but we isolate him; we think of art as something separate, not as an integral part of the life of the community. The architect alone, because his art serves a utilitarian purpose, retains something of the ancient status of the artist.

The decay of art in our time is not only due to the fact that the social function of the artist is not as important as in former days; it is due also to the fact that spontaneous delight is no longer felt as something which it is important to be able to enjoy. Among comparatively unsophisticated populations folk dances and popular music still flourish, and something of the poet exists in very many men. But as men grow more industrialized and regimented, the kind of delight that is common in children becomes impossible to adults, because they are always thinking of the next thing, and cannot let themselves be absorbed in the moment. This habit of thinking of the "next thing" is more fatal to any kind of aesthetic excellence than any other habit of mind that can be imagined; and if art, in any important sense, is to survive, it will not be by the foundation of solemn academies, but by recapturing the capacity for wholehearted joys and sorrows which prudence and foresight have all but destroyed.

2

THE men conventionally recognized as the greatest of mankind have been innovators in religion and morals. In spite of the reverence given to them by subsequent ages, most of them during their lifetime were in a greater or less degree in conflict with their own communities. Moral progress has consisted, in the main, of protest against cruel customs, and of attempts to enlarge the bounds of human sympathy. Human sacrifice among the Greeks died out at the beginning of the fully historical epoch. The Stoics taught that there should be sympathy not only for free Greeks but for barbarians and slaves, and, indeed, for all mankind. Buddhism and Christianity spread a similar doctrine far and wide. Religion, which had originally

been part of the apparatus of tribal cohesion, promoting conflict without just as much as coöperation within, took on a more universal character, and endeavored to transcend the narrow limits which primitive morality had set.

It is no wonder if the religious innovators were execrated in their own day, for they sought to rob men of the joy of battle and the fierce delights of revenge. Primitive ferocity, which had seemed a virtue, was now said to be a sin, and a deep duality was introduced between morality and the life of impulse — or rather between the morality taught by those in whom the impulse of humanity was strong, and the traditional morality that was preferred by those who had no sympathies outside their own herd.

Religious and moral innovators have had an immense effect upon human life — not always, it must be confessed, the effect that they intended, but nevertheless on the whole profoundly beneficial. It is true that in the present century we have seen in important parts of the world a loss of moral values which we had thought fairly secure, but we may hope that this retrogression will not last. We owe it to the moral innovators who first attempted to make morality a universal and not merely a tribal matter, that there has come to be a disapproval of slavery, a feeling of duty towards prisoners of war, a limitation of the powers of husbands and fathers, and a recognition, however imperfect, that subject races ought not to be merely exploited for the benefit of their conquerors. All these moral gains, it must be admitted, have been jeopardized by a recrudescence of ancient ferocity, but I do not think that in the end the moral advance which they have represented will be lost to mankind.

The prophets and sages who inaugurated this moral advance, although for the most part they were not honored in their own day, were, nevertheless, not prevented from doing their work. In a modern totalitarian state matters are worse than they were in the time of Socrates, or in the time of the Gospels. In a totalitarian state an innovator whose ideas are disliked by the government is not merely put to death, which is a matter to which a brave man may remain indifferent, but is totally prevented from causing his doctrine to be known. Innovations in such a community can come only from the government, and the government now, as in the past, is not likely to approve of anything contrary to its own immediate interests. In a totalitarian state such events as the rise of Buddhism or Christianity are scarcely possible, and not even by the greatest heroism can a moral reformer acquire any influence whatever. This is a new fact in human history, brought about by the much increased control over individuals which the modern technique of government has made possible. It is a very grave fact, and one which shows how

fatal a totalitarian regime must be to every kind of moral progress.

In our own day an individual of exceptional powers can hardly hope to have so great a career or so great a social influence as in former times if he devotes himself to art or to religious and moral reform. There are, however, still four careers which are open to him: he may become a great political leader, like Lenin; he may acquire vast industrial power, like Rockefeller; he may transform the world by scientific discoveries, as is being done by the atomic physicists; or, finally, if he has not the necessary capacities for any of these careers, or if opportunity is lacking, his energy in default of other outlet may drive him into a life of crime. Criminals, in the legal sense, seldom have much influence upon the course of history, and therefore a man of overweening ambition will choose some other career if it is open to him.

3

THE rise of men of science to great eminence in the state is a modern phenomenon. Scientists, like other innovators, had to fight for recognition: some were banished; some were burned; some were kept in dungeons; others merely had their books burned. But gradually it came to be realized that they could put power into the hands of the state. The French revolutionaries, after mistakenly guillotining Lavoisier, employed his surviving colleagues in the manufacture of explosives. In modern war the scientists are recognized by all civilized governments as the most useful citizens, provided they can be tamed and induced to place their services at the disposal of a single government rather than of mankind.

Both for good and evil almost everything that distinguishes our age from its predecessors is due to science. In daily life we have electric light, and the radio, and the cinema. In industry we employ machinery and power which we owe to science. Because of the increased productivity of labor we are able to devote a far greater proportion of our energies to wars and preparations for wars than was formerly possible, and we are able to keep the young in school very much longer than we formerly could. Owing to science we are able to disseminate information and misinformation through the press and the radio to practically everybody. Owing to science we can make it enormously more difficult than it used to be for people whom the government dislikes to escape.

The whole of our daily life and our social organization is what it is because of science. The whole of this vast development is supported nowadays by the state, but it grew up originally in opposition to the state; and where, as in Russia, the state has reverted to an earlier pattern, the old opposition would again appear if the state were not omnipo-

tent to a degree undreamed of by the tyrants of former ages.

The opposition to science in the past was by no means surprising. Men of science affirmed things that were contrary to what everybody had believed; they upset preconceived ideas and were thought to be destitute of reverence. Anaxagoras taught that the sun was a red-hot stone and that the moon was made of earth. For this impiety he was banished from Athens, for was it not well known that the sun was a god and the moon a goddess? It was only the power over natural forces conferred by science that led bit by bit to a toleration of scientists, and even this was a very slow process, because their powers were at first attributed to magic.

It would not be surprising if, in the present day, a powerful anti-scientific movement were to arise as a result of the dangers to human life that are resulting from atom bombs and may result from bacteriological warfare. But whatever people may feel about these horrors, they dare not turn against the men of science so long as war is at all probable, because if one side were equipped with scientists and the other not, the scientific side would almost certainly win.

Science, in so far as it consists of knowledge, must be regarded as having value, but in so far as it consists of technique the question whether it is to be praised or blamed depends upon the use that is made of the technique. In itself it is neutral, neither good nor bad, and any ultimate views that we may have about what gives value to this or that must come from some other source than science.

The men of science, in spite of their profound influence upon modern life, are in some ways less powerful than the politicians. Politicians in our day are far more influential than they were at any former period in human history. Their relation to the men of science is like that of a magician in the Arabian Nights to a djinn who obeys his orders. The djinn does astounding things which the magician, without his help, could not do, but he does them only because he is told to do them, not because of any impulse in himself. So it is with the atomic scientists in our day; some government captures them in their homes or on the high seas, and they are set to work, according to the luck of their capture, to slave for the one side or for the other. The politician, when he is successful, is subject to no such coercion.

The most astounding career of our times was that of Lenin. After his brother had been put to death by the Tsarist Government, he spent years in poverty and exile, and then rose within a few months to command of one of the greatest of states. And this command was not, like that of Xerxes or Caesar, merely the power to enjoy luxury and adulation, which but for him some other man would have been enjoying. It was the power to mold a

vast country according to a pattern conceived in his own mind, to alter the life of every worker, every peasant, and every middle-class person; to introduce a totally new kind of organization, and to become throughout the world the symbol of a new order, admired by some, execrated by many, but ignored by none. No megalomaniac's dream could have been more terrific. Napoleon had asserted that you can do everything with bayonets except sit upon them; Lenin disproved the exception.

4

THE great men who stand out in history have been partly benefactors of mankind and partly quite the reverse. Some, like the great religious and moral innovators, have done what lay in their power to make men less cruel towards each other, and less limited in their sympathies. Some, like the men of science, have given us a knowledge and understanding of natural processes which, however it may be misused, must be regarded as in itself a splendid thing. Some, like the great poets and composers and painters, have put into the world beauties and splendors which, in moments of discouragement, do much to make the spectacle of human destiny endurable.

But others, equally able, equally effective in their way, have done quite the opposite. I cannot think of anything that mankind has gained by the existence of Jenghiz Khan. I do not know what good came of Robespierre, and, for my part, I see no reason to be grateful to Lenin. But all these men, good and bad alike, had a quality which I should not wish to see disappear from the world — a quality of energy and personal initiative, of independence of mind, and of imaginative vision. A man who possesses these qualities is capable of doing much good, or of doing great harm; and if mankind is not to sink into dullness such exceptional men must find scope, though one could wish that the scope they find should be for the benefit of mankind. There may be less difference than is sometimes thought between the temperament of a great criminal and a great statesman. It may be that Captain Kidd and Alexander the Great, if a magician had interchanged them at birth, would have each fulfilled the career which, in fact, was fulfilled by the other. The same thing may be said of some artists; the memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini do not give a picture of a man with that respect for law which every right-minded citizen ought to have.

In the modern world, and still more, so far as can be guessed, in the world of the near future, important achievement is and will be almost impossible to an individual if he cannot dominate some vast organization. If he can make himself head of a state like Lenin, or monopolist of a great industry like Rockefeller, or a controller of credit like the elder Pierpont Morgan, he can produce enormous

effects in the world. And so he can if, being a man of science, he persuades some government that his work may be useful in war. But the man who works without the help of an organization, like a Hebrew prophet, a poet, or a solitary philosopher such as Spinoza, can no longer hope for the kind of importance which such men had in former days.

The change applies to the scientist as well as to other men. The scientists of the past did their work very largely as individuals, but the scientist of our day needs enormously expensive equipment and a laboratory with many assistants. All this he can obtain through the favor of the government or, in America, of very rich men. He is thus no longer an independent worker, but essentially part and parcel of some large organization. This change is very unfortunate, for the things which a great man could do in solitude were apt to be more beneficial than those which he can only do with the help of the powers that be. A man who wishes to influence human affairs finds it difficult to be successful, except as a slave or a tyrant: as a politician he may make himself the head of a state, or as a scientist he may sell his labor to the government, but in that case he must serve its purposes and not his own.

And this applies not only to men of rare and exceptional greatness, but to a wide range of talent. In the ages in which there were great poets, there were also large numbers of little poets, and when there were great painters there were large numbers of little painters. The great German composers arose in a milieu where music was valued, and where numbers of lesser men found opportunities. In those days poetry, painting, and music were a vital part of the daily life of ordinary men, as only sport is now. The great prophets were men who stood out from a host of minor prophets.

The inferiority of our age in such respects is an inevitable result of the fact that society is centralized and organized to such a degree that individual initiative is reduced to a minimum. Where art has flourished in the past it has flourished as a rule among small communities which had rivals among their neighbors, such as the Greek city-states, the little principalities of the Italian Renaissance, and the petty courts of German eighteenth-century rulers. Each of these rulers had to have his musician, and once in a way he was Johann Sebastian Bach, but even if he was not he was still free to do his best.

There is something about local rivalry that is essential in such matters. It played its part even in the building of the cathedrals, because each bishop wished to have a finer cathedral than the neighboring bishop. It would be a good thing if cities could develop an artistic pride leading them to mutual rivalry, and if each had its own school of music and painting, not without a vigorous contempt for the school of the next city. But such local patriotisms do not readily flourish in a world of empires and free

mobility. A Manchester man does not readily feel towards a man from Sheffield as an Athenian felt towards a Corinthian, or a Florentine towards a Venetian. But in spite of the difficulties, I think that this problem of giving importance to localities will have to be tackled if human life is not to become increasingly drab and monotonous.

The savage, in spite of his membership of a small community, lived a life in which his initiative was not too much hampered by the community. The things that he wanted to do, usually hunting and war, were also the things that his neighbors wanted to do, and if he felt an inclination to become a medicine man he only had to ingratiate himself with some individual already eminent in that profession, and so, in due course, to succeed to his powers of magic. If he was a man of exceptional talent, he might invent some improvement in weapons, or a new skill in hunting. These would not put him into any opposition to the community, but, on the contrary, would be welcomed.

The modern man lives a very different life. If he sings in the street he will be thought to be drunk, and if he dances a policeman will reprove him for impeding the traffic. His working day, unless he is exceptionally fortunate, is occupied in a completely monotonous manner in producing something which is valued, not, like the shield of Achilles, as a beautiful piece of work, but mainly for its utility. When his work is over, he cannot, like Milton's Shepherd, "tell his tale under the hawthorn in the dale," because there is often no dale anywhere near where he lives, or, if there is, it is full of tins.

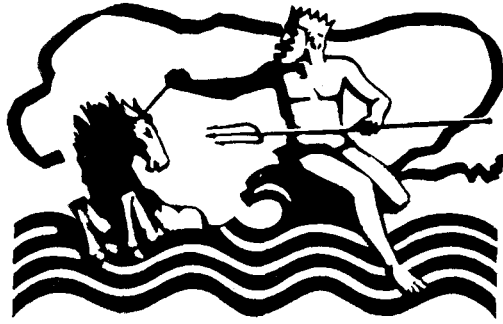
And always, in our highly regularized way of life, he is obsessed by thoughts of the morrow. Of all the precepts in the Gospels, the one Christians have most neglected is the commandment to take no thought for the morrow. If a man is prudent, thought for the morrow will lead him to save; if he is imprudent, it will make him apprehensive of being unable to pay his debts. In either case the mo-

ment loses its savor. Everything is organized, nothing is spontaneous. The Nazis organized "Strength Through Joy," but joy prescribed by the government is likely to be not very joyful.

In those who might otherwise have worthy ambitions, the effect of centralization is to bring them into competition with too large a number of rivals, and into subjection to an unduly uniform standard of taste. If you wish to be a painter you will not be content to pit yourself against the men with similar desires in your own town; you will go to some school of painting in a metropolis where you will probably conclude that you are mediocre, and having come to this conclusion you may be so discouraged that you are tempted to throw away your paintbrushes and take to money-making or to drink, for a certain degree of self-confidence is essential to achievement. In Renaissance Italy you might have hoped to be the best painter in Siena, and this position would have been sufficiently honorable. But you would not now be content to acquire all your training in one small town and pit yourself against your neighbors.

We know too much and feel too little. At least we feel too little of those creative emotions from which a good life springs. In regard to what is important we are passive; where we are active it is over trivialities. If life is to be saved from boredom relieved only by disaster, means must be found of restoring individual initiative, not only in things that are trivial, but in the things that really matter. I do not mean that we should destroy those parts of modern organization upon which the very existence of large populations depends, but I do mean that organization should be much more flexible, more relieved by local autonomy, and less oppressive to the human spirit through its impersonal vastness, than it has become through its unbearably rapid growth and centralization, with which our ways of thought and feeling have been unable to keep pace.





I have often wished that I could have an annual conference with the *Atlantic* electorate to speak my hopes for the magazine and to answer questions about our policy, our format, and our plans for the future. The policy of any periodical is at once definite and invisible. Ours for the *Atlantic* was openly defined by the founders of the magazine in 1857 when they declared their purpose to concentrate “the efforts of the best writers upon literature and politics, under the light of the highest morals.” Note the division of interest: we were to pursue both literature *and* politics — in what proportion, each editor would determine according to his taste and the atmospheric pressure.

Nine editors in succession — I am the ninth — have done their best to interpret that policy. Each reflected the American world of which he was a sensitive part. If in his ten years’ span, 1871 to 1881, William Dean Howells gave the spotlight to Bret Harte and Mark Twain and published only one article which in any way recognized that new threat in Europe, the rise of Bismarck’s Prussia, it was because to Americans of the 1870’s the develop-

THE EDITOR SPEAKS

ment of the West was of far closer import than the doings of a German chancellor. But as our foreign policy under McKinley, T.R., and Woodrow Wilson committed us abroad, so the *Atlantic* under my three immediate predecessors, Walter Hines Page, Bliss Perry, and Ellery Sedgwick, devoted more and more space to our American responsibilities as a world power. The First World War, the Depression, the rise of Hitler, the Spanish Civil War, the Second World War, and the pressure on democracy of fascism, socialism, and communism — each of these enlarged the conscientiousness and vigilance of the American reader. In fact they changed his habit of reading. The analysis, the curiosity, and the anxiety with which readers approach the printed word today are in sharp contrast to our complacency in the halcyon days when *The Virginian* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* were the books of most pressing popular interest. This change in reading has quickened the opportunity for the *Atlantic*, as it has for every magazine of ideas; more people are reading for edification today than ever in our past, and it is natural that our circulation should have risen from the 100,000 which I “inherited” in 1938 to the 175,000 of this year. But today’s readers are exacting: this means that the magazine must take the lead, be accurate, and be right.

A NEW DESIGN

An editor lives by his ability to make the right choice. But his selection of manuscripts and his skill in presenting them are not his only concern. I have said that in these days of more alert reading, a magazine of ideas like the *Atlantic* has a larger opportunity. So it has. And be it added, the competition for readers has increased and manufacturing costs have steadily risen year by year. The cost of setting a single page of type has doubled since 1939 and my annual bill for the manuscripts we print is more than double what the editor paid in 1930. To meet these costs, the *Atlantic* has been redesigned. On the soft paper we formerly used, we came off press at the rate of 2500 copies an hour. Today on a rotary press, with heat-set ink and a firmer paper, we are coming off press at 8000 an hour. But speedier printing can only partly offset the increased costs. We must also look for an increased sale, both from subscriptions and on the newsstands. For the choice of a small independent in the chain competition of today is this: to build up the circulation or to raise the price or to find a wealthy uncle. And I don't like the thought of a subsidized *Atlantic*. With this in mind, we changed the cover. For a period of eight months, we tested the sale of a special pictorial edition in the three cities of Indianapolis, Minneapolis, and St. Louis. These copies bore on their cover the photograph of the leading contributor, and as the reports came in, we found they were outselling the regular table of contents cover at the rate of three to one, and with the issue which bore the picture of Stassen, the sale jumped to five to one. So in November, 1947, the *Atlantic* appeared with its first pictorial cover — the *Atlantic* colophon designed by W. A. Dwiggins. The covers that followed have not been uniformly successful. I have liked some better than others; but the record shows that from that date to this, our newsstand sale has averaged a 50 per cent increase.

OUR DISCOVERIES

The *Atlantic* is used as supplementary reading in hundreds of schools and colleges. It goes to them at cost; we get our dividend in the stories and poems which come to us from the graduates of those courses when they are out on their own.

No magazine in America has such a record for discovering new writers. "Mister Roberts" made his first appearance in print in the *Atlantic*; so did the work of Cord Meyer, Jr., Alan Marcus, and Leon Wilson. Each received the *Atlantic* "First" Award and each has gone on to write a notable book. In the past twelvemonth our "discoveries" have included Gudger Leiper of Chattanooga, a short-story writer speaking for the South; W. B. Ready, a Cardiff Irishman now living in Minnesota, whose story of an Irish Rugger match, "St. Patrick's Day in the Afternoon," was one of the funniest we have published in years; two Texans, Tom Lea of El Paso and Dillon Anderson of Houston; Louis Auchincloss, whose novelettes of New York are in the Henry James tradition; and Richard Bissell, whose sparky, rugged chronicle of a rusty river boat, "The *Coal Queen*," won an "I Personally" Award and is the first of a brilliant new series.

We take a special pride in the work of poets whom we can claim as *Atlantic* discoveries. One such poet is Collister Hutchison of Cleveland, whose subtle, delicately musical poetry is, she writes us, always "about the human spirit and its journey through existence." Another is the philosopher Donald C. Babcock of the University of New Hampshire, who combines traditional form with powerful imagination and individuality of thought. A third is the young Englishman, R. P. Lister. Mr. Lister's bizarre and witty verse we like for its quality, and because it inspires dozens of readers to send us retorts in rhyme. Finally there is young Philip Garrigan, who wrote an excellent *Atlantic* "First" — "Fly, Fly, Little Dove" — a couple of years ago. Mr. Garrigan has sent us a truly remarkable poem called "The Lost Traveler," in which thought, sound, and imagery are fused to stir the mind and haunt the imagination.

New contributors bring new blood and they are indispensable, but the Reliables maintain the tradition and the continuity. Their reappearance in our columns, more than any other factor, accounts for the extraordinary renewal rate of *Atlantic* subscribers.

For the past two years Nora Waln has been living in Japan. She is trusted by the people, and with her disarming Quaker spirit she has penetrated farther than most Americans in her understanding of the ancient heritage, the present uncertainty, and the youthful aspiration — the three elements which will shape the future of Japan. Is our influence there as far-reaching and as persuasive as we like to think? For the next eight months she will send us a monthly article of her findings.

Nora Waln in the North Pacific; and in the Land Below the Wind — in North Borneo — Agnes Newton Keith, that valiant Californian, who with her English husband, the Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture, had the courage to return to the Orient after three and a half years in a Japanese prison camp — years which she recorded in her poignant book, *Three Came Home*. Now she is putting the finishing touches to her new book which will be serialized in the *Atlantic* — a book to be called *White Man Returns*, in which she discusses the return of the white man to the East, the question of whether or not he will remain, and in what capacity. "The answers," she says, "are being written in blood every place except North Borneo today. We may still have the opportunity to give the answer here in civilized terms if we can make up our minds to do so by sacrificing false standards. What I want to do is show these conditions through the people in the book."

THE PACIFIC

Out of Petrograd and Paris have come a group of unforgettable prose portraits of the Russian musicians who set the new style of our time. They are written by Nicolas Nabokov, who was educated as a boy in Petrograd, then in the conservatories of Germany, and who wrote and directed his first ballet in the workshop of Diaghilev. His brilliant, friendly portrait of Stravinsky leads this issue. It will be followed by Diaghilev, Prokofiev, Koussevitzky. In these articles we read of the singing of Chaliapin, the dancing of Pavlova, Karsavina, and Nijinsky, the choreography of Massine, Balanchine, the magnetic, temperamental atmosphere of Russian Paris in which Nicky himself grew up.

MUSIC

To think of England is to remember the places where I have visited our English contributors: the little gatehouse in Abingdon where I had tea with Sir Max Beerbohm during the war; the rose garden in Oxford where I found C. S. Lewis grubbing on his knees; and Renishaw Hall in Derbyshire where I had such a happy stay with Sir Osbert and Edith Sitwell. In the year ahead we shall publish several installments drawn from the fifth and final volume of Sir Osbert's richly brocaded autobiography, the volume in which he speaks of his older friends, Arnold Bennett, Sir Edmund Gosse, Lytton Strachey, Ronald Firbank, and Wilfred Owen, his congenials in literature. From Edith Sitwell's *Notebooks* I have taken two superb critical studies, the one of *King Lear*, the other of *Macbeth*. Lord David Cecil and Isaiah Berlin at Oxford, Geoffrey Household in Dorset, and H. E. Bates in Kent — these are a few of the English Reliables who will turn our way. And let me add Stephen Potter, the author of that laughable little classic, *Gamesmanship: The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating*. His paper on "Woomanship" will brighten the new year.

ENGLAND

OUR DEMOCRACY

We can never expect to export our brand of democracy until we are sure of it at home. George Santayana has just completed a terse, sage study of government for the people, and from it we shall draw his essays on equality, on compromise, and on what he calls "restricted democracy." The American community is the better for constant watching, and this is just as true of the state of Kentucky, where a Citizens' Committee, aroused by local ills, went to work with a new broom, as it is of the city of Baltimore, whose slum clearance — the Baltimore Plan — set a new example for American municipalities. We have asked Agnes E. Meyer of Washington to make an unsparing survey of the plans for Medical Insurance which are now being pressed for legislative approval. We have asked Lynn White, Jr., President of Mills College, to speak his mind — which he does incisively — on the subject of Educating the Women. Ralph McGill, the Editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, will say what he believes about Civil Rights in the South. And Sumner Slichter, long experienced in the stresses and strains between management and labor, will add up the social gains which have been achieved under democracy since 1900. In this country, we take too much for granted.

OVERSEAS

Our circulation in Europe has climbed back to about what it was before the war, but this is less than what I had hoped for, especially when it is remembered that some 1500 copies of the *Atlantic* are going to Americans in Germany. In every capital of the Atlantic Community, from Stockholm all the way around the crescent to Istanbul, there is an increasing interest in the ideas and the driving power of this country. A good many of our readers in the British Isles and in France and Italy have had to discontinue their subscriptions because they have no way of paying us. So when John E. Lawrence, Air Combat Intelligence Officer on Admiral Halsey's staff and a good friend of mine, told me not long ago that he was sending ten subscriptions of the *Atlantic* to his friends abroad, it did my heart good.

HERE AT HOME

Even here at home, it is not always easy to get a magazine delivered to the right address and on time. In August of 1948, we placed our fulfillment operation — the cutting of stencils, the mailing of all bills and notifications about renewals — in the hands of a new company at the central point of Marion, Ohio. With their electronic machines operating on a punch-card system, they promised both speed and efficiency but there are bugs in any high-g geared and delicate mechanism; it took a little time to shake the bugs out of our stencil operation, and in the process a fraction of *Atlantic* readers missed their magazines and were irritated by the confusion. I apologized for this whenever I heard of it, and I know from the record that the operation at Marion is now swifter and as humanly accurate as the work we once carried on by hand in Boston.

THE NEXT CENTURY

I am ending my twenty-fifth year on the editorial staff of the *Atlantic* and my eleventh as its Editor-in-Chief. I try each month to round up a contents page which will make just as strong an impress on our young readers as it will on those who have been loyal to us for decades. If I can steer the magazine successfully through its hundredth anniversary, start it on its second century, feeling that the writers we have discovered, the books we have helped to build, the ideas we have put in circulation, have contributed to "literature and politics" in a world at peace — then perhaps I can stretch my annual two weeks for fishing into a month.

I Personally

Before the war MONICA MARTIN lived for sixteen years in India in the forest area of the Bettiah Raj Estate in North Behar, where her husband was Divisional Forest Officer. From her autobiography, Out in the Mid-Day Sun, an Atlantic-Little, Brown book appearing November 14, we have selected this adventure which occurred in her early thirties. Mrs. Martin is a good shot; and when her husband was preoccupied, with or without his permission she went on her own.

THE LEOPARD HUNT

by MONICA MARTIN

I

THE veranda was cool behind the sun blinds of split bamboo. Outside in the garden someone was shaking a wooden rattle to attract our attention. My husband looked up from oiling his gun.

"I can't stand another conjurer who hides his wife in a basket, passes a sword through the middle of it, and produces her unscathed."

"And I don't want another snake charmer," said I, "with his cobras wriggling over the floor."

The traveling entertainer shook his wooden rattle again.

My husband was to cross over into the adjoining Province the following morning. He was Forest Officer of the Bettiah Raj in North Behar, and during the past two seasons had laid out many acres of young tree plantations in our jungles. The Chief Conservator of Forests was anxious for him to see the type of reforestation carried out in the United Provinces, and to compare it with the work already laid out in our own. For this purpose Peter was to be away for several weeks. We were both busy with preparations for the following day. Peter was checking equipment and oiling his guns. I was counting stores.

Once again the wooden rattle sounded. I raised one of the sun blinds. A snake charmer was standing outside. He saw me and salaamed. At any other time I would have tried his skill on the cobra that lived in a hole in the cactus hedge — it persistently eluded my vigilance — but today there were other things to do. I waved the man away. He shouldered once more the two baskets he had hopefully unloaded on the lawn. With the snakes still in them, and with his reed in his hand, he wended his disappointed way back down the drive.

He had scarcely disappeared, when there was another interruption. A discreet cough sounded outside the screen. This time it was a messenger from one of the forest rangers. The ranger had sent a letter to say that a leopard had killed two bullocks belonging to the carters who extracted our timber from the forests. Peter had no time to

take any action before he left. An assignment with a leopard of the size that struck down fully grown bullocks would take several days. As he told me the contents of the note, he must have seen a gleam in my eye, and when saying good-bye the next morning, he took care to think of a great many instructions about our elephants and the other animals. It was obvious that to carry them out I would have to stay at the house all the time.

Our wild jungle folk interested me beyond the realms of caution. The more I learned, the more I wanted to know. Peter may have decided I was an uncertain factor when left alone.

He had scarcely gone when another message was delivered at the house. The leopard had again killed, and this time a buffalo. Leopards do not usually attack anything so large. This one sounded interesting.

Winter had not yet arrived. The temperature was still high. The forests were very boggy. The river in the north had risen thirty feet in the monsoon and was only now subsiding; but I wanted to go. Peter was away and no one could stop me.

I sent a message to the forest ranger to say I was coming, and another to the head mahout Mohammed, to have ready Temi Bahadur, the big tusker I preferred for solitary work. Nothing ever bothered him.

First there was the question of transport. Bhan-katwa was my destination, about fifteen miles into the forests. The trip would last several days. The bullock carts could not take the tent and equipment because the cart road was still heavily flooded for long stretches. Nothing could go with me, as I had to go on horseback.

The solution was a compromise. The first nine miles of cartage was to be by bullock cart and then everything would be transferred to two of our elephants already there. Elephants, big as they are, cannot carry as much heavy baggage as one would imagine from their size. The loads had to be made as light as possible. The first thing to be eliminated was my bed; I would have to chance

what bedfellows I found on the ground. A tin bathtub was ruled out and I had to be prepared to bathe like the sparrows, in bits. You can go without a lot, but after working in the tropic sun, you require more than face washing. Cooking pots and pans were drastically cut down.

Having got everything on its way, I left the next morning at dawn, riding Pussyfoot. An early start was best, not only to avoid the heat, but to allow time for a rest in the afternoon, preparatory to sitting up all night for the leopard.

Five miles out some peacock strutted in the fields beside the path, making a dawn foray on the crops; but I was in a hurry and did not shoot. Wherever there was a patch of open land, village cattle grazed. Beside each one stalked its attendant egret, solemnly intent on the business of the day. They moved with the cattle, and stopped with them when they halted. As the cow grazed she disturbed the grasshoppers, and snap went the egret's beak as he lunged for his breakfast.

After the first nine miles, Pussyfoot was handed to the syce who had gone ahead the previous evening. He was to keep her and feed her until my indefinite return. I transferred to one of the elephants and after half an hour heartily wished I had not. How anyone can enjoy riding an elephant for long periods is beyond me.

For variety I changed places with the mahout and sat on Temi Bahadur's neck to drive him. I used my toes under his ears to guide him left or right. Temi was feeling lazy that day and frequently I had to increase his pace by pressing on his head with the ankus, the short curved rod.

Temi and I both became very warm, for the sun was now high. Soon he was plunging his trunk down his throat and sucking up water from his reserve tank. Then he flung his trunk from side to side and sprayed his shoulders. There is a lot to be said for carrying your own water supply and using your nose for a shower bath. Usually I objected to having to share the bath, but by then the jungles were so hot, I could not have cared less.

The boggy forest negotiated, it was a relief to reach Bhankatwa. All was ready, the tent pitched and my mattress inside it, on the ground. An enamel jug and basin completed the furnishings.

I was back in my beloved jungle with the wild birds flying overhead. Scarcely ten minutes went by, when a pair of peacocks walked out and looked me over. I left them alone, though they would have been useful for the pot; but it was unwise to fire a gun so near the camp. One of the machans (shooting platforms) was in a tree within two hundred yards, and the leopard might be near. It would have been stupid to frighten him away.

I inspected what remained of the previous kills, which the jackals and vultures had picked clean. Always in my mind had been the possibility that these had been made by one of our tigers, but in-

dications ruled this out. A tiger generally kills by leaping on the back of the neck. These attacks had been made at the side of the neck, near the jaw.

After lunch I tried to rest, but the tent was alive with mosquitoes and also a particularly poisonous little fly that stung like a wasp. I lay on one, so I know. The sting was imbedded in my left shoulder blade for days.

Before dusk I took up position in the machan. A pig was then tied near it as bait. This order of procedure is important. If the pig is tied before you climb into the machan, it sees you and is likely to give away your position by staring at you. You are liable to find then that any stalking done is not by you. I hated to use even a pig as bait, but several bullocks had been killed, and more would be, if the leopard were not quickly destroyed.

I blew my nose with a trumpet blast before climbing the tree. I must not make another sound before dawn, for if I were even to breathe heavily, the animal would hear me. From the start I had to adjust my position to allow for the least possibility of cramp. A platform of bamboos or branches may feel pleasant at first; after half an hour it can be torture. As I started, there I must remain. When one is after the cat tribe it is no use playing games.

Nothing came that night, though I sat as still as death. The machan had black hammerhead ants in it.

2

It is wonderful what a few hours' sleep and a bath will do. The bath was fine. An old paraffin tin filled with water, and a mug to pour it over me, were all I needed. After the bath, I pulled on a clean shirt and about 10 A.M. called for Temi Bahadur. I wanted a solitary pad elephant to go in search of meat for the camp, for we had already acquired some unofficial assistants.

Back at headquarters, the mahouts persisted in keeping people they called their "meths," alleging that the work inflicted on them required additional help. We paid wages to none but the mahouts, but the whatnots remained.

The going had been so boggy that in camp this time only two meths had tagged after the mahouts; but several carters whose bullocks had been killed took a natural interest in the proceedings and settled down to wait for the finish. It was easy enough for me to give them the pleasure of a little meat.

On Temi's back, broad as a couple of padded couches, I arrived in a belt of trees. Almost at once a spotted deer crossed, flitting in and out among the shadows. Several more moved away. I was using a shotgun loaded with ball and had to get close. I do not like to use a rifle except in fairly open country. On one occasion a friend out with

us had fired a rifle at close quarters in the maze of jungle. The bullet ricocheted off a tree and injured one of the elephants. It might as easily have hit a man.

It was difficult work, but interesting, trying to walk up those deer. They never seemed to get any closer in the undergrowth, and it was taking so long I finally whispered to Mohammed that I would get down and he, making a detour, could start them moving in my direction.

Temi knelt down and I slithered off his tail end. Even kneeling he was about the height of a single-decker bus. I was surprised to see the mahout, after moving away only a few paces, quietly turn the elephant round and come back. Mohammed was a reliable man and I knew there must be a good reason. As he reached me he whispered that there was a leopard in the grass. The moment he left me he saw the leopard just beside him. The undergrowth, though fairly low here, was still over my head. I could do no good on the ground, and decided to climb up again.

So much of our forest touring was done on elephants that we never used a ladder to mount, for it wasted time. We hauled ourselves up by the animal's tail if he was kneeling; or if he was standing, we ran up the trunk which he extended at the word of command. One of the many things I liked about Temi Bahadur was the gracious way he would help when you were halfway, by lifting his trunk still higher and practically tipping you on to his back.

We looked for the leopard, but it was a hopeless search. He might have gone in any direction. We never found him again. He and I must have been tracking the deer together.

A little later a couple of wild pigs rustled out and went galloping away to the left. I got the boar. That was meat for the lower orders in camp, but the mahouts were Mohammedans, and as far as they were concerned we were back where we had started.

We stole forward quietly. Keep an elephant from his overpowering propensity for tearing down and eating leaves, and he is amazingly silent in his movements. The tread of a trained gun elephant scarcely rustles a fallen leaf.

Soon a spotted deer appeared. The shot was in the heart this time. We sent for someone to carry in the pig. The deer was loaded on Temi. There was a great welcome in camp, for meat was a luxury to the men. I could have continued shooting for the remainder of the day, but immediate needs were satisfied and I hate killing for killing's sake.

3

THAT evening I sat in a machan further away. This time I smeared neck and wrists with paraffin oil to keep at bay the mosquitoes and insects that

had made the previous night a torture. Citronella I never found to be of any use; our insects drank it and then ate me.

There was a dim half moon.

Various false alarms set me tense and alert. A blunt gray snout suddenly appeared at the foot of the ladder up to the machan. Was the leopard about to join me? It was a honey badger with a perfect moonlight camouflage. His back is silver gray, and unless he moves he cannot be seen. He trundled off. Soon a couple of deer stepped daintily across the path. It was curious how friend and foe lived and bred in the same forests, the deer trusting to their powers of hearing even more than to their sense of smell. Something startled the deer. A head was flung up to listen. The large eyes in the light of the moon glowed like lamps. In a flash the deer were gone, white undertails showing in the danger signal.

I lost count of time. The waning moon had disappeared. Suddenly at the end of the path, in the shadows, a leopard was sitting. My heart leapt. One moment the path was empty, the next he was there, sitting up on his hindquarters. His casual manner perhaps meant that he sensed no danger yet. I could not draw an accurate bead on him in the shadow. If only he would come nearer.

He sat and looked at the pig and the pig stared back at him. Then he lowered himself until his chest touched the ground, and stayed staring at the pig. That leopard was no fool. He suspected something.

Seconds might have passed. It might have been hours. Waiting no longer I tried a shot, though the angle was bad from my tree height.

With a "wuff" he leapt up, rounded like a streak, and disappeared. The biggest leopard I had ever seen, and to miss!

I sat quite still, puzzling how the aim had been out, when to my amazement, from the right, a big leopard marched straight out and up to the pig. It was unbelievable. A loud report from a rifle in the middle of the night, and in spite of that, another leopard appearing at the same spot!

Things rapidly became even more unreal, for the leopard now did what no leopard ever does. Usually they lie in cover and spring on their prey unawares. This leopard stalked down the middle of the path for all the world as if it wanted to find out why the family joint had been left lying about. It walked right up to the pig. The little fellow — he was quite small — backed behind the stake, with the leopard on the other side. The leopard let out a deep roar. I tingled as if in the grip of an electric current. The pig sat down suddenly with fright. I aimed and pulled the trigger. The great cat gave one bound and fell dead.

There was still no means of knowing whether there had been two leopards, or one that had paid two visits — and if two, where the other one was. After waiting for some time to make sure there was

no movement from the one on the ground, I gave a series of short sharp notes on my whistle, which was the signal for the mahout that there was danger, and not to come from the camp on foot.

Soon Temi Bahadur's bulk loomed out of the darkness and swayed towards my tree. He was nearly level with the machan, and jumping across to his broad back, I returned to camp. No more could be accomplished that night.

Early the next morning we brought in the trophy. It was a leopardess. Great was my reception in camp, and the bullock carters rushed off to find a man of the chumar (tanner) caste who would start the skinning. This had to be carried out as quickly as possible, for the temperature made it necessary. They returned not only with a chumar but with sufficient salt from the village to give the pelt a rough dressing afterwards.

Leaving them, I returned to the vicinity of the machan, and when I reached the spot, slid off Temi Bahadur. There might be some signs to indicate whether or not there had been another leopard. On the edge of the forest path, far from where the leopardess had fallen, there were drops of dark red blood on the grass. These ceased, then further on were a few more. The color of the blood meant that this was no mere flesh wound. Beyond that spot I could find nothing more. The grass thinned out a little here and was no longer over my head. I sent Temi to circle the area, and followed on foot. Any signs there might be could never be seen from an elephant's back.

At last I found a solitary drop of blood again, this time on the path. Beside it was a deep overgrown depression like a ditch. With my rifle ready I peered in. The familiar dark rosettes of fur could be seen down below, at the bottom. Even now the leopard's camouflage was nearly perfect. At last I could distinguish the head. The eyes were

open, cold, and staring. If they had been closed I would have known he was still alive, though wounded. He was the biggest leopard I had ever seen. There had been two of them after all.

I bagged two more deer and a peacock for meat, then struck camp and returned to the house. For a time, the villagers would lose no bullocks, and the tiny village cows would return safe each evening to the sound of their leader's wooden bell.

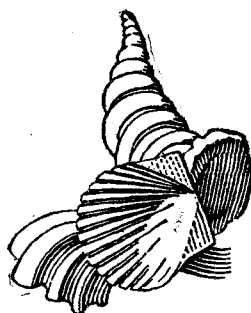
For quicker transport in that heat, I slung the two pelts across my saddle when I finally took over Pussyfoot from the syce. The skins were heavy and the mare indicated that no well-brought-up horse should be expected to carry such things. We flew like the wind until she knew she was near her own stables.

I had scarcely reached the house, and swung myself out of the saddle, when I was greeted with the news that some eggs in the henhouse had been sucked. A deputation from the kitchen led me over. There the eggs lay, neatly punctured and some of the sticky yolk still on the ground. That confounded cobra had been at work again. I registered a mental note to take care of the affair that afternoon, but I was suffering from a severe headache after the ride in, and at the moment, all I wanted was a cool drink and a rest.

The cobra had a few more days of safety, for within half an hour I was paying for the jungle trip with one of the worst bouts of malaria I had ever experienced. The mahouts, who never even boiled their water, suffered no ill effects.

I had been most circumspect in any letters to Peter while he was in the United Provinces, never mentioning the forest trip; but news can travel fast, even in the jungles. While still miles away, he had heard all about it.

It must have been dating from this time that he started to refer to me as Circumstances over which he had no control.





An Atlantic Story



This is the third story the Atlantic has published by W. B. READY. In writing to us about his work, he said: "As for myself, I am thirty-four, a Cardiff Irishman who married a Canadian girl overseas. We have two sons, Patrick and Vincent. I am a member of the History Department at the University of Minnesota and I teach a course in creative writing at the College of St. Thomas in St. Paul. Most of my energy goes into writing and thinking about Thomas D'Arcy McGhee, a Canadian founding father."

NOT FOR BRODY

by W. B. READY

EVERY season Mr. Brody would give the team a set of sweaters, and whenever the footballs began to give at the seams, or whenever Thick Dwyer ran into a goal post and cracked it, Brother John would put his hat on and go calling on Mr. Brody. Brother John possessed the great dignity that is necessary for really successful begging. He used to pocket the check gravely, almost before poor Brody had finished signing it, and he used to ease himself out of Brody's raw new house before the man had a chance to get magnanimous, or garrulous about the team's chances of winning the provincial championship. As Brother John would hurry back to the College, with his check, he used to grimace over the way Brody and his like used to enthuse over his team. He knew that they were all false faces, and that they were no more capable of understanding the philosophy of football than they were of practicing the doctrines of that Church to which they paid lip service and grants-in-aid, the grants being in the nature of insurance.

Brother John had the Supporters' Club well and truly weighed up in his mind. He knew just what they were good for, but you'd never have known it, to watch him handling them. He had such a contempt for them that sometimes he nearly overplayed his hand, like the time that he persuaded them to build us a new dressing room. He gave them to believe that the new dressing room would contain a concrete memorial of their munificence, with their names on it. Of course, it never did, and they were too intimidated by the quiet gray man ever to mention it, and he pretended that he had

just forgotten about it. "After all, gentlemen," he used to say to them, "what does it matter?" And all the businessmen would squirm and wriggle and work up a hearty dead smile and repeat, "Of course, Brother, of course, what does it matter?" But all the time Brother John knew, and they knew, that they would never have scrambled to subscribe if they had known that it was to be built towards the greater glory of God, and not as an advertisement for Brody's brewery, and Driscoll's dairies, and Ryan's funeral parlors.

Rugby football, the way Brother John taught it, was played for the greater glory of the Godhead. He never used to tear off strips about good clean Catholic lads, and we never used to say prayers before a game, or anything like that; what Brother John taught us was far deeper than any stunt to help us to win the game. We weren't brought up to regard the issue of the game as being very important. Somehow he imparted to us a *mystique* of Rugby football, and it will stay with us all our lives. It has affected the way we teach history, or practice medicine, or fly aeroplanes, and it has had a strong bearing on the way we bring up our families.

We are all getting on in years now, and Brother John just taught the one team of us. There are only a few of us left after the war. We are the scattered disciples of a great teacher. We were his only team, and he had pondered and prayed for years before he started on us. That was why he loathed the gaminess of Brody and his clan. He wouldn't let anybody or anything come near us that would spoil his life's work.

The College has always had a good team. Some of the teams are far more famous than we ever were. There was the team that Brian Welsh captained. Eleven of them went on to play for Ireland, and Brian has become a legend because of his reverse passing, but all of those were just football teams. We were more like a religious order, dressed in jerseys of green and gold, and in stockings hooped in green and silver.

There was a preparatory school attached to the College, and that was where we first met Brother John, and became his novices. He was vice-principal of the College even then. That was the highest that he ever got, because of us. It was just the position that he wanted, because it gave him all the time he needed, enough authority, and none of the social distractions that were so eagerly performed by the beaky-nosed climber, Brother Principal.

We were all about nine or ten years old, changing into our football togs, shivering, under the dripping trees, on the edge of the wood that surrounded the Castle Ground. We were all frightened little new boys. We didn't know one another, it was only our second day in school. We nudged one another and whispered, "Look out! Here comes Brother John," as he walked over to us slowly. We weren't doing anything, but we always thought we were in those bewildering first days.

He stood looking at us. We were Form IA, about twenty-five of us. "Good afternoon, boys," said Brother John in his soft Kerry voice.

"Good afternoon, Brother," we chirped back.

He looked around and called over a squat, bow-legged little man, who was hanging around. "Well, Michael," said Brother John, "this is it."

Mick Yewlett looked at us humorously, and we all looked back at him. There was no mistaking what Mick had been. He was an old ball player, and even in his middle age, and in his shabby clothes, he still looked like a ball player. Brother John had sent for him. He had been coaching a professional team somewhere in the North of England, but he came at once when Brother John called. He had been fixed up with a job in Brody's brewery, and he was to be Brother John's assistant.

It turned out, I never knew until years later, that Mick and Brother John had played for Ireland together as halfbacks. They both had loved the game, and both of them regarded it more as a science, as a way of life, than as just a ball game. Lots of people get rather inchoate ideas like that; the Babe Ruth saga is an example; but Brother John had sweated over it for thirty years. He wasn't a crank; he knew that if a teacher can get across an appreciation of anything fine, like music for instance, the rest will tend to fall into shape. Well, Brother John's music was football, and the thud of a sweetly placed punt ahead, well thought out and coolly executed, made a good sound to

him; it wasn't an odd sound, but a part of a pattern of sounds.

The football coach of the College didn't mind at all when Brother John took us over. He was rather relieved, because he never got interested in the boys until they got sizable enough for competition Rugby and we were years away from that. So Brother John and Mick had us two afternoons a week and every Saturday morning for the next five years before anybody ever started noticing us. We used to play on a pitch in the corner of the Castle Ground, far away from everybody, and even if they did come and watch they went away again.

Brother John looked less like a coach than like a harmless old parson who was out for the fresh air. Some of the Brothers used to love to dress up all athletic, to get away from their drab habit, I suppose. Brother Gabriel, the official Sports Master, used to wear white flannel slacks and a white sweater with a whistle on a lanyard around his neck. He used to be as hearty as hell. We never had anything like that, nor did we get all the setting-up exercises that the rest did. We just played a game of Rugby football three times a week. Brother John and Mick would watch us from the sidelines. They'd never interrupt. They even taught some of the boys who lacked the eye to officiate as referees.

Only at half-time would the two of them walk onto the field, and then only Brother John would do the talking, while Mick echoed him. He showed us how it was better to run upfield in the hope of getting a cross kick than to stand watching the wing make a run for it. He taught us that a ball heeled back cleanly from a loose maul is far more valuable to the backs than three balls from set scrums, and he taught us to tackle low. Brother John had an abhorrence for the high grab that looked so spectacular, and so often missed. Most of all he taught us to play ball for our own amusement and enlightenment, a process that people could watch if they felt inclined, but in which they should have no participation whatsoever. He told us that the crowd was a cruel half-witted thing that drove ball players crazy if they courted it. As he talked maybe the soft Irish rain was falling, and we sucking our lemons.

2

In the game as it is played over there there are no substitutes allowed. The fifteen men who start the game must play the whole ninety minutes, and if anybody is knocked out the play must go on without him. So a football team was rarely more than twenty-odd players, who would play together for the whole season. Brother John just had twenty of us, and he taught some of us to play in two positions, so that we could double up if necessary. We were all about fourteen years old when people started noticing us. We played together, never with the rest of the College, and it soon became evi-

dent that we would be the College team in a couple of years. That was when Brody, and Ryan, and the rest of the gombeen men started noticing us, coming down to watch us play, and to be watched by Brother John.

We never found out where Brother John came from. He was Irish for sure, like the rest of the Brothers, but he was different from them. Any of the others could have been mistaken for raw Irish curates, but Brother John, tall and gray, with a hooked nose and a pompadour, looked more like a Spanish cardinal than like a bogtrotter. He could put on a terrible courtesy that was more discouraging than a growling dog, and with it he kept Brody and his company away from us. Brother John loathed the idea of their cashing in on our endeavors, and he knew that the only reason that Ryan wanted a share in our football was so that he could bring it up when he was touting for a funeral service, in order to clinch the deal, and he knew that Brody would sell more beer if he could let it be known that he was a generous supporter of the College team. Still he kept us from being worried by them and got the money out of them to make us the best-equipped junior side in the four countries.

He wanted to see how we would shape up against Presentation College, and he arranged for us to play there on a Sunday. That way, by traveling on a Friday, we would be able to see Ireland play New Zealand in Dublin. It entailed a round trip of about four hundred miles, and hotel accommodation for two nights. He got that money out of the Supporters' Club, and was so adroit about it that we had come back before they realized that none of them had been with us on the trip. Ryan thought Brody was along with us, who thought Driscoll was along with us, and so on. There was no percentage in it for the gombeens at all.

But the pay-off was when we went to London, to play the Vincentian College there. By that time Brother John was so sure of us that he let the whole ruck of them come along. They couldn't do us any harm now. It was our last year in College anyway, and since we had played Abertaff earlier in the season we were more or less out of his schooling.

That London trip was an entertainment. For most of us it was our first trip to a big city, because Dublin is no big city, thank God. We must have looked like a bunch of Alices in Wonderland as we went down the escalators to the Underground Railway, and we kept nudging one another and pointing with our heads at the Cockney antics. At that time the London hotels had a hate on against football teams, they had been doing so much damage; so Con had booked us in at the Grand Palace, a gilt and marble caravanserai, as a choral society. The desk clerk gave us leery looks when we booked in, straight off the boat train from Liverpool, about midday on a Saturday. Our supporters had been wetting their whistle all the way across, and they

were acting like stage Irishmen, like monkeys, to make the English laugh at them.

That afternoon we played the Vincentian team, and lost by three points. Then the rest of the day was ours. Barny and I walked for hours, through Fleet Street, down the river, past Westminster, all floodlit. I remember two prostitutes approached us, and we both murmured politely, "No, thank you, Ma'am." I have often wondered what those two poor girls must have thought.

When we got back to the hotel we went into the lounge and looked at life. It was a great hang-out for ladies of easy virtue, a grade better than the Fleet Street commandos, and to watch their maneuvering amazed us. They left us alone. It was just as well for them that they did. I doubt if one of us had the equivalent of two dollars in his possession, but Codger Hart, who thought he had a vocation, was so tempted by them that he went to bed, locked the door, and threw the key out of the window. I suppose it was the sort of thing that St. Anthony would have done, but it meant that Jack Kennedy, his roommate, couldn't get into the room, and he had to bunk up with me, in a single bed. Codger's vocation didn't last either. He's married now, and he's got so many children that they say he's scared even of opening the door. They call him Codger the Crowd.

All the time, Brody and his company were lauding us in their liquor, and telling strangers about us, and our game with Abertaff. It didn't faze us a bit. Thanks to Brother John, we could place those good companions. Brother John had spent the night at a Brothers' House in Richmond, but he came in to an early Mass, and he had breakfast with us. I'll never forget his look of delight as Tommy Shannon and Joe Boyle came into the rococo breakfast room and gazed around with awe at all the frescoes and the bogus pillars. A waiter shimmied up to the two of them gawking, and led them to a table. "Thank you, sir," said Joe. "Can we get a breakfast here?"

With that the waiter offered them a bill of fare about as big as a card table, and Joe studied it thoughtfully while Tommy watched him apprehensively. After cogitation Joe played safe, and ordered coffee and toast for the pair of them. When they were served they looked around and saw the rest of us eating ham and eggs, so they had that, and then a further look around impelled them to get their money's worth, so they finished up with fish and grapefruit.

It was a joy to watch, even to myself, who was only one jump ahead of them. You can imagine how Brother John must have felt. They weren't just gauche, they were innocent. We all were. We were leaving school with a yardstick in our hands, and although Brother John never got around to telling us how to order breakfast in a flashy night-halt, he had also made sure that we would never fall for the tinsel or the gilt, or become like Brody.

The Ballot

RALPH MCGILL, the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, is known throughout the South for his fighting heart, for the integrity of his editorial page, and for his two-fisted editorial approach to any bothersome problem below Mason and Dixon's line. A guard at Vanderbilt, and a good one, he tackles for us one of the most divisive subjects in American democracy: civil rights for whites and for Negroes. The right to vote, he says, is the basic civil right.

CIVIL RIGHTS FOR THE NEGRO

by RALPH MCGILL

1

THE problem of race relations is a national one. Continued immigration will increasingly emphasize this fact. But the case for civil rights and the present dilemma of Negro-white relationships are largely the problems of the South because of the vis-à-vis fact of population.

The fight for civil rights should be concentrated on one phase of the problem — that of voting. As I see it, democracy consists basically in every citizen's having equality before the law and in every qualified person's having the right to participate in choosing the officials who will govern him. This right to vote is the basic civil right. All the others are a part of its mosaic structure. In this civil right is the specific for the ills of all other rights.

For example, the poll tax as a prerequisite for voting remains as a restriction on the electorate in seven states. It is slowly disappearing. It will disappear last where the racial population figures are most nearly equal. It is natural this should be so. But the poll tax was never merely a barrier against the Negro ballot. It kept as many, if not more, white persons from the voting booth. It will disappear as soon as other discriminations against the ballot are removed. And they are much easier to eliminate.

The Supreme Court of the United States has abolished the white primary, which was the real anti-Negro barrier, withholding from him the status of full citizenship. If the full weight, advice, and assistance of the Justice Department could be thrown into the measure so that all the various camouflaged imitations of the white primary may be brought quickly into Federal courts and found to be against the letter and spirit of the Constitution of the United States, the victory for civil rights would be won much earlier than through the slow, tedious procedure of Congressional legislation.

In 1948 the Negro vote in the old South was an impressive 600 per cent larger than in 1940, with a total of a little more than 700,000 registered. Three years hence there should be 2,000,000. With 5,000,000 Negroes of voting age in the former

Confederate states, there could be more than twice that many if the various imitations of the white primary system were ruled out in time.

Competition for the Negro vote is already a fact in the states of the old Confederacy, and the Negro knows it. Competition for that vote is an open sesame to rights. Competition for that vote has already paved ugly streets, put Negro police in uniform, established Negro fire stations, put Negroes in minor elective offices, equalized some school salaries, built new schools, and constructed parks and playgrounds.

In some of our municipal elections this year, that competition was keen. It was true of all Southern cities. In Atlanta there were four candidates for the Democratic nomination for mayor, a nomination equivalent to election. All four attended Negro ward meetings, spoke in Negro churches, heard appeals for a fire station, more Negro police, more schools, and so on.

The Southern politician, when he goes to a Negro political meeting seeking Negro votes, is made aware of — and is sometimes shocked by — the fact that the Negro's rights have been neglected for so long that the Negro is in a strong strategic position to ask a great deal from politicians. And he is asking. Out loud. In public. Unafraid.

The regular Democrats, as the Philadelphia convention so starkly revealed, are forced to fight the emotional onslaught of tradition, which varies with the states, but they will make, and indeed already are making, more and more concessions. The Republicans, having lost the Negro vote in 1930, eye the growing number of voters as a field ripe for the harvest of recruiting. They, too, will make concessions.

When sheriffs, county commissioners, mayors, and governors compete for votes and seek new votes from the continually increasing total of Negro voters, then indeed will they begin to do what some so flagrantly fail to do — prevent violence and lynchings. Those of us who insist that the states properly, and even constitutionally, are responsi-

ble for law enforcement ceased to argue the point long ago in the face of cynical, even farcical, trials and the brutal callousness which simply ignored some lynchings. Federal legislation in this field may be unconstitutional, but we say let's adopt a bill and see. The people are far ahead of the Congress on this issue.

While there was sound and fury from Southern Congressmen concerning the poll tax and the anti-lynching legislation, this was merely the emotional onslaught of a dubious tradition. There never was much opposition from the people. The only real furor was caused by the proposed Fair Employment Practices Act and the several bills introduced. Indeed, one of the troubles has been that civil rights, in the minds of many persons, have been confused with specific pieces of legislation, to the detriment of civil rights.

2

THERE was much distortion of the meaning of the Fair Employment Practices Act. It sifted down to the crossroads as meaning social equality; as forced social mixing of the races; as a prelude to compulsory intermarriage and worse. It had police in it — as indeed one of the bills did — and it had courts and jails as its coercive weapons. It was never possible to discuss the bill in any climate of the will to hear. It isn't now possible.

To be honest, most of the Southern progressives have opposed some of the proposed Fair Employment Practices legislation. They would favor an act which would produce investigation, conciliation, and recommendations. But we do not regard it as a field where fiat will replace the admittedly slower processes of education and attempts by the people of both races to conciliate. We think a bill with the coercive powers of police and court and jail is a load which might prove too heavy. Such a coercive act is regarded by many of us as questionable democracy. It seems to us more of an effort to legislate in the field of morals and social doctrine. We keep thinking of prohibition enforcement. And we ask one another, If one bureau is given its enforcement police, why will not another and yet another ask and receive?

A recent study by a faculty committee at Tuskegee Institute, discussing not the FEPC but the historic problem of employment and the relationship of Negro colleges to it, said: —

"The confusing ferment of opinions with which the daily press and the Negro weeklies, the periodicals, and the current output of the book publishers are confronted suggests that the examination of the race relationships is a continuing process. These relationships won't be made adequate by one-sided solutions or sugar-coated panaceas. Our nation, in spite of partial knowledge and much confusion, persists in its endeavor to improve race relationships

in terms of the democratic concept. As it does so, a survey of the facts indicates that most issues arise only incidentally from race, but rather, directly from those factors which govern all human relationships.

"One of the unsolved problems of the South is too many people and too few resources. The Negro problem cannot be isolated and treated separately from the overpopulation of the South.

"Efforts have been too much on the moral-legalistic side, and not enough on the sustenance side. Populations get grouped into communities according to the function they perform in keeping the communities alive. Historically, the function of the Negro in the South has been that of an unskilled laborer. As soon as technology advanced far enough to perform the function of the skilled worker he was no longer needed for the efficient operation of the community. The South in particular, and the nation in general, have been unwilling to accept the Negro in any other category of community life. The reason for this is fairly simple. There have never been enough skilled and professional jobs in the South for the white population. It is not likely that groups in power, without a compelling motivation of the importance and soundness of democratic participation, would willingly give up favored positions to less advantaged groups.

"Unless we can implement our ideals of fair play by finding a way through the coöperative efforts of capital, technology, and educational institutions to create enough job opportunities in the nation to fully employ the whole labor force, we cannot expect too much progress in securing for Negroes a larger measure of opportunity.

"Before advocating action programs for dealing with the race problem we suggest that Negro colleges, in coöperation with other colleges, make a scientific investigation of the following areas: —

"*Population.* . . . We need to know how many people the resources of the South can support. We need to know how much capital and technological wealth is necessary to develop these resources to their fullest and most efficient use.

"*Migration.* We need to know what skills we will need to import from areas outside the South to develop our resources, and we need to know the job needs of areas outside the South so that we can train our excess population for these jobs. Negro colleges, in particular, may explore the migration possibilities to other regions, and courses of study to train Negroes for these jobs outside the region.

"*Techniques of Minorities.* There is the possibility that the race problem in the South has much in common with the problem of minority peoples in other parts of the world, and the immigrants to America from other parts of the world. A study of how these groups adjusted, and the barriers they had to encounter, may lead to fruitful techniques of handling the problem here.

"Desirable as it is to preach and legislate evils out of society this method seldom, if ever, works. Negroes and many of the whites in the South are being affected by the forces of declining farm opportunities, and increasing farm mechanization and livestock pasture farming. Unfortunately displaced agricultural workers fail to become absorbed in industrial jobs as fast as they are being pushed off the farm. The solution of the human problem of the South is too intricate and involved to be left to people of good intention but who lack the necessary knowledge to deal with the issues involved. Fortunately colleges serving both white and Negro youth may share substantially in reaching solutions through the development of leadership and in the conduct of continuing studies on the problems listed in this statement."

That is a fairly lengthy quote, but I regard it as most pertinent.

We are a region which has never had enough jobs. As industry comes, and as more Negroes come to the ballot box, this economic and social condition will change. But jobs by fiat in a region historically short of jobs would not work out. The laws would be unenforceable. I believe we are correct in saying a majority of Southern Negroes, while wanting an FEPC, prefer one of investigation, arbitration, conciliation, and not one with coercive police powers.

3

THERE is a great deal of misunderstanding about segregation, which in varying degrees is a national institution. In the South, the pattern called segregation is deeply written in social custom and heavily written in law. In the North, it is not the law, although it has found its way into custom in by no means negligible quantity, as may be seen by any who choose to look.

Segregation is a broad and fluid term. All its students and all its practitioners are agreed as to its unpredictability and flexibility at its fringes. It changes as society changes. Various forces work to make its maintenance more difficult. Universal education and universal segregation are uneasy bedfellows. The complexity of the industrial economy and of the growing administrative services which accompany modern society has brought into being wide areas of life even in the South in which the institution breaks down. One Southern state, it is true, by law requires the segregation of operatives in mills so that white people alone must work in a weaving room and colored people alone must work in a picker room; but it is significant that this statute, now many decades old, has not been copied.

With the growth of the Negro vote, a good many

signs appear that in state and local administration, as well as in the Federal government, Negro views are being sought on policy matters. There have been some significant recent appointments of Negroes to boards and commissions, in Southern states, which govern the expenditure of important amounts of public money.

When public education was a matter of one-room schools, two such schools in each neighborhood were no great drain on the public purse. When a consolidated school building costs several hundred thousand dollars and its technical and vocational equipment is expensive too, here and there ways will be found to reduce the rigidity of school segregation. The states which maintain segregation in education are face to face with the cost of providing entirely equal if separate facilities. The changing pattern in the graduate education in states around the Southern borders undoubtedly foreshadows further modification in colleges and, at a later stage, in secondary education.

There is a more obscure factor, too. The customs of a segregated society were formed at a time when the two peoples, living side by side, were widely different in their cultural inheritance. That gap closes every year. The educated South, long ago, found ways in which to work on matters of common interest with colored people of equal attainments, in a courtesy that bears only vestigial traces of the separateness beneath. That area of common understanding and common courtesy broadens as to the number of persons it includes and as to the fields which it invades. It broadens now into the whole field of trade-unionism and into organizations of farmers.

It is against this background that the forces of reform, progress, reaction, and violence are at work. The Klan activity is vicious, but it is local in influence; and its violence — also local, directed by no central authority — is a part of the struggle to slow down the breaking up of the old patterns. There are sadistic, evil men in the various Klans. There are even a few good, well-meaning persons who are not informed but are easily led and made afraid. There are also the cynical phonies who make the profits. But the Klan is finished, although its philosophy and methods will endure here and there in the old plantation counties where cotton and timber are gone, the economy is poor, and a few men control the politics.

As Booker T. Washington sensibly advised, we are letting down our buckets where we are.

We earnestly believe the bucket which will draw up the most water of success is that of the ballot. The best rights come from it. The barriers before it are by no means iron curtains. They are push-overs, if really tested by the Constitution.



A Bostonian who has often matched his strength with the sea, WYMAN RICHARDSON, as his father before him, has found his heart's desire in the remote and rustic Farm House at Eastham which gives him and his family quick access to the ocean, the Nauset Marsh, and one of the most beautiful beaches in all Cape Cod. Here Dr. Richardson retreats to fish and to observe the birds. This is the fifth of his series of nature essays.

OCTOBER MORNINGS

by WYMAN RICHARDSON, M.D.

1

ONE day in mid-October, I hauled myself out of bed shortly after five o'clock. A full orange moon was squashing itself down into the western horizon, and there was a faint pink color to the eastern sky as I left the house. Orion hung to the east, surrounded by its galaxy of brilliant stars. Twinkling Sirius, not far above the eastern horizon, was the brightest star in the sky, brighter than any planet.

It was cold down by the creek, especially so for bare feet, as I put the canoe into the water. The water itself was relatively warm, but that made matters worse when I hauled my feet into the canoe. As I worked down the channel, I could hear ducks quacking. A fast-flying teal skipped across the bow, silhouetted against the now reddening eastern sky. Not a breath of wind stirred the surface of the water. I surprised a night heron close to the channel edge, and he flew clumsily away, no doubt as fast as he could, protesting loudly with a series of outlandish squawks that violated the morning's quiet.

It was light enough, by the time I rounded Porchy bar, to see shore birds on the flats. So many were there, that the flats seemed to be in constant motion. There were large flocks of black-billed sanderling, white in their winter plumage, the wave-chasing "peep" of the beaches; many red-backed sandpipers, the English "dunlin," that hardy, curved-billed peep of the winter marshes; and, strangely, knots, whose spring-plumaged chestnut-colored breasts have given them the common name of "redbreast." There was also a good sprinkling of the so-called black-bellied plover, whose bellies are always white, though their breasts may be black. Most of these were pale all over, perhaps the young of the year. They ran rather sedately over the upper bars, searching for large sea worms; stopping suddenly, now and then, to look about. And in those shallow, muddy places, bands of greater yel-

lowlegs formed ranks and chased schools of minnows into shallow water where they could be caught and eaten.

I saw a lot of black ducks for this time of year — one hundred and eight, to be exact. As I came by in the canoe, they would jump from the water with a roar that would shatter the still air. Back on the marsh, I could hear an occasional quack, and sometimes that low "chuck-a-duck-a-duck" call that only contented ducks make.

Just as I came to Broad Creek, the shore birds all took to the air, some of them making a queerly shrill call that indicated a dangerous hawk was about. I soon found the culprit. A sharp-shinned hawk had struck a small peep down into the water. The peep was alive, probably wing-broken, and the hawk was trying to secure his prey. However, three large herring gulls, uttering coarse cries, attacked the hawk, and after several futile passes he disappeared. The gulls *may* have been motivated by a desire to save a feathered friend. I wish I could believe so. But I am terribly afraid they wanted to devour the peep themselves. Unfortunately, I did not determine the point, for at this moment my reel suddenly began to sing. I lost the bass; but when this tragedy occurred, the tide had carried me far down the channel.

I startled several bass in the shoal water where the Beach House run comes out to the main channel. They scooted off, humping the water up like submarines about to surface. On my way back, I saw a bass feeding on a school of pogies in the deep water close to the edge of Porchy Marsh. A quawk, happily perched on a broken-off piece of sedge, stood motionless, his beak a quarter inch from the water, waiting for the bass to drive the pogies within striking distance. As I edged up in the canoe, his dilemma was ludicrous. Should he wait one more moment for the expected morsel, or should prudence take precedence over appetite? Prudence prevailed

and he took off with a protesting croak. Neither he nor I got any fish.

It was a very low water — low “dreen” as the saying goes; but I elected to go back up the Minister’s Channel, knowing well that the mouth of it would be dry. I was glad I did. As I silently poked the canoe up by Minister’s Point, I came upon a green-winged teal. He seemed quite tame, and appeared to be lonely, for he kept uttering a queer little rather laryngeal quack, and did not fly until I came within thirty yards. Before he flew, he drifted onto the flat, apparently in order to get a better take-off. When he did go, he took off as only a teal can, and not until then did I see the beautiful, buff-bordered green speculum on his wing.

Further on up, just at the head of the channel, I poked up close to two young pintails. They were very loath to leave the soft ooze in which they were feeding. First they swam out into deeper water, but as I approached I was interested to see that they worked back to the flat, just as did the teal, so that they could make a better jump. When they went, one jumped to the north and the other to the south, which shows how little wind there was.

Just as the pintails left, I was startled to hear a golden plover. I tried to imitate his note, which frightened a black duck feeding behind a grassy point not twenty yards away. He jumped a good fifteen feet in the air, and his very red legs, shining in the sun, his large size, and his sleek and glossy dark feathering marked him as one of the large “redleg” variety. Meanwhile the golden plover, darker and faster-flying cousin to the black-bellied plover, lit on a near-by flat for my benefit.

Fortunately for me, the obstructing flat at the head of the channel was wet and soft; and I easily dragged the canoe across, the only hazard being the danger of stepping on an upended razor-fish shell. One gets used to “feeling the way” when walking with bare feet in the mud, and I negotiated the portage without accident.

From there, back to the boathouse, I leisurely poked the canoe in shallow water, watching the bottom in the now bright sunlight. In the inside channel, between the Cedar Bank Channel and First Hummock, I saw a “windowpane” flounder, or sand dab, lying still, near the edge, heading upstream, his only motion being the opening and shutting of his large mouth as he gulped down the minnows that I drove past him. As broad as he is long, you can, if you hold him up, see the light shine through him. How could such a greedy fish remain so thin?

Still further up, I came upon Horseshoe-crabville, where the bottom seemed literally to be paved with them. And finally, I poked up into the Salt Pond Creek, where I saw some huge oysters that are excellent when baked.

And so, up the hill to the Farm House, a curious,

recurring ache in the pit of the stomach suggesting that more food is in order. It is nine-thirty Farm House time. Clock time means little here at the Farm House. Dinner will be at a quarter to eleven. Then a snooze, and after that perhaps a go at some of the things on the “thing” list. Supper will be at half past four or so; and later, possibly a sunset and night expedition. Would the cold meat of freshly caught blue crabs, with just a dab of mayonnaise, taste good tomorrow?

2

ON the morning of October 4, 1947, I was sitting at the dining table writing up the Farm House log, when gradually a peculiar quality in the calls of some near-by crows forced its way into my consciousness. Crows can, with their calls, express almost any shade of meaning. They can be bold, gossipy, instructive, threatening, warning, or loving — but afraid, never. This time, however, I gradually realized that these particular crows were scared, and scared plenty. I went to the south window and rather casually looked out. Then I made a grab for my bird glasses, dashed out the north door, and eased around the southeast corner of the house.

There, above the brown, grass-covered hill which separates the Farm House from the Nauset Marsh, a very large bird came hurtling down out of the air, missed by inches the dark cedar whose top just shows over the brow of the hill, and zoomed up again on spread wings. Then, soaring in tight circles, and with incredible speed, the bird gained a considerable height, and repeated the performance. Meanwhile the crows, evidently huddled in the comforting thickness of the big cedar, gave voice to tremulous croaks of sheer terror.

Although only once before had I seen one, and that but for a brief instant, I immediately recognized this stranger as a gyrfalcon, the largest of all our falcons.

Eight times the falcon repeated his performance, apparently for the sheer fun of it, as obviously he had no chance to make a kill. Possibly he felt that the crows were getting too brash, and ought to be put back in their place. Finally he tired of the sport and headed off to the north, flapping his sharp-pointed wings in a rather leisurely fashion, but nevertheless making fast time. I had a good chance to observe his generally sooty-brown color, slightly lighter on the belly, with some nearly white feathers near the tip of his tail.

Next morning in the fog, while I was sitting on the south platform trying to correlate the obvious follies of man with the feeble attempts of a song sparrow to sing an October song, the big falcon came by, flying low, to the south. He suddenly loomed up out of the fog, looking as large as an eagle, and as suddenly disappeared into it. He cut

through my vague philosophical meanderings and gave me the feeling that if you really want to do something, you had better go and do it.

The following morning, just as the southwest breeze was beginning to temper the delicious October coolness, he paid the marsh another visit. I first saw him over the boathouses at the mouth of the Salt Pond Creek, where he began to soar. Again, though using wider circles, but still with nary a wing beat, he gained altitude with unbelievable rapidity, meanwhile drifting off the wind to the northeast. I followed him with the glasses until he looked tiny, and became nearly invisible, except where he was crossing white clouds.

Suddenly he went into a dive, came tearing down out of the heavens, and leveled off only a few feet above the tall marsh grass at Pull Devil Corner. From here, he made good time across Tom Doane's Hummock and disappeared somewhere under Skiff Hill. As far as I could make out, he had no live target when he made his pitch.

I have several times watched the gyrfalcon's smaller cousin, the peregrine, or duck hawk, make a similar pitch — usually, in my case, directed at a single red-backed sandpiper; and I must confess that for sheer speed and quickness of turn the peregrine seems to have the advantage. But when it comes to really magnificent power — power coupled with absolute precision — gyrfalcon has a wide margin over any other bird I have ever seen.

Another two days elapsed before I saw the gyrfalcon again. I had finished that most deplorable of all tasks, locking up the Farm House preparatory to leaving, and was just about to get into my car, when he suddenly passed by not fifty feet over my head. He glanced at me out of one of his fierce dark eyes, but paid little attention to such an insignificant thing, and flew rapidly out of sight to the northwest.

On April 8 of the following year I again came upon my powerful acquaintance. On this occasion, a friend and I were on our way to Round Pond. Except for the pitch pines, the trees were bare. Consequently, when we came to the locust grove which lies to the east of the back road to North Eastham, a huge bird sitting near the top of one of the trees immediately attracted our attention.

We stopped the car and, with our glasses, looked out at him through the open window. He sat perfectly still, facing us with his head turned slightly to his left. Even at eighty yards, we could make out that fierce glint in his eye. Very foolishly, we elected to get out, so that we might better observe him. Apparently he didn't mind the car, but he did

mind us; for, as soon as we appeared, he took off and flew out of sight over a ridge of pines to the east. We did have a chance to see that he was somewhat lighter in color than he was in October. Assuming that he was the same bird, which seems a reasonable probability, this fact lends credence to the theory that the color phases of the gyrfalcons are simply a matter of maturity, as is the case with herring gulls.

The next day, we looked for him among the locust trees; but he was nowhere to be found. Nor did we see him again, anywhere, during that week. I went back to town thinking that our gyrfalcon had left for good. But I was wrong; for son Fred and I, a couple of months later, had the best look at him of all.

It was early in June — the eighth, to be exact — and we were driving back, in our open coupé, from the vicinity of Round Pond. Suddenly, in the very same locust grove, we came upon him. He was sitting near the top of a large locust, within twenty feet of the road. He was on one side of the tree; and within four feet of him, separated only by the tree trunk, sat a rigidly still and very large crow.

The car traveled another fifty feet before it came to a stop. Then, with the glasses, we took a good look, while from a pitch pine grove a couple of hundred yards away came the excited cawings of a group of nesting crows. It became apparent that the big one was acting as guard for his nesting brethren. I had the impression that he was getting on in years, and imagined that he was an old widower who had taken it upon himself to protect his flock. There was a suggestion of grayness about the base of his bill, which, with his long "whiskers," gave him an aged, grizzled appearance.

Like a fool, I made the same mistake I had made before, and got out of the car. The gyrfalcon immediately took off, and the crow, uttering what can only be described as a loud squeal, took off after him. I am sure it was a warning signal; for those more distant crows at once fell silent. Before both birds disappeared over a rise to the east, we observed that the gyrfalcon now had so many white feathers on his wings and back as to appear distinctly mottled. I have not seen him since.

As the days pass by, in my mind I can see this magnificent bird sitting bolt upright on the top of a rock, ranging the arctic tundra with his glowing eye. I like to think he will again take up traveling. If he does, I am sure the memory of those rolling downs, of that exquisite, open-water Nauset Marsh, of the wide ocean, whose deep blue color defies description — I am sure the memory of all this will some time bring him back.



In Yankee from Olympus, CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN showed us the decisiveness of that Great Dissenter, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. For the past three years she has been working on a comparable portrait of young John Adams, who was brought up to believe in British rights and British freedom and who in his thirties, from 1765 to 1775, worked to effect a new freedom on this side of the Atlantic. Those ten years were the most important, the most dynamic, of John Adams's life. From the final section of Miss Bowen's book, the Atlantic has selected five installments. The first showed us the Massachusetts delegation to the Continental Congress on the road to Philadelphia in August, 1774; the second, "John Yankee" in Carpenters' Hall.

YOUNG JOHN ADAMS

A State of Rebellion

by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

1

IN the afternoons when Congress rose early, John Adams was relieved to get away by himself, stroll out Chestnut Street to the Common or westward along the green slopes above Schuylkill River. His was a nature that needed solitude as it needed food and drink. His mind was extraordinarily sensitive to intellectual impressions, almost painfully so. He knew what a man would say before the words left his mouth. But he required time, release of pressure to let the ideas, the arguments sink in, arrange themselves, become part of him. Some men — Sam Adams, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee — achieved this process in company. John envied them their ability to think and write in a smoky, aromatic roomful of talking, argumentative humanity. They seemed to reach conclusions as well or better with the pressure, the movement of actual flesh and blood about them. It stimulated them, put spark to their tinder, caused the bright eruption of their best and fullest thoughts.

It was not so with John. "*At home without company, thinking, pondering*" — his diary said it very often. John would always have this necessity. And when pressure became inescapable he fell sick, caught cold, lost his voice, ran a fever, was forced to his chamber and his bed until solitude renewed him. Here in Philadelphia he took care to slip from Carpenters' Hall a little early or a little late, walking quickly so none would see him go. He had not covered four blocks when the pressure began to lift and peace stole down — lighting on his shoulder, John thought smiling, like a dove. Beneath the bright uncrowded sky he could move at his own pace, blissfully aware that among these passing

strangers no eye would seek his in sympathy or in anger.

The fall days were fine now, neither hot nor cold; Philadelphia lived its life sociably on the streets. Along the brick footways, boys played pitch-penny. Housewives, their work done, sat on benches placed before their doors, exchanging gossip, stitching at their shellwork, and enjoying the air. On warm afternoons, men and boys still swam in the Delaware. John liked to sit on the bank and watch them. There was one Quaker, a broad, fat, jolly man, who tied a big paper kite to his wrist and let it pull him across the river while he floated grandly on his back. Whenever he appeared a crowd gathered, betting enthusiastically on how long it would take him.

John stopped at a draper's shop and bought Abigail a silk camlet mantua of a pretty blue color he knew would become her. He toyed also with the notion of taking her a red capuchin cape, but decided to wait until cold weather made the choice wider. Abby loved bright colors, but she was timid about wearing them. Once he had told her quite sharply that the colors of a mouse did not become her. Slate-gray worsted, he had said, suited neither her face nor her spirit. Abby had surprised him by blushing with pleasure like a girl. John remembered it now, and his heart twisted in sudden, almost painful longing. He thought morosely that if he were in Spain he could not be farther from his wife. The scene here was so foreign he could not attempt to describe it, nor repeat again and again how continual business, continual company kept him from writing the long letters he composed in his thoughts.

The dinner parties continued, and the evening meetings in tavern and club. John spent much time with the Virginia men, and with the radicals from Delaware, Thomas McKean and Caesar Rodney. The next move must be for a commercial blockade against Britain. No one spoke of it as a boycott; the word was not yet invented. (Captain Boycott would not raise his Irish head for another century.) Non-consumption, non-exportation, non-importation were the words used. To put through such a plan was imperative. No lesser move would force the ministry to back down — and to force them to back down was the whole purpose of this Congress. *Declarations of Rights* and *Humble Petitions*, Parliament could throw in the scrap heap unread. But neither Lords nor Commons would dare ignore an arbitrary sudden cessation of the American trade. More than seventy members of Parliament owned plantations in the West Indies; these men would not sit by and see themselves ruined. British merchants had large interests in Virginia tobacco, Carolina rice, and naval stores. John Adams, who in August had scoffed at commercial non-intercourse as being too mild a measure, saw it now as the only hope of the colonies, short of war.

The southern colonies would be first to suffer from a blockade. Virginia and the Carolinas had scarcely any market beyond England, whereas the northern colonies traded with all Europe. The non-exportation men decided to split the scheme, not ask Congress to swallow it all at once. They put through a preliminary measure for non-importation. Even Joseph Galloway, the archconservative, voted for it and for a mild plan to distribute handbills “requesting” people to order no more goods until Congress settled its policy.

But Galloway had no intention of letting the thing go further. He was ready with a plan of his own. If his scheme succeeded, there would be no more talk of a blockade, and the extreme liberty party would look very silly indeed. Galloway was neither a traitor nor a fool; he was an experienced politician who knew what worked and what did not work. An intimate friend of Dr. Franklin, he was in close correspondence with the provincial agents in London, understood the point of view on both sides of the water.

What Galloway desired was some kind of American constitution that would unite the colonies without separating them from Britain. Everyone in Congress knew that such a plan had been proposed at Albany in '54; everyone regretted its failure. Congress would welcome any workable plan for colonial union. The sticking point would come at the union with Britain and the terms that must necessarily be its condition. For no matter how vehemently it was denied, Galloway knew there existed in the Congress — and therefore in the colonies — a strong and desperate conviction that should Britain not back down in her demands, in-

dependence was the only answer, even if it brought total ruin. Fifty-six men were met in order to avert that ruin if they could. They were ready for suggestions. The field lay fallow, awaiting the seed.

2

On the 28th of September, Joseph Galloway rose and asked leave to present two Resolves for a *Political Union between the Colonies and the Mother-State*. Producing a sheaf of papers, he stood up and began to read. His voice was agreeable; in his smooth, light-gray coat and powdered wig he bore himself easily, with confidence. His thin face was delicate, alert. Even John Adams, who at the word *Mother-State* had bristled angrily, acknowledged to himself the man could talk.

The room gave strict attention as the plan unfolded. Each colony was to retain its present constitution, the whole to be administered by a Grand Council of Representatives, chosen every three years by the people of each colony, and a President-General appointed by the King.

So far, so good. Massachusetts herself did not object to a crown-appointed President, and still desired George III as sovereign. But what a cold-looking man this Galloway was! John reflected. The long upper lip was stubborn, haughty. There was no candor here, no frankness, but a thinness of spirit, some pale note of caution.

“The Grand American Council,” Galloway was saying, “shall hold and exercise all the like rights, liberties, and privileges as are held and exercised by and in the House of Commons of Great Britain.” Heads nodded, glances were exchanged. The New York delegation smiled openly, looking about them. Should this plan go through, they could go home and tell their constituents the danger of financial ruin was over, and the danger of war.

“The President-General and the Grand Council,” Galloway continued in the same even voice, “shall be an inferior and distinct branch of the British legislature, united and incorporated with it. All general acts and statutes shall be transmitted to the Parliament of Great Britain. *The assent of Parliament and Council shall be requisite to the validity of such acts or statutes.*”

The assent of Parliament. John almost cursed outright. The four words invalidated the whole plan, showed it for what it was — a farce, a sham, a most dangerous illusion. How clever Galloway was! The way he put it, the thing had seemed an equitable arrangement altogether — a step forward, not back. Gadsden of South Carolina cleared his throat, loudly and rudely. Colonel Washington, his grave face impassive, shifted in his seat. The Virginia men looked hopefully at Patrick Henry.

Galloway laid down his neat sheaf of papers, but went right on talking. In the last war, the colonies had come near to being destroyed by France. And

why? Because the colonies were disunited. "There must be a union of wills and strength. I am as much a friend to liberty as any that exists. No man shall go further in point of fortune or in point of blood. But we are totally independent of each other. A State must be animated by one soul. Every government — patriarchal, monarchical, aristocratical or democratical, must have a supreme legislature." Galloway leaned forward, the tone of his voice changed: "*Resolved*," he said, reading from a paper, "*That the Congress will apply to his Majesty for a redress of grievances under which his faithful subjects in America labour; and assure him, that the colonies hold in abhorrence the idea of being considered independent communities of the British government, and most ardently desire the establishment of a Political Union, not only among themselves but with the Mother-State.*"

Galloway sat down. There was a murmur of approval. Duane and Jay rose to express their support; Edward Rutledge, the South Carolina conservative, seconded them. "I think it an almost perfect plan," he said. Old Stephen Hopkins applauded. (He had been at Albany in '54, and this plan was very like Franklin's.) But Hopkins's colleague from Rhode Island, Governor Ward, opposed it. So did Patrick Henry, with his usual vehemence.

John himself did not rise to speak. And as the day wore on and the debate continued, hot and rapid, he saw that the room was about evenly divided, pro and con. There was great danger Galloway might actually prevail, his plan win a majority of votes. If that happened, the New England men, the Virginia men could go on home, defeated.

Yet words were useless now, John told himself, and logic was useless. Galloway's own logic had been clearer than anything the opposition was putting forward. They had come too far for talk. This matter was not to be settled by logic and reason. The division was deeper — a matter of emotional bias, of a man's outlook toward government and toward life, predetermined, unalterable. When the count was taken, six colonies against five voted, not for repudiation, not for acceptance, but to let the plan "lie on the table for future consideration."

3

THE shelving of Galloway's plan, while it did not entirely settle the danger, at least made way for the great question of commercial boycott. This came up in Congress next day, September 29th, and again on the 30th. Unless every colony agreed, unless every port and customhouse were closed, the thing would not work. It must be continent wide. The Continental Association, the plan was called.

As the plan grew, difficulties grew with it. The pockets of every American were touched, his bread and livelihood threatened. Nothing but a miracle could resolve these complications of trade. For

three weeks the bargaining continued, sometimes in committee, sometimes on the floor of the house. *Rice and tobacco . . . lumber, flaxseed.* Ireland could not exist without American flaxseed; the linen industry would be paralyzed, three hundred thousand Irish laborers thrown out of work. . . . So much the better, someone said. Britain would be forced to listen. . . . *Tar, pitch, turpentine.* England desperately needed our naval stores. . . . *Oil, potash.* . . . Each colony fought for its especial product. . . . *Molasses, sugar, coffee.* . . . Without the West Indian trade, our fishing towns would starve. "Thousands of New England families," a voice shouted, "will be flung into the arms of famine."

In the square, bright room there was anger, and fear. . . . *Tea!* Here agreement came quickly; no one desired to resume trade in tea. . . . *Clothing.* Could the colonies possibly manage without clothing from England? Two thirds of the people were clothed in British manufacture. . . . *Guns!* Every instrument of war, down to the very saltpeter for gunpowder, came from England. How in God's name could an arsenal be collected if there was non-importation on instruments of war?

Slaves. This was easily settled. (The question of freeing the slaves did not arise; it was not part of the matter at hand.) "*After the first day of December next*" — so ran Section 2 — "*we will wholly discontinue the slave trade, and will neither be concerned in it ourselves, nor will we hire our vessels, nor sell our commodities nor manufactures to those who are concerned in it.*"

Rice! said South Carolina for the twentieth time. South Carolina could not live without exporting rice. Her entire planter's economy depended on it. For two days, rice and indigo usurped the floor. The deputies from South Carolina walked out, all but Christopher Gadsden. They would sign no Continental Association, they swore, that excluded commerce in rice. In the end, rice was allowed for export to Europe, though not to England, Ireland, or the West Indies.

There were fourteen sections in the Continental Association and two thousand words. On October 18th, after three weeks of debate, it was finally voted on and passed by a majority. What had been impossible was now achieved. Twelve colonies had constructed the first instrument of their union. A fair copy of the whole was ordered for the individual signatures of Congress.

On the 20th of October, members, entering the hall, saw the document lying on the big table below the window, pens and ink conveniently placed. The delegates walked forward, some with obvious reluctance. A gentleman's signature, the liberty men said soothingly, would not commit him personally. After all, the Speaker of an Assembly signs measures he doesn't like, if they are passed by a majority.

Galloway's fingers shook, taking up the pen. To

him this neatly written document changed the Congress from a mere deliberative body to a revolutionary government. The provisions for enforcement were absolute; they bound a continent. "That a committee be chosen in every county" to watch the wharves and customhouses, report anything suspicious, "to the end that such foes to the rights of British-America may be publicly known and universally condemned."

The words stared up at Galloway. He bent his head, and almost weeping with rage and frustration, wrote his name.

4

ONLY six days of Congress remained, to be spent entirely on various addresses, testimonials, and petitions for Britain and the colonies. If the world was to be informed of what the Congress had done, the members themselves must do the informing. But they felt a growing impatience, a desire to be done and go home. On October 23rd the Virginia men left to attend the opening of their own House of Burgesses. Only Washington and Lee remained, and even Washington's patience was growing thin. These bright frosty mornings were fox-hunting weather. At home his horses were spoiling in the stables, and if the Congress did not presently finish its business, Fairfax County would be overrun with foxes.

John himself prayed earnestly that he might never again be so long from home. Congress had agreed to reconvene in the spring if Britain did not meet the American demands. In such case, John told himself that other men must carry the burden. He himself would not stir an inch from Boston and Braintree. The first excitement was gone; John was very tired. The actual daytime business of Congress, he told himself, was necessary and must be done. The evening performance was what irked. Why must it be? In New England, men managed without this perpetual ceremony. "We have dined out enough for a lifetime," John told his cousin Sam morosely. His own skin, he added, was turning green from eating turtle, and the amount of good Madeira he had consumed would make even a Rhode Island smuggler squint-eyed with envy.

John felt anxious about the sentiments of New England—and even more anxious as to how Massachusetts was to govern itself, now that the Province had repudiated the royal authority. A Provincial Congress was sitting at Watertown, a sort of pro tem body composed of representatives from some two hundred towns. For lack of a Governor they had granted executive powers to their Committee of Safety—a body of about nine patriots who had actually no more credentials than so many members of volunteer fire companies. No courts of law were functioning. So far, the Province had not disintegrated into anarchy and rioting, but

there was no telling at what point it might occur.

He had been too long away, John told himself, deeply uneasy. He had lost touch with Massachusetts; it was his business to reach home as fast as possible, see how affairs really stood. As for his own family, it seemed incredible that Abby had managed as well as she had, with four children and a farm to look after quite by herself. Their little savings would soon be used up; if he could not get back to the law, they would be reduced to a diet of potatoes and water.

On Wednesday, October 26th, Congress perceived with a sigh of relief that its business was actually concluded. Thanks were voted "to the honourable House of Representatives of the Colony of Pennsylvania for their politeness to the Congress." Then—wrote Charles Thomson in the minutes—"the Congress dissolved itself."

That evening there was feasting at the City Tavern. The tone was buoyant, optimistic. Parliament would capitulate entirely, everyone said, repeal the coercive acts, resume the old easy policy that had prevailed before 1763. The ministry could not possibly stand out against the Continental Association. The merchants of London and Bristol would bombard Parliament with petitions to resume trade.

Against this flood of cheerful prophecy the brace of Adamses stood glum and somehow increasingly depressed. The others rallied them, booming out reassurance. Richard Henry Lee shook John's hand warmly, told him Massachusetts would be relieved of all her troubles by June.

John and Sam walked silently home across the darkened city. If the Congress, John said finally, was so egregiously mistaken, what could be expected from the people at large? The real test was yet to come when the Continental Association was voted on by the separate colonial assemblies. As for Britain's reaction, that would of necessity be slow. England would not feel the pinch of commercial boycott for a year or more. Her merchants, fearing some such move, had been pouring goods into America. There was enough to supply a two years' market. Trade flourished. In the southern colonies people were buying as if they would never buy again.

Friday, October 28th, dawned dark and stormy; a cold rain fell. John rose early, groped his way to the window and threw open the shutters. Arch Street was a narrow, dismal sight. But to John, standing in his nightshirt with his nose against the damp pane, the prospect was the brightest in months. . . . The rain water gurgled down the gutters in a song of pure triumph. Today he was going home! No matter what he found there of anarchy or of danger, no matter what problems must be wrestled with, or what defeats or triumphs might occur, home was where he longed to be.

The journey home took thirteen days; to John

it was interminable. At Elizabethtown Point the coach and horses were loaded on flatboats and rowed six miles to Staten Island. It was a Sunday, and John's birthday; he was thirty-nine. Watching the men at their oars he was sure they dawdled purposely; he had all he could do not to seize an oar himself and pull away. At New York next day, Morin Scott, Alexander McDougall, and the others were waiting at the battery; they seemed depressed. "The Sons of Liberty here are in the horrors," John wrote. "They think they have lost ground since we passed through this city." It was true; the Continental Association was not popular in New York colony.

Robert Paine left his companions and took the packet boat to Newport. Once the other three crossed the Connecticut border they were overwhelmed with festivities and welcome. New Haven stationed couriers twenty miles ahead, to gallop home and warn that the delegates were coming so the bells could peal, the cannon boom, and proper reception be prepared. Middletown sent word that a gala dinner was ready. "We excused ourselves with great earnestness," John wrote.

The documents of Congress had already been printed and circulated. The Tories were very busy. John saw pamphlets hawked on the streets of Connecticut, written by hands he knew well, and very violent against the Continental Association.

Patriotic Committees of Inspection and of Safety, patriot Subcommittees of Selectmen were everywhere combated by counter-Committees and counter-Associations of Tories. Neighbor spied on neighbor for both sides. In Falmouth, one Thomas Coulson received sails from England for a new vessel he was building. He refused to give them up; he had waited six months for them, he said. At Marblehead, a Mr. Lilly bought a pound and a half of tea from a Boston dealer, was forced to sign a public apology. Down in Charlestown, South Carolina, a shipload of nearly three hundred slaves was returned by the consignee. Household furniture, even horses were refused at the wharf; sometimes entire cargoes were thrown into the harbor. Itinerant peddlers gave the Committees the most trouble. Women bought British cloth, laces, gloves at the door, then hid them and would not confess.

Short of tar and feathers, it was extremely difficult to punish the offenders. In Massachusetts, Paul Revere and the Boston distillers, Chase and Avery, headed the Committee of Inspection. Yet even with such strong partisans in command, John wondered how, lacking courts of law, violators could be held to account. Public condemnation was, actually, the only penalty. All the way from Philadelphia, John listened to tales of violators caught or violators suspected.

John did not drive to Boston with the others, but left the coach at Cambridge and rode home to Braintree on a hired horse. And when at last he

reached Penn's Hill and home, he found the parlor, the kitchen with its roaring November fire, filled with people waiting to talk politics. John's brothers with their wives, his mother and her husband, Mr. Hall, were there, eager to congratulate the returned delegate, hear the news from Philadelphia. Abby herself looked splendidly. She had written that she was getting fat, and indeed she had never seemed so vigorous. Her eyes sparkled with health. She had on a dress John had not seen before, a full skirt of russet brown wool, a blue shawl crossed over her breasts, pinned primly at the neck; it became her vastly. Little Abby and John Quincy followed their father up the stairs and down. Had he got their letters in Philadelphia? they asked. Charles, four, gazed wonderingly at the returned stranger as at an apparition. The baby, nearly two, had learned to walk. John lifted him, held him high in his stiff kilts while all the others laughed.

5

HE HAD scarcely time to get his breath and see his family for a few days of comparative peace, when the Provincial Congress at Watertown sent a messenger asking urgently for his attendance. They needed him at once, they said; they were to sit only until December 10th. John was desperately tired, his eyes badly inflamed; it hurt him to read or write. But he got on his horse and rode to Watertown, just outside Boston. He found two hundred and sixty men gathered in the Meeting House, with John Hancock in the chair. They had already voted on a delegation for the next Continental Congress, due to sit in May of '75 — the two Adamses and Paine, with John Hancock and Elbridge Gerry added.

Their main business was the organization of an army — "for defense," the reports were careful to add. It was agreed to raise if possible a force of twelve thousand men from Massachusetts. Where arms and powder could not be bought, they must be seized from government stores. And if blacksmiths would not forge musket barrels, cast cannon balls, then ways must be found to overcome their reluctance. Expresses were sent to New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, asking support to the tune of twenty thousand additional troops if called for. A circular letter went out also to gospel ministers, requesting their help in raising this volunteer army. Let preachers exhort and instruct their congregations as to the immediacy, the full meaning of the British threat.

On the 10th of December the Watertown Congress dispersed. John rode home, very thoughtful, and profoundly moved by what he had witnessed. This Congress had not been made up of lawyers, landowners, men of the caliber and background of Colonel Washington, Mr. Dickinson, John Jay of New York. Here, two hundred and sixty black-

smiths, bakers, fishermen, tailors, small shopkeepers had convened, some of them representing towns of perhaps a few hundred inhabitants. Entirely without legislative authority, they had organized the raising of an army, formulated a policy of emergency government.

At Watertown he had witnessed, John told himself, a great Province governed not by police and penalty but by, as it were, two hundred and sixty volunteer consciences. The towns seemed deeply to desire government, restraint, order.

Tory propaganda flowed up to Massachusetts from every colony. It seemed unending, all-pervasive. John wondered if the Continental Association could stand against it. The fact that South Carolina was allowed to export rice stuck in the radical craw. Why this one favored exception? Why, then, couldn't New England send fish to Jamaica?

The Tories were furious with their own "weak members" who had permitted themselves to be so egregiously "tricked" at Philadelphia. "Adams and the haughty Sultans of the South" had "juggled the whole Conclave of the Delegates."

"You had all the honors, you had all the leading cards of every sute in your hands," said "Grotius" to his Tory friends by way of the *Massachusetts Gazette*. "And yet you suffered *sharpers* to get the odd trick." Everywhere, "men of the baser" sort had seized the reins of government. It was not to be endured. These new Committees of Inspection, Committees of Safety and Commerce, these Subcommittees of Selectmen were made up of blacksmiths, cowherds, leather-apron men. There wasn't a ruffled shirt to be seen among them.

"If I must be enslaved," wrote one indignant gentleman, "let it be by a KING at least, and not by a parcel of upstart lawless Committee-men. If I must be devoured, let me be devoured by the jaws of a lion, and not gnawed to death by rats and vermin." When a Tory preacher was dismissed by his South Carolina congregation for saying that "mechanics and country clowns had no right to dispute about politics," the *Newport Mercury* retorted angrily that "all *such* divines should be taught to know that mechanics and country clowns (infamously so-called), are the real and absolute masters of king, lords, commons and priests."

6

LONDON had the papers of Congress just before Christmas. Franklin hurried to Lord Hillsborough with the *Petition to the King*. But the great Lord H. was at his Irish castle, and when he returned, Franklin visited him five times before he was admitted. Meanwhile the documents were given wide circulation. During the holidays all London read them, discussed them, waiting for Parliament to assemble in January.

Poor Josiah Quincy, walking the London streets,

dizzy with fever, spitting blood in his handkerchief, heard America scoffed at as a half-grown bully, a child screaming threats at his father. "The people here have got an idea," Quincy wrote home despondently, "that Americans are all cowards and poltroons." Josiah had come to London as mediator; in utmost seriousness he had crossed the ocean to interpret New England to old England — and to discover what support America could actually count on among the British people. He visited everywhere, called on the Lords North and Dartmouth, talked with Franklin and the other colonial agents, sat in coffeehouses trying to make friends for his country and his country's cause. He had brought his best clothes; he was very attractive, his manner modest. People liked him at once, smiled at his squint, the air of desperate seriousness it gave to his peering, troubled gray eyes. "Impossible that you are an American!" they cried.

The remark threw Josiah into further desperation. He could not make himself understood. Political words had different meanings here. The word *representation*, for instance. At home it was a word sacred, symbolizing British freedom, the British constitution itself. Here the word meant nothing at all. How could it, when seats in Parliament were bought outright? "Mr. Rose Fuller told me," Josiah wrote his wife in Boston, "that his election cost him ten thousand pounds sterling and more. The commonalty in this country are no more like the commonalty in America than if they were two utterly distinct and unconnected people."

And what an illusion, for New England men to persist in calling this strange island "home"! The British knew nothing about America and did not wish to know. Their ignorance would have been laughable had it not been so frightening.

Yet there were trumpet voices ready to speak for America. In the House of Lords old William Pitt, Lord Chatham, advised his peers to read the documents of the American Congress. "When your Lordships consider their decency, firmness and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must avow that in all my reading — and I have read Thucydides and have studied and admired the master states of the world — for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion under a complication of difficult circumstances, no body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia. The histories of Greece and Rome give us nothing equal to it, and all attempts to impose servitude upon such a mighty continental nation must be vain."

Recall the troops from Boston, Chatham urged. By a vote of sixty-eight to eighteen, his motion was defeated. Quite obviously, William Pitt did not speak for England. "The whole landed interest," Lord Camden wrote, "is almost altogether anti-American." In Parliament and out, everyone had

his notion of how to manage the Americans. Dean Tucker of Gloucester Cathedral, a high Tory, was all for granting independence. England would be well rid of the Americans, he said. Adam Smith was for independence too, sans feeling, as became a great economist — merely as expediency. Why should Britain carry this huge annual expense? Free trade might well be more advantageous than the present disastrous monopoly.

When it came to the actual count, every measure against the Americans passed Parliament by large majorities. New England was declared in a state of rebellion, forbidden to fish on the Newfoundland Banks, forbidden to trade not only with the outside world but from colony to colony. All food and supplies must henceforth come from the mother country; now, surely, that stubborn spirit would bend!

For three months, Parliament debated. On March 22nd, Edmund Burke rose, pleading for conciliation in words America would get by heart two centuries later. Burke was an Irishman in his middle forties; nine years of Parliament had not rid him of his Dublin accent. He wore steel-mounted spectacles; they slid down his nose while he was speaking. The House settled down, knowing well that Burke would talk for five hours if it took five hours to say what was in his mind.

Absurd, he began now in his rapid, urgent voice — absurd to talk of “punishing” two and a half million people! Besides, while Britain deliberated methods for subduing these two million, they were grown to three! The trade of these people, Burke went on, covered the globe, their ships rode the deep from pole to pole. “No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries, no climate that is not witness to their toils.” Could any fleet, any army subdue such a nation? Moreover its people had a peculiar education, one that fitted them for independent action. Even their blacksmiths read law, and the greater number of the delegates at Philadelphia had been practicing lawyers. “I hear the colonists have sold nearly as many of Blackstone’s Commentaries in America as in England,” Burke said. “Such men are acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.”

Give the Americans what they ask! said Burke at the end. “We cannot falsify the pedigree of this fierce people. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery.” Comply with the American spirit. Return to the former policy of “a wise and salutary neglect” — and this people could be retained without coercion and without conquest.

Every word Burke said only hardened the Tory

resolution. Should Britain yield now, the rebellion might spread to Canada, Jamaica, Ireland, India. Moreover, every time a group of miserable colonists found themselves dissatisfied, must Parliament be disturbed for three mortal months? On March 30th, Parliament passed the *Act to Restrain New England*, and the King began signing commissions for generals and admirals to lead this new war. Gage’s forces in Boston must be enlarged to twenty thousand, a fleet dispatched as soon as practicable.

Vice Admiral Keppel of the Fleet refused to go. He would fight a European army, he said, but not an American one. Lord Effingham resigned his commission when he discovered that his regiment was intended for America. The King called personally on Sir Jeffrey Amherst, the great soldier, offered him a peerage. Amherst shook his head. He could not serve against the Americans, “to whom he had been so much obliged.” (Did he remember the hills behind Worcester, his kilted troops dancing for the people, and his own long walks over a peaceful New England farm?) The old Highland Watch, stationed now in Ireland, balked completely at the word *Boston*. They “would not go and fight against their brethren, who last war fought and conquered by their side.” William Pitt withdrew his son from the army rather than see him fight the Americans.

Sir William Howe, youngest of the three military brothers, agreed reluctantly to take over Gage’s command at Boston. When his Nottingham constituents heard of it, they reproached him bitterly. What a choice for commander-in-chief in America! Richmond told the House of Lords scornfully. The first thing Howe would see, landing in Massachusetts, was the monument to his brother, George Augustus, Viscount Howe, who had died fighting side by side with the Americans against the French at Ticonderoga.

Dr. Franklin never ceased his efforts. It was of no use. The ministerial group set him down as the “most malicious and dangerous enemy Britain possessed.” *Master of mischief*, Samuel Johnson called him. On March 20th, Franklin sailed secretly for home. Josiah Quincy sailed for home too, terribly ill but pathetically eager to get to Boston and lay before his friends the messages, the news, the grave advices from England.

Long before their two ships sighted land, something occurred to make ambassadors superfluous. General Gage sent troops to capture the powder and muskets stored at Concord, seventeen miles northwest of Boston. The patriots got wind of it; Revere rode out to warn the militia. Lexington lay between Concord and Boston. And in the town of Lexington, on a clear, cold day of April, war with England was begun.

(To be continued)



been the chief editorial writer of the *New York Herald Tribune* since 1924. He received the Pulitzer Prize in 1942. The author of two books and an omnivorous reader, he here attempts that most difficult of tasks: the recommending to an American audience of an English author whom we have long neglected.

THE SPIRIT OF CHARLES WILLIAMS

by GEOFFREY PARSONS

1

THE rich and strange soul of Charles Williams departed his body at Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford, in 1945. It may seem odd to accept so confidently the persistence of a spirit. But however vague one's faith or philosophy may be in general terms, the devoted readers of the Williams volumes — of whom I am one — could hardly do otherwise. He not only accepted immortality as an obvious fact; he portrayed its mysteries in such vivid detail as to make his own continuity seem somehow inevitable. As C. S. Lewis, the British author, one of his intimate friends, wrote: "No event has so corroborated my faith in the next world as Williams did simply by dying. When the idea of death and the idea of Williams thus met in my mind, it was the idea of death that was changed."

The Williams career has left an extraordinary saga behind it. The descriptions of his face stress its homeliness. Yet when talking, in conversation or lecturing to groups, he was as if transfigured. His best friends gave up the task of definition and agreed that he looked half monkey, half angel. He began as a cockney, with a limited education; he ended as a lecturer at Oxford University with an honorary M.A. degree.

Witchcraft held a profound interest for him; his book on the subject ranks as an authority; and in his novels he relied heavily on the dark processes of the Magi — sometimes to the bewilderment of his readers. Evil was so intensely real to him that it sometimes seems as if he were more interested in evil than good. But he was throughout a strong upholder of the Anglican Church and a follower of the fundamentals of the Christian faith.

For all his mysticism, his sense of humor never deserted him. Fun and reverence — perhaps St. Francis of Assisi was his spiritual ancestor — held no contradiction for him. In his most skillful narrative passages, when he is, in effect, walking the reader ever so gently into the presence of the gravest religious concepts, he can always pause for a chuckle. Perhaps the word mystic ought not to be used of him. It implies to many a contemplative rapture

which has no relation to the incredibly full years Williams himself lived, or to the active sharing with one's fellows that was the heart of his faith.

Oddest of all the facts in the record is the divergence between British and American reactions. In England his novels rapidly gained a large and lasting audience and a personal following which included a group of distinguished friends, among them Dorothy Sayers, W. H. Auden, Barbara Ward, and T. S. Eliot. All this happened in the 1930's and it was not until 1948 that a serious effort was made to present Williams to the American public, with the publication of *All Hallows' Eve* (Pellegrini & Cudahy). The publishers followed with *Descent into Hell* in the spring of 1949, and with *War in Heaven* and *Many Dimensions* this autumn. *All Hallows' Eve* won reviews that sounded extravagant in their enthusiasm, and has had a steady sale. It is obviously too soon to tell to what extent this country will follow the British precedent.

One source of enthusiasm is, of course, lacking. That is the extraordinary personality of Williams himself. It is a fair question to wonder just how much of his immediate fame in his home country was the product of his spoken word and his inspiring presence. He was loved, almost revered, as a sort of prophet by a considerable group. He lectured eloquently and inspiringly — on literature, on religion. He had a rare talent for communicating his faith, his excitement, to his audience. He was equipped with a fantastic memory and could recite at length from books under discussion. He was an even greater talker and companion among his friends. Here are a few sentences of personal description written by C. S. Lewis for the volume *Essays Presented to Charles Williams*, published as a memorial after his death: —

In appearance he was tall, slim, and straight as a boy, though grey-haired. . . . One of the most characteristic things about him was his walk. I have often, from the top of a bus, seen him walking below me. The face and hair being then invisible, he might have passed for a boy in the early twenties, and per-

haps a boy of some period when swords were worn. There was something of recklessness, something even of *panache*, in his gait. . . . He always carried his head in the air. When he lectured, wearing his gown, his presence was one of the stateliest I have ever seen. . . . He gave to every circle the whole man; all his attention, knowledge, courtesy, charity, were placed at your disposal. . . . One kept on discovering that the most unlikely people loved him as well as we did.

An amazing person, surely, was this writer and talker, equally at home with the finest minds and the simplest; in his person he must have been a creature of extraordinary power. Certainly no one could ask for more loyal friends than he left behind him.

2

T. S. ELIOT wrote a moving and persuasive introduction to the American edition of *All Hallows' Eve*. But such material, however rich and vivid, belongs rather with the account of Williams the man — that must certainly be written some day — than with the creative achievement. For the general reader in this country, the question is of the books.

There are thirty-eight of them. Williams sometimes wrote to live, to support a family, a wife and a son. He turned his hand to everything — pot-boilers in the field of history and literature; books of religious devotion (composed of quotations from the writings of the Christian Fathers, with a bit of Eliot and Kierkegaard thrown in) and a number of other anthologies. But mostly he wrote because he had to, for fun, from sheer exuberance, or with exalted purpose.

Poetry concerned him from the beginning — his first book, published in 1912 when he was twenty-six years old, was a volume of poems. In his last years he returned to verse, writing two volumes on the Arthurian legend. Here had been a constant interest of his mind. Perhaps his Welsh ancestry kept "the matter of Britain" alive in the background of his imagination however busy his days. The result is eloquent but difficult verse — the subject of much dispute among his friends.

His critical work is considerable and important. His late volume on Dante, *The Figure of Beatrice*, sums up much of his religious thought and ranks high among the interpretations of the *Convivio* and of the poems. In addition stand three extraordinary religious volumes, *He Came Down from Heaven*, *Descent of the Dove*, and *Witchcraft*. Perhaps never have the essentials of the Christian faith been stated with so much imagination and wit as in the first two volumes. If the colloquialism of the style now and then obscures the sense and confuses the current, the charge is one that lies against much of his work. For a clear, flowing prose and sustained interest, *Witchcraft* is one of his best.

This amazing mass of creation would seem to be

enough for any man who worked daily as an editor with the Oxford University Press for thirty-seven years. Yet in addition he wrote the seven novels upon which his widest claim to popularity must rest. They gained greatly in form as the years passed, but throughout there is the sense of an uncontrolled power, as of a spring that cannot but overflow in all directions. Imperfection is inevitable in such production. The writing is uneven. There are flaws of plot; the characters are too often lay figures. The end of a tale never seems to interest him. But, on the way, there is endless thrill and excitement; and on the way, in my judgment, the reader will happen upon some of the most noble and moving pages in English literature. If the voyage is at times difficult, the rewards are beyond price.

Five of the novels appeared in four years, from 1930 to 1933. Several of these are frankly thrillers — supernatural thrillers, they have been tagged. As a matter of fact Williams lived and breathed in a world that knew no sharp dividing line between natural events and spiritual events. If anything — perhaps surely — the latter were the more real to him. Therefore when he took up the writing of fiction his plots functioned in both realms.

Let us take his second novel, *Many Dimensions*, as an example. Probably it is the best of all to begin with since its theme is simple and the plot moves amid much tenseness to its appointed end. It is a thriller but there are frequent overtones which look forward to his greater novels. The center of the tale is plain magic — the appearance in London out of the Near East of a most ancient stone which, being a part of the first matter from which the world was created, can still control space and time. By touching it and willing, one can move instantly where one desires. There are an appealing heroine and a delightful Chief Justice, both ranking among the all too few real characters that Williams brought alive. There are evil men who would use this appalling power selfishly. Stated thus crudely, the theme surpasses credibility. The skill of Williams carries the reader along so gradually, so easily, that he can hardly help believing. Incidentally, there should be an exciting motion picture in the material of this volume.

The culmination came six years later in *Descent into Hell*, the masterpiece of the series. Here the skill is at its peak; and while the gravity of the thought is at times overwhelming, the interplay of character between the hero and the heroine is brilliant. There are difficult passages and puzzling episodes. But the reader who will commit himself trustingly to the Williams leadership will experience a climax that has few parallels in any art outside, perhaps, the glory of a great cathedral. The two central themes of the book are common enough in Christianity and in current thought — the one that all men are, as plain fact, united in a bond of fellowship; and the other that time is an appearance, all

time really being contained in each second. The ingenuity with which Williams enacts these concepts before the reader's eyes is a miracle of the creative imagination.

One other of the novels seems to me to rank close after the *Descent*. That is *The Place of the Lion*, which was published in the same year as *Many Dimensions*. While the words of Plato are never used, Williams here built a plot around the concept of ideas as existing apart from their created expression. By catastrophic chance, at a certain spot in England, the process is reversed and the particulars begin suddenly to revert toward their origins. There is first a mangy lion, who flies aloft all golden; butterflies follow by the thousand, larger and more wonderful than any butterflies ever seen before; on a different plane, terrific human struggles begin. Again, the theme sounds beyond acceptance; perhaps at times the terror overwhelms the understanding; but the totality of the conception plainly deserves the word great. The writing is Williams at his best.

The other novels are all highly readable but they are of distinctly lesser stature. His first try, *War in Heaven*, was built around the appearance of the Grail in a quiet country church in England, to the disturbance of many lives. *The Greater Trumps* has an especial interest for Eliot readers since it concerns the ancient Tarot pack of cards which figures among the many puzzling items in *The Waste Land*. The Hanged Man is no mere piece of cardboard in this exciting plot. The result is a good, readable tale with much learning, no small drama, and one most definite and significant character. *Shadows of Ecstasy* was Williams's favorite, according to report; it has a highly original plot and a basic idea concerning the sources of human strength which is as modern as Jung and as ancient as Christianity.

It is perhaps unfair to leave *All Hallows' Eve* as a postscript since it was the author's most mature work, published in England in 1944. But magic

seizes the book midway and the result is both incredulity and horror. However, the volume is well worth the knowing by anyone who is interested in the Williams universe. The most notable achievement of the author, as if in anticipation of his fate in the coming year, is the poignant and convincing picture of life hereafter.

When Williams died the Oxford University Press published a memorial to him. At its beginning is an italic foreword, anonymous, which strikes me as the perfect summary of his complex career. It begins and ends as follows:—

Of many poets, perhaps of most, it can be said that what is best in them is distilled in their poetry; that to know them as persons is to suffer disillusion. With Charles Williams it was otherwise. . . . Though he associated with and enjoyed the best minds of two great universities, he was not in an important sense educated by these contacts. He came to them as already the master of seemingly unbounded stores of innate knowledge and, more significantly, of the innate awareness which is at the back of knowledge and accessible only to the poets and the saints. . . . If he was a mystic and an ascetic — as he certainly was, though he would have laughed down anyone who called him that — he was also no immaterialist. He enjoyed the world, because he enjoyed the universe; he rejoiced in every manner of creature, because he rejoiced in the Creator: he was therefore as comfortable and comforting with the unlettered as with the learned, and infinitely courteous with all. While the world may long remember him for what he wrote, his colleagues and other friends cherish first the indelible memory of what he was.

For epitaph there is a line from Shakespeare which was suggested by a critic in the *London Tablet*. The writer, David Jones, was reviewing the final Williams book on the Arthurian period. Consider that Shakespeare was Williams's great hero and that the legends stirred his deepest nature. The line was spoken by Mistress Quickly of Falstaff at his death: "He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom."





theaters; the author of three war books, *Men on Bataan*, *Into the Valley*, and *A Bell for Adano*, JOHN HERSEY is as well known for his fiction as he is for his documented and appalling report on Hiroshima. In this essay, which will subsequently appear in *The Writer's Book*, an anthology edited by Helen Hull and sponsored by the Authors Guild, he states the aim of a novelist who, like himself, wishes to write a story of contemporary history.

THE NOVEL OF CONTEMPORARY HISTORY

by JOHN HERSEY

1

TRUTH is said to be stranger than fiction; fiction can be stronger than truth.

Palpable "facts" are mortal. Like certain moths and flying ants, they lay their eggs and die overnight. The important "flashes" and "bulletins" are already forgotten by the time yesterday morning's paper is used to line the trash can to receive this morning's coffee grounds. The things we remember for longer periods are emotions and impressions and illusions and images and characters: the elements of fiction.

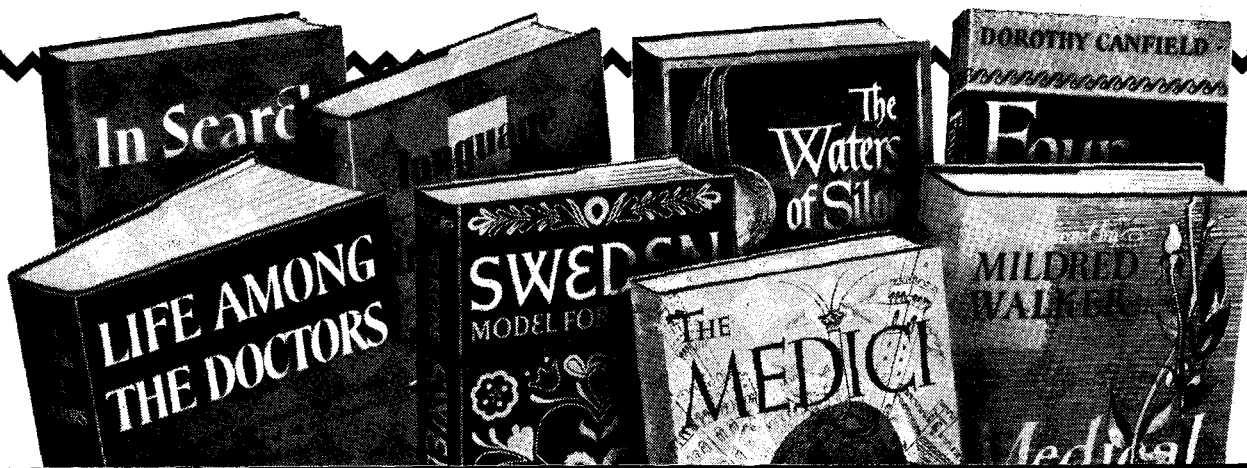
What do we know of wars from the history books we once read in school, nodding sleepily but impelled from page to page by the specter of a failing mark in our next term paper? Most of us know what little we do of the Napoleonic wars, not from histories, but from Tolstoy's *War and Peace*; of the American Civil War, not from the voluminous military commentaries on that so "military" war, but from Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* and the stories of Ambrose Bierce and Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*; of the Spanish Civil War, not from news dispatches at the time, but from Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and Malraux's *Man's Hope*. The First World War seemed true to us only when we read Dos Passos's *Three Soldiers* and Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* and Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*; the Second World War has only begun to reveal its repugnant self to us as we have read Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*, Michener's *Tales of the South Pacific*, Shaw's *The Young Lions*, Cozzens's *Guard of Honor*, and Wolfert's *An Act of Love*.

Writers of fiction in these times should be very glad and humble. It is an ironical fact that the great industries of mass communications, built at the cost of millions of dollars, and profitable, too, in the millions — newspapers, magazines, radio, television — these marvelously intricate industries have somehow failed to communicate clearly one thing: human truth. Novelists have often failed in

this task, of course, but usually they have come a great deal closer than the huge businesses which profess that very task. All alone at their desks, thinking back and trying to recapture impressions and feelings, dealing with the baffling, shadowy components of human character, advantaged only in the wonderful, flexible form they use, these individuals have frequently been able to do what the powerful organs of "fact" could not do: make reality seem real.

Fiction is a clarifying agent. It makes truth plausible. Who had even a tenable theory about the Soviet purge trials until he had read Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*? Who understood the impact of Italian Fascism upon peasants, on the one hand, and upon thinking men, on the other, until he had read Silone's *Fontamara* and *Bread and Wine*? Who claims to be able to argue about the collectivization of the farms in the Ukraine who has not read Sholokhov's novels of the Don country? Whose mind imagined the nature and meaning of the fall of France in 1940 before he had seen the novels of Sartre and Camus? Who can know what the American twenties were like without having read the novels of Scott Fitzgerald and Dos Passos and Faulkner and O'Hara?

All right, these novels did not set forth the whole truth; human truth is not compressible within cardboard bindings. Furthermore, novels do not reach nearly as many people nearly as quickly as do the instruments of mass communications. Granted. Granted and deplored. What is argued here is only this much: among all the means of communication now available, imaginative literature comes closer than any other to being able to give an impression of the truth. Nor does the admirable speed of mass communications vitiate this. It would not be fantastic to say that a careful reading of American novels of the thirties and forties would have given better guidance on the outcome of the 1948 Presidential election than an even more careful reading



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of that very year's and each moment's newspapers did give.

This essay, then, is concerned with a specific genre: the novels which deal with contemporary events. Among such events, we may include any of the sort that might be written up in the newspapers — a broad category, we must remember, embracing war and politics (the front page), love (the society page), death (the obituary page), and other such time-honored commerce of the novel form. Some of the novels cited above, in the effort to prove that fiction is more adhesive and persuasive to the human mind than fact, were written long after the events they set forth. Yet there is a unity to that list of examples, of purpose and effect, if not of quality, which shows that this genre of the contemporary historical novel is indistinguishable from that of the historical novel in general. Indeed, the superior novel of contemporary events will in time come to be regarded as a historical novel.

Recently it has become too easy to dismiss the entire genre of novels concerned with recent events as being "journalistic" books and therefore somehow less than novels. There is a reason for this error, but not an excuse: within the genre there have been bad books. With regard to historical novels, there has been a similar tendency to oversimplify: the reputation of the whole genre has suffered because some of its books have worn bosoms on their jackets rather than vice versa. The imputation of guilt by association is unfortunate in any field. The type of the contemporary historical novel needs only time, to be vindicated — time for the poor novels to be forgotten and for the good ones to be dispassionately read.

2

WHAT should be the aims of a writer who undertakes a novel of contemporary history? What are valid standards for this genre?

Above all, this kind of novel should make anyone who reads it better able to meet life in his generation — whenever that generation may be. This is the highest aim of any piece of fiction; in only one respect is this aim especially pertinent to the novel of contemporary history: the presently living generations have been more confused and harassed than most others have been by the history in which they have participated. In this very fact lies fiction's main chance. Fiction is not afraid of complexity, as journalism is. Fiction can deal with confusion. A journalist is not allowed to be confused; he must *know*. But it is not necessarily a disadvantage for a novelist to be confused *as a citizen and a human being* — provided he has discipline *as a writer*. Indeed, the novelist's confusion may be a virtue, for it may allow him to come into harmony with his readers, who are very likely confused themselves.

The task of this kind of novel, however, is not to

illuminate events: it is to illuminate the human beings who are caught up in the events. Character is the proper focus of novels of any genre. Again, here is a special strength that novelists always have at hand and that journalists rarely have: it is possible in fiction to make a reader identify himself with the human beings in the story — to make a reader feel that he himself took part in the great or despicable events of the story. The image of a single protagonist, in which the reader may see his own image — this is far more moving, more persuasive, and more memorable than the most raucous headlines and the most horrible statistics and the most authoritative editorials that could possibly be published in a newspaper. Journalism allows its readers to witness history; fiction gives its readers an opportunity to live it.

The novel of contemporary history must carry conviction. It must seem to be true. It must suffer a most difficult test. Those who participated in the events with which it is concerned, reading it, must be able to say, "That is exactly how it was!"; and at the same time those who did not take part in the happenings, and who perhaps have not been able to even imagine such happenings, must be able to say, "That is how it must have been!" Thus a definite scrupulousness and thoroughness are required of the writer, who must have done even more careful research than an orthodox historical novelist, since the latter has no actual witnesses to contend with; but also the writer must be selective and skillful in weaving, so that his mere accuracy or factuality does not flaunt itself and offend the human story he has to tell.

An especially difficult requirement for the contemporary historical novelist is that he must make his story timeless rather than timely. Attaching his narrative, as he is, to events which contemporary readers recognize as being near to their own experience, if not actually part of it, he will find it very hard not to address himself directly to them, with all their special and temporary feelings about the events in question — rather than to human beings of any time, present or future, who have no feelings about the events because they are remote from them. His concern must be to see whether he can discover the constants in human character.

This writer must be unusually conscious of style and form, for it is because of lapses in these areas that the derogatory label "journalistic" is most frequently and most justly attached to his kind of work. Even the writer who did not train as a journalist, the "pure" novelist, must, in undertaking a work of this kind, keep on guard against any manifestation of the journalistic style, which has made such devastating inroads, unnoticed and scarcely commented upon, into other genres of the novel, especially here in America. He must at all costs avoid the mannerisms and clichés of "journalese." He must avoid the newspaperman's way of burk-

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ing crises, of taking verbal shortcuts, or thinking in terms of "lead," "body," "recap," "angle," "quotes," "color," "punch-line," "by-line," "headline." He must shun glibness, and the appearance of it. Oversimplification is his poison. Punditry, editorializing, sounding like a columnist — sins all! He must be careful how he eyes even the virtues of the best journalistic writing — directness, clarity, fleetness of the metrical foot; he must approach a vernacular style with the utmost caution. On top of all this he must, like any novelist, seek a style which is at once unobtrusive and yet personal.

3

THE writer in this genre, on the hunt for a personal style and form, is obliged to ask himself why he writes. It is an axiom of criticism that characters in a novel must be credibly and clearly motivated; yet it is not often required of a writer that he understand his *own* motivation. Why does he write the kind of novel he writes? In the field of the contemporary historical novel, there are several valid motivations on the conscious level, it seems to me, which may in combination lead to the desired result — namely, a good novel. There are others which certainly doom the result in advance.

The valid motivations are: —

A search for understanding. The writer who uses his writing in an honest effort to comprehend the forces of contemporary history, and their effects on individual human beings, will usually find responsive readers, for this effort can be said to have a certain universality in these times. The effort may lead the writer into some special, private theory of history, which in itself may be distorted or even untenable; but that does not matter, so long as the desire to understand, which led to the theory, was in the first instance real. Thus it was in part a rather petulant and narrow theory of history that led Tolstoy into and through the greatest novel of all times, *War and Peace*; readers may argue with his theory, or even be bored by its reiteration throughout the novel, but they cannot help admiring the force of Tolstoy's conviction, they cannot help sharing Tolstoy's manifest desire to understand the shaping of events by people and of people by events.

A desire for communication. This is, of course, a motivation for any writer, but in the area of contemporary events there is one special reason why this is an important drive: it is in this area that communication between human minds tends to break down. Oceans, boundaries, iron curtains; local prejudices, nationalisms, class lines; special

interests, hardened traditions, intransigent beliefs — all these tend to block the flow of ideas and images between man and man. A writer who is able, by pointing up the unchanging, universal qualities in his characters, to penetrate the mental and emotional tariff walls between people and to re-establish that free trade without which man cannot live in peace with his fellows — this writer is certain to find readers everywhere.

Anger. The genre of this essay is related, not only to the orthodox historical novel, but also to the novel of social protest. A writer who comes to his work in anger may, if his passion is not simply hysterical, command an audience. The anger must be to some extent justified; it must be directed against a recognizable and formidable object. Humorless anger is dead anger, and of course a protest touched with irony and shadow will be more persuasive than one all black and white.

A will for world citizenship. The best novels can never be employees of politics; yet there is one politics from which every novel can and must take orders: the politics of universality, of humanity.

The invalid motivations, which are liable to destroy a novel before it is even written, are: —

Catharsis. If a writer uses a novel as a vessel into which to pour his unconscious inner turmoil and confusion and drives, he is certain to repel readers. Of course a writer who is soundly motivated will put into his work much that is unconscious and much that he neither sees himself nor understands. This is a matter of degrees, and the difference lies in the writer's discipline as a writer, or lack of it.

Money. Any novel of contemporary events which is written for the sole purpose of making money will almost certainly be a bad novel and not make money. Herein lies the chief difference (up to the present time) between the novel of contemporary history and the orthodox historical novel. It has proved possible, in the latter field, to write books as merchandise and to make the merchandise move off the shelves. But so far, in the field of the *contemporary* historical novel, form and formula have not found a meeting point.

All this has been set down to urge the following conclusion: Much nonsense has been written about "journalistic" novels. The novel of contemporary history is an established form. It has dignity, purpose, and separateness. Like any novel form, it can be, and often is, abused. But it is sometimes excellently used.

The author of this essay acknowledges in it a certain pontifical tone. It is easier to write about writing than it is to write the sort of writing that ought to be written about.



There's Lots of Good Reading Hereabouts—

AFTER Labor Day the book business picks up. This means that a good many people who have been wandering around the highways, swimming in the surf, chasing the elusive white ball, are now ready to settle back, let their sunburn fade away, and catch up on their reading. Publishers who also consider themselves business men are well aware of this seasonal trend and usually choose the three fall months to bring out their most important books. We are no exception, and particularly proud we are of the variety in our Fall list.

Cookies and trout, history and mystery stories, books for boys and girls, novels, biography and personal experiences—here is a wealth of good reading for different tastes.



A great many Americans are discovering that a novel which faces one of the crucial problems of our age with vitality and driving force can be just as exciting and romantic as the most lush and lurid wench-cloak-and-dagger opus. The book in point is **LIVE WITH LIGHTNING** by Mitchell Wilson, which hit the critics like a thunderbolt, bringing such comments as "charged with excitement" (*N. Y. Times*); "deserves to be the most talked about novel of the year" (*Boston Post*); "One of the most satisfying adult love stories to appear in a very long time." (*Cleveland Press*).



On the lighter side, but dealing in its witty, pungent fashion with an ever-present American question—the mingling of the Effete East and the Robust West—is Helen MacInnes' delightful **REST AND BE THANKFUL**, named for the ranch-house where *literati* and cowboys mix in effervescent fashion.

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THE SLEEPING TREES by Gilbert Maxwell introduces a new talent that dissects the emotions of troubled and frustrated people with brilliant effect.



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Up to here this causerie has been about fiction—and now we come to a book that has fiction lashed to the mast—literally, as you'll see when you read **DESPERATE VOYAGE**, John Caldwell's hair-raising account of his lone voyage in a 29-foot sailboat from Panama to a reef in the Fijis. He was bound for Australia to see the bride from whom the width of the world had separated him. His story is one of the most thrilling epics of man against the sea you're likely to read.



BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC 1939-1943; OPERATIONS IN NORTH AFRICAN WATERS, October 1942-June 1943; THE RISING SUN IN THE PACIFIC, 1931-April 1942 have been the volumes published to date in Samuel Eliot Morison's notable **HISTORY OF UNITED STATES NAVAL OPERATIONS IN WORLD WAR II**.* Now with the recent publication of **CORAL SEA, MIDWAY AND SUBMARINE ACTIONS, May 1942-August 1942**, and the publication on November 23rd of **THE STRUGGLE FOR GUADALCANAL, August, 1942-February, 1943** the history of the early years of the naval war has been covered in a series that *Time* called "not official history . . . It is simply history."

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Like cookies? Of course you do! Everybody does. But sometimes there's a distressing sameness about them. All that will be avoided when you read and use **THE CHRISTMAS COOKIE BOOK*** by Virginia Pasley, which tells delightfully and practically how to make all sorts of cookies in a wide variety of sizes, shapes and flavors. It will keep you busy refilling your cookie jar—but you'll please your family and your friends.



And while we're on the subject there are a couple of books for sportsmen with self-explanatory titles that tell you how to catch an exciting kind of food—**TROUT WATERS AND HOW TO FISH THEM** by Joseph D. Bates, Jr. and **TROUT AND SALMON FISHING*** by John E. Hutton.



A large and enthusiastic horde of young readers and quite a few of their elders will say that this next and last book should have gone to the "top of the class." It's Robert Lawson's **THE FABULOUS FLIGHT** in which Mr. Lawson draws and tells about another of his superior animals in globe-circling chapters that will charm both old and young. The author considers this book his answer to the comics.

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THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

"THE time and the place, and the girl" — so ran the refrain in that old song which always reminds me of Fritz Scheff. The inference being that when those three elements were brought into proper conjunction, as in a canoe or a hammock or before an open fire, spontaneous combustion took place and the couple were on a more familiar footing thereafter. This at least is the working hypothesis of most short-story writers.

But there is another sequence which has been almost equally productive of literature. I mean "the time and the place and the diarist." We all feel the impulse to record the more singular moments of life, and in every large family there is at least one member with a Boswell conscience, who keeps the log of the cruise, the daybook of the camp, the fishing journal, the diary which retains, more or less vividly, endearing flashes of our mortality which, as we con them over on an autumn night, illuminate for us both the past and the future. For such times may come again — so, at least, we hope.

This habit of family recording was more openly encouraged in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in the days when there were no snapshots and family movies to take the place of prose. Elizabeth Fry, the Quaker who led the penal reforms in England, was one of seven sisters, every one of whom kept diaries — and so did three of her brothers. The Forty-niners did more than carve their initials on Independence Rock. Whether they came round the Horn or crossed overland in the whitetops, they had the habit of recording their daily struggle, and their diaries tell better than any novel the hardship, heartbreak, and courage which went into that long haul.

It takes discipline and honesty to keep a good journal alive, and the art still survives in America today. I think of the Fishing Journal kept by

Leslie P. Thompson, the Boston artist, which with its water colors of the hatching flies, and with its observations of the streams, the birds, and the angler, is so much more than a record of this fish that was netted and that bigger one that got away. I think of the Journal of Nauset Marsh and the Farm House which Dr. Wyman Richardson, his father, and his sons have kept to increase their knowledge and remembrance of a beloved and unique spot. Or the Island Books of Naushon, seven of them, leather bound, which record in prose and verse and drawings the visits of celebrities and the adventures of the Forbes family on that beech-shaded island which has been theirs for more than a century. Such are private books, but now and then they provide a printed volume of wide general interest.

The writer's notebook

To the writer the notebook habit is essential. The *Notebooks* of Samuel Butler, the *Notebooks* of Nathaniel Hawthorne and of Henry James, the *Journal* of Katherine Mansfield — these, together with *The Heart of Emerson's Journals*, are revealing examples of how an author probes his own mind, of how he accumulates, sorts out, and secretes his source material. They were all published posthumously. *A Writer's Notebook* by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, \$4.00) is an exception in that it has been edited and annotated by the author himself in his maturity. He began keeping his notebooks in 1892 when, at eighteen, he entered the Medical School of St. Thomas's Hospital, where he was to spend the next five years; and the last entry in this volume is in 1944 when, on the day after his seventieth birthday, he sat down to write one of the most remarkable essays in self-evaluation I have ever read — an essay which touches us closely because of his conclusion: "Now that I am ten years nearer to death I look forward to it with no more apprehension than I did then."

The early notebooks (for of course his collection runs to many volumes) are dated and explicit with all the uncertainty of a writer in the formative stage; the later notes were scribbled, he tells us, on scraps of paper or the back of an envelope. Taken together — the youth, the middle life, and the maturity — they constitute a fascinating mosaic, at once a self-portrait and the source book of a versatile artist.

The young Maugham of the 1890's is much given to precepts, some of which you can skip and a few

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By **GRAHAM H. STUART**

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of which the author laughs at. "The autumn too has its flowers, but they are little loved and little praised." And he adds as of today: "This is such nonsense that I cannot believe it was meant literally, and I have wondered whether this conceit occurred to me because a woman somewhat advanced in years had made a pass on the shy young man I was then."

The young Maugham liked to turn off epigrams. He was rather hard on women. "There are no feminine characteristics more marked than a passion for detail and an unerring memory. Women can give you an exact and circumstantial account of some quite insignificant conversation with a friend years before; and what is worse, they do." And again as a side light from his hospital experiences: "If women exhibit less emotion at pain it does not prove that they bear it better, but rather that they feel it less." He had no use for the Wesleyan notion that pain ennobles and that pleasure is almost certainly hurtful. He is very intent in his search for "the reason, the aim, the object of life," and very uncertain.

Then, as his writing begins to take hold, we come across some lovely descriptive passages: the Green Park in winter, the fat Kentish fields, the pine wood ("a waking dream of half-voluptuous emotion"), the Cornish coast in storm, and the "vague low song of London." In his longer critical passages on Jeremy Taylor's prose, on rereading Oscar Wilde, on Matthew Arnold, and on the poverty of Russian literature, we see what his mind is feeding on and rejecting as he forms his style. We see him acquiring the habit of making thumbnail portraits of "C.G.," of "B" or "K" — people whom he knows closely and of whom he is rather acidly contemptuous. We see these profiles enlarge into episodes, the cocoons perhaps of a short story or a play; and then as success comes to him we follow his voyages through his extended, often acute, travel notes made in the South Seas, in India, and, at a later phase, when he took refuge in America as the Nazis overran Europe. We see him build up his solitariness. We see his lifelong admiration for the French. We see his unforgettable autopsy of Haddon Chambers and the affectionate admiration with which he writes of Charlie Chaplin. We see him in his sardonic humor as when he writes of the unctuous Edmund Gosse. We see him as he passes the milestones and keeps his face resolutely toward the sunset. It is a big book in which to seek and find, and for me a rich one.

The spy in Germany

George Howe is an architect who likes to write. Before the war he had translated a number of articles by André Maurois for the *Atlantic* and had written and published his first novel. During the war he was with an OSS detachment of G-2, Seventh Army; and in Operation Dragoon, the invasion of

Southern France leading up to the bastions of the Rhine, he found and imagined the details of his war-detective story, *Call It Treason* (Viking, \$3.00). The book was actually written during the author's five months in a Washington hospital with his leg in traction and his jaw wired; it has won for him the Christophers Award of \$15,000, living up to the stipulation that the prize winner be "in accord with Christian principles and not against them."

Call It Treason is the story of those German prisoners of war who volunteered for service behind their own lines as spies for the American Army. The mission which is the mainspring of the book involves three men who are to be dropped by parachute on the approach to Mannheim and ahead of our advancing forces. They are Paluka, the radio operator, an amorous, good-natured Russian who lives for adventure; the Tiger, a Communist spreading his cells and eager for the chance for power after the Armistice; and thirdly, Happy, the son of a Berlin doctor, an idealist who risks his life for *Freiheit*. Of the three, Happy is our dream boy: we want him to win and we fear he won't.

The operation of spying has never been told in more credible fighting detail, but I must record two impressions which checked my headlong pursuit of this story: first, the essential goodness of all the participants on our side. Mr. Howe wants us to realize that these Joes are dedicated men and I think he overstresses this. There is a kind of Galahad purity in the men of this outfit which runs counter to my experience of the meanness, the selfishness, and the *embusqué*-tendency — qualities which the war brought out along with the bravery. Secondly, I wonder if the hue and cry does not run too long for its best effect.

The Tyrol laughs it off

The village of Aspen in the Tyrol, Ludwig Bemelmans tells us in the opening paragraph of his new novel, *The Eye of God* (Viking, \$3.00), resembles its namesake — Aspen, Colorado; and its people in their way of life "are a kind of well-to-do Kentucky mountaineers." With this invitation he takes us into the intimacy and comedy of the uplands which he knew as a boy. He builds his story on the antagonism between two innkeepers. Arbogast Tannegg of the Alpenrose is a quiet mountaineer who spends most of his time hunting the chamois on the mountain, or with pipe in front of a fire, leaving the running of the simple old-fashioned inn to his rather cantankerous wife. The other taverner is the objectionable Haberdietzl, who puts up a pseudo-swank skier lodge across the street and brings to town the whole crazy comedy of winter "sportlers." Haberdietzl is the energetic type, becoming in due course a local leader of the Nazi Party, a harbinger of the military on leave, a passionate admirer of the French occupation force, and

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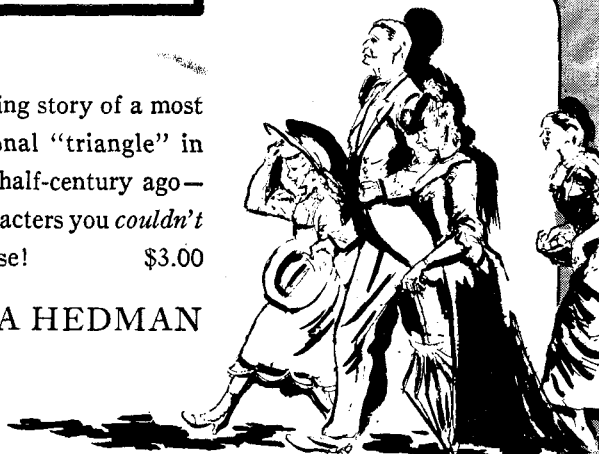
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— when his luck turns against him — a prisoner charged with attempting to deceive the French about the amount of provisions he had on tap. His inn falls into the hands of his general manager, a much pleasanter scoundrel.

Innkeeper Tannegg, who is once threatened with arrest by an overzealous Nazi and who later is obliged to rescue his only son from the Italian front, shooting several SS men in the process — Tannegg on the whole suffers very little from the war. He remains exactly as he was before — a silent, shrewd, honest, unadaptable aboriginal.

What gives the comedy its substance is Bemelmans's account of how people survived in an unmilitary backwater of German territory. This he tells in a series of interlocking character sketches; the minor characters who appear once and then vanish are apt to be more interesting than the natives. There is, for instance, the SS officer who when well washed in champagne describes the agonies of boredom he endured when Hitler invited him to tea as a reward for rescuing Mussolini. It was a strictly non-alcoholic tea too, with bonbons and talk about restoring bombed cities, and no smoking. "It was awful," moaned the SS man, and thereafter the navy officers who had taken over the hotel talked to him like a human being. They even let him hear their homemade recordings of American and English songs picked up by radio on submarine patrol.

There is a good deal of authentic-sounding absurdity following the end of the war, as the town recovers from the German invasion and adjusts itself to the French occupation. Perhaps the most entertaining scene in the book is that in which the whole countryside turns out by moonlight to loot a group of German quartermaster trains jammed in the tunnel, and miles of stalled German trucks. Tannegg lays in a lifetime supply of canned meat and furry flying uniforms for hunting in the high snow. Haberdietzl appropriates literally tons of soap, food, wines, linens — and a large interesting bale which turns out to contain 1860 Italian flags. It is the concealment of this loot in his subcellar which finally lands him in the jug.

Bemelmans maintains a tolerant attitude toward all of his characters. He is sorry for the rich Jew who has contrived to get on with the Nazis (and lost all self-respect in doing it); he is sorry for Haberdietzl worrying over his hidden brandy, and for the Haberdietzl women, fat and foolish in their unbecoming peasant costumes; he is sorry for the local doctor because he is a good man but a wretched surgeon; and sorry for the young men on leave from the German Army who would rather break their necks skiing than go back to the front. There are no horrors in the book and no heroics, and the token love story means very little, but the author knows the Austrian character, and his feeling for Aspen rings true.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



EVER since the war's end, there has been a steady stream of novels, with Manhattan as their setting, about book publishing, advertising, and the magazine business. Most of these books (often misnamed "satires") have followed a pretty rigid pattern, in which Graustarkian furnishings, unbearably glib dialogue, and a tycoon or editor of flawless villainy are among the stock ingredients. The resemblance to reality is roughly of the same order as that of those four-color ads showing a Powers model surrounded by twenty thousand dollars' worth of kitchen equipment — supposedly a "typical" American housewife preparing dinner.

Some of the post-war novels dealing with Manhattan's literary, artistic, and promotional sector have achieved flashes of sharp caricature or amusing burlesque. Few have conveyed to me any strong sense of authenticity, even though the authors were writing from firsthand experience. The trouble, I suspect unkindly, has been a striving to dazzle the customers with phony glamour and extravagant exaggeration. **Elmer Rice** has resisted this temptation in his big novel about the Broadway theater and what ails it — his first novel since *Imperial City*, a best-seller twelve years ago. *The Show Must Go On* (Viking, \$3.50), whatever its limitations, bears the stamp of authenticity throughout.

Theater

The book is a quasi-documentary story of the life of a play, a serious drama, from its entry into a mailbox to its closing night. Mr. Rice has put the whole thing down, convincingly, on paper: the reluctant rewriting of *The Clouded Mirror*, as "suggested" by the producer; the casting; the dismal first reading, with the author squirming in the auditorium; the crack-up, during rehearsals, of the movie star hired for box-office appeal; the troubles with Actors' Equity and the budgetary problems; the nightmare of last rehearsals and last-minute illness; the Boston opening (rain, laughs in the wrong places, and mixed reviews); and finally moderate success in New York, cruelly cut short by loss of the theater to a cheap comedy which promised to fill the house.

The two central figures in the human dramas connected with *The Clouded Mirror* are its author, Eric Kenwood, a small-town factory worker seeing

THE *Peripatetic Advertiser*

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The Peripatetic Advertiser does not wish to be confused with the Peripatetic Reviewer. There are quite a few essential differences between us. To the P.A. the most important difference is that unlike the P.R., he is paying to fill this space. To the P.A., this space represents a year of martinis, or enough Kewpie dolls to

put one on every desk in the Pentagon, or if invested at savings bank rates a Thanksgiving dinner for one branch of his family in perpetuity. Therefore this space is not to be wantonly spent in impartial discourse. Right here on this line there has to be a trap. The turkeys and Kewpies have to come home to roost.

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Raymond Chandler's name has long been familiar to Atlantic readers. He can leave an ice-pick in a cooling corpse as cheerfully as you or I would leave a saucer of warm milk before a kitten. Of course, a lot of reviewers say he's a social reformer at heart and some in England suggest that he's a sort of Shakespeare in modern dress—the new costume seems to be a filed down ice-pick but in keeping with our policy of only presenting glowing praise, we deny these allegations and protest that Chandler, though he may be a witch doctor with words, is a murder mystery writer. You don't get that way by thinking of little babies with faces flushed by sleep, and we are sure that Mr. Chandler at his typewriter is as chilly as a cold storage cobra beneath your undershirt. His book *The Little Sister* will make a one-sitting reader look as if he needed defrosting. You won't get anything but blood out of that stone.

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Have you ever wondered what your children will think about the home you're giving them when they grow up and come to write a *Life with Pop and Mom*. There's a book called *The Only Gift*, just published, which will give a sort of preview. It's a novel by Jane Eklund. In a way it is the first novel by the next generation. It's a subtle perceptive picture of the risks we take with the best of the future—our children.

Some time ago H. G. Wells wrote a short story called *The Country of the Blind*. It is about a man who came to a hidden valley in the Andes where the populace had lost the power of sight. When he told them about the stars and the color of wild flowers and all the things that couldn't be felt or heard or smelt the populace made him recant. They could not see these things and knew that they could not be true. *The Country of the Blind* is now the title of a new book. It is a translation of the things that Russians read in school-books, periodicals, even newspapers. It shows how a nation is kept from seeing the things we see. These are articles not meant for export—propaganda for Russians, not for Americans. As you read it you will almost wonder who is blind. It will show you what the blanket of deception can be—a far more dangerous screen than an iron curtain. The translators and commentators are George S. Counts and Nucia P. Lodge who gave us *New Russia's Primer* in 1933. A book which in a very different way also revealed the nature of the blanket of deception.



Most man-hunt books hunt with the hounds. *The Storm and the Silence* by David Walker runs with the fox. It is the story of a thinking and remembering mind inside a body that becomes the body of a cold, wet, famished animal skulking over the

March hills with the baying of death pulled up out of the valley by the night wind.

In this issue or the next the Peripatetic Reviewer is likely to take up these books where the Peripatetic Advertiser now puts them down and the P.A. believes that it is quite possible that you may find the enthusiasm of the judge quite as great as that of the advocate.



P. R.

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New York for the first time; and the
play's producer-director, Leroy Thomp-
son, a harsh, dynamic personality,
who combines a genuine devotion to
the theater and the people who work
in it with a keen commercial flair.
Kenwood looked to me like that ever
recurring cardboard hero, the gauche
and naïve young idealist on the flying
trapeze. Thompson is extremely well
done: complex, sharply individual-
ized, and completely understandable.

Of the two chief feminine roles in
the book, one is played by Thomp-
son's wealthy mistress, Claire Weir,
who has made a tidy profit out of
financing his productions. The other
goes to Virginia Upton, leading lady in
The Clouded Mirror after the movie
star's departure to a sanitarium. The
supporting players (there are about a
dozen of them) include a high-strung
young understudy who falls in love
with Thompson, an alcoholic matinee
idol, and Claire's poisonous lawyer
(a masterly characterization).

Mr. Rice's is a fairly conventional
but workmanlike and entertaining
story, and above all, a refreshingly
honest treatment of the theater. It
fails to be more than that because
factual authenticity and realistic por-
traiture add up to no more than good
fictional reporting. Mr. Rice sheds no
light in dark places, but I suspect he
has written another hit.

Bedlam

The World Next Door (Farrar,
Straus, \$3.00) is also fictional report-
ing, but it sheds a bright beam of light
on what is perhaps the darkest area of
human experience: the world of mad-
ness. This first novel by Fritz Peters,
a war veteran who served in the in-
fantry, is an account of David Mitch-
ell's ordeal in a mental hospital for
veterans. It is based, the author
writes, on actual experience.

It was cold indoors and the sun was
shining, so David Mitchell walked
out onto the lawn and took off all his
clothes. In a little while two men
appeared, snapped handcuffs on his
wrists, and drove him to a big build-
ing: he knew then that he was going
to be burned at the stake. "I am the
Second Coming of Christ," he said,
when someone asked him his name;
and to prove it he burned a hole on
the back of each hand with a cigarette.
He realized, suddenly, that he was in
a mental hospital: where else would
they put Christ in 1947? That night
the guards beat him up when he
badgered them to turn out the light.

Later the room was invaded by Nazis,
and he, an American spy, lay de-
fenseless, tied to a bed by layers of
hot, damp cloth.

That, roughly, is the beginning of
David Mitchell's lonely but gradually
successful struggle against himself;
against the brutalities, evasiveness,
and impersonality of the hospital
system; and against his mother, who
has had him committed and presses
him to put in for a pension, which
would hold up his release. In the
course of David's journey through the
timeless hell of the "pack room,"
with its hideous visitations, and the
brutal existence of Ward 8, Mr. Peters
brings to life before our eyes the
whole world of the mentally deranged:
its terrors, its suspicions, its spurts of
hatred and violence, its pitiful hunger
for affection and pathetic pleasures,
its interludes of peace and moments of
exaltation. Nothing quite like this
gripping and compassionate book has
been done before, and I am not for-
getting *The Snake Pit*. Mr. Peters's
reader soon ceases to be a gaping
tourist in Bedlam. He goes native,
so to speak, and comes to understand
the ingenious logic and essential rea-
sonableness of deranged minds, which,
out of self-preservation, have fled
from a world they find intolerable.

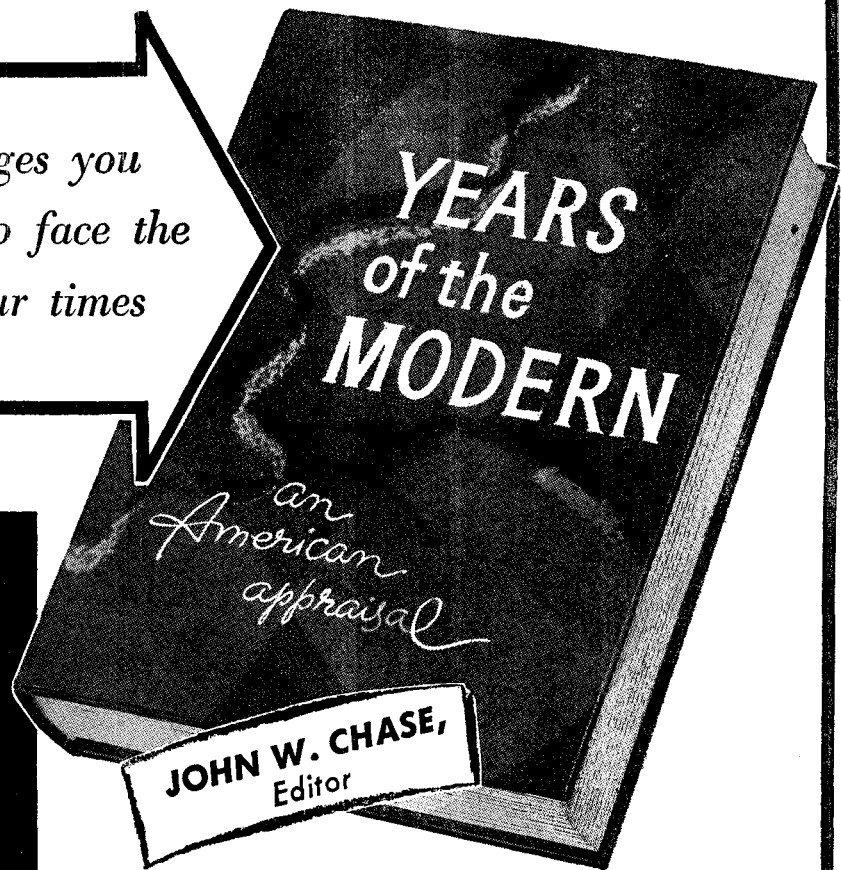
We know of David Mitchell that
his mother was once in an asylum,
that he once thought himself homo-
sexual, and that he was wounded in
the war. But what brought on his
crack-up is not explained, and the
slow clearing of his mind (so skill-
fully chronicled) seems to take place
largely spontaneously — one of Da-
vid's chief complaints is that he
doesn't get much treatment. Many
mental breakdowns may begin and
end in this way, but here, it seems to
me, is one of those instances when
fiction should go one better than life
and provide answers. A full under-
standing of Mitchell's illness would
give this book greater significance.
As it is, *The World Next Door* is a
brilliant, an astonishing piece of work,
written with passion, insight, and
great simplicity, and with a subtle
humor which provides some very
funny pages.

Love in a strange climate

Two of the English novelists whose
reputations have increased the most
in England during the forties are de-
cidedly "originals" — Ivy Compton-
Burnett, first published here in 1948;
and Henry Green, whose *Loving*

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(Viking, \$3.00) introduces him to American readers. Of the two, Henry Green — judged by his work as a whole — is probably the more original; and anyone who has read Miss Compton-Burnett will realize that that is a pretty awesome rating. *Loving*, however, is Green's least unconventional novel and his most attractive. One of the soundest English critics, V. S. Pritchett, calls it "the most interesting novel of the past ten years." That, incidentally, is a fair sample of the sort of tributes which have been showered on Henry Green by the literary journals. For several years now, he has been the object of a passionate cult.

This novelist so much praised for his poetic vision, his virtuosity, and his artistic purity and daring is, ironically, a businessman — a successful Birmingham manufacturer. Henry Green is a pen name that conceals a well-guarded anonymity. Not much is known about him except that he went to Eton and is in his early forties. In addition to *Loving*, Green has written six novels which are to be published here, along with his future work, at suitable intervals. My guess is that Mr. Green will have the same sort of *succès d'estime* as Miss Compton-Burnett.

The essence of each of Henry Green's novels is compressed into their blunt titles: *Back*, *Caught*, *Party Going*. *Loving* is a book about people in a state of loving, the English servants in a castle in Ireland at the beginning of the war. There isn't much plot to fasten on; the only catalytic incident is the discovery, by a housemaid, of the chatelaine's daughter in bed with her lover. What Mr. Green has given us is, on one level, an amusing and sometimes scandalous comedy of manners and morals in that rigid hierarchy, the servants' hall. But *Loving* is much more than a backstairs society novel with a cockney accent. The crucial point about *Loving* is that Henry Green has an entirely original way of seeing things and an entirely original way of making his world disclose its truths to the reader.

"Everything's incredible," Aldous Huxley once said, "if you can skin off the crust of obviousness our habits put on it." Henry Green does that and shows us the poetry that punctuates the commonplace and the surprising complexity of a human being seen whole. It is typical of Green that, during a silly conversation between two housemaids in an attic,

he should not let us miss a glimpse of "white lilac under leaves," the light from an ivy-covered window reflected on bare skin. The chief character in *Loving*, the butler, Charlie Raunce, at first appears to be a petty thief, a lecher, and an unfeeling egotist — then continually disconcerts us with new facets of his character, contradictory but believable, which make him grow continually more interesting.

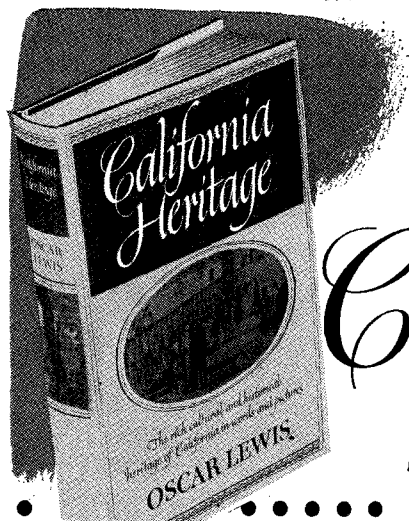
Mr. Green is an ambitious writer in the truest sense: every book of his has been an attempt to extend the range of the novel. *Loving*, as I have said, is the most accessible of his works. Even so, it demands a good deal more of the reader than most novels; and I imagine that some would find it rather cold and mannered. The novel consists almost entirely of trivial incident and dialogue — incomparable dialogue; into them Mr. Green packs all of the magic by which art enlarges our experience, wrests new truths from the familiar. In my accounting, *Loving* is one of the top literary dividends of 1949.

Love's labor lost

From the standpoint of technique, **Alberto Moravia**, now widely considered to be Italy's leading writer, stands at the opposite pole to Henry Green. *The Woman of Rome* (Farrar, Straus, \$3.50), which reintroduces Moravia to the U.S. — two books of his were published here in the thirties — is written in the tradition of the great realistic novel. It is an absorbing, strongly plotted story with several striking characterizations and one that is a tour de force: that of the narrator, Adriana, a young Roman prostitute. I first read Moravia's novel when it appeared in Rome two summers ago, and was much impressed by it; after rereading it in Lydia Holland's fluent translation, I remain equally impressed.

Moravia's is a harsh, somber world in which the cardinal reality is poverty. It is, too, a world highly charged with sexuality. All his people are hounded by the devil in love's clothing — love seen as lust, eroticism, pride, weakness, or obsession; a compulsive force which sets in motion a chain of disaster.

The story covers four years in the life of Moravia's heroine. Adriana is a beautiful, courageous girl with a buoyant disposition and a deep streak of conventionality that is counterpointed by an intense sensuality. She has grown up in atrocious pov-



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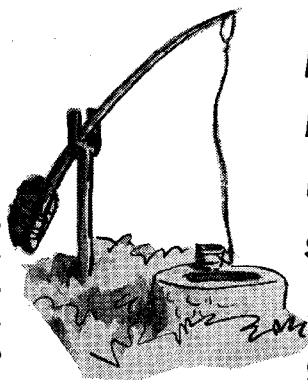
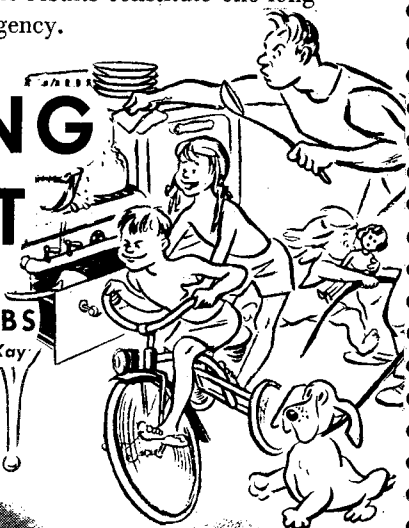
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erty, and as soon as she is sixteen and a real beauty, her mother starts prodding her to find "a gentleman" who will keep her in luxury. What Adriana herself passionately longs for is "a normal way of life" — a husband whom she loves and the neighbors respect, children, a neat home of her own. A crushing disillusionment leads her into prostitution, and she makes the shocked discovery that to her nature this way of life is not disagreeable, even though she never ceases to look forward to bourgeois respectability.

Three men, after her treacherous first lover, play crucial roles in her life: a high official in the Fascist police; a brutal murderer, who stirs her physically more deeply than any other man; and a young neurotic intellectual of good family, with whom she falls desperately in love. The narrative turns and twists, feverishly sustained by Moravia's inventiveness. When Adriana's hopes have been exhausted, the author seeks relief in violence, a senseless violence which harshly underlines the pointlessness of life and seems to be the author's obscure revenge on life for its pointlessness.

The Italian novelist is compelled, willy-nilly, to be metaphysical. Two wars and two decades of Fascism have shattered the intellectual's edifice of established values. He cannot, like his American or British counterpart, explore specific moral problems within a more or less accepted framework. The question for him is not how to be an unconfused Liberal; or how far "creative talent" may compromise with "commercialism"; or how to straighten out a kink in the ego. The question is, How give an accounting of the meaning of existence? How achieve a reconciliation with life? That is Moravia's underlying concern in *The Woman of Rome*.

Moravia has written a profoundly realistic and compassionate story which continually transcends its subject; which is, in effect, the story of modern Italy. This, to my mind, is one of the most powerful novels to come out of continental Europe since the war.

Deutschland über Alles

Ever since the cold war started, there has been a tendency to think of U.S. policy in Germany exclusively in terms of the struggle with Russia; and judged by that standard it has begun to look decidedly successful. But while saving Western Germany from

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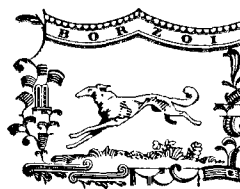
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Russian authoritarianism, we have — judging from two books by top-rank correspondents of the New York Times — been losing it to German authoritarianism.

"Authoritarianism is returning to Germany, east and west," **Drew Middleton**, chief of the New York Times Berlin Bureau, concludes in *The Struggle for Germany* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.00). And Middleton's predecessor, **Delbert Clark**, prefaces *Again the Goose Step* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.00) with the observation: "Four years after the surrender of Germany, American correspondents were writing dispatches about jack-booted young toughs marching in political parades and singing *Deutschland über Alles*; about the recapture of the school system by Nazi teachers; about the restoration of Germany's highly integrated industry by its old managers; about the unashamed resurgence of anti-semitism."

Approximately 75 per cent of the teachers in the American Zone are now ex-Nazis, Mr. Clark reports. By December, 1948, Middleton discloses, thirty-three officials who had held important managerial posts under Hitler had been restored to positions of roughly equal importance, in the coal-mining industry alone. It's the same story in every branch of German life: a resurgence of the old faces and the old arrogance. In 1946, 40 per cent of those queried in a U.S. Zone poll believed that National Socialism was a good idea badly carried out; in 1948, the percentage had climbed to 55.5. Both books make it clear that the Western powers have never got to first base with democratization; and now the conquered have started to get tough with their conquerors.

In tone and intent, and on certain matters of opinion, Clark and Middleton differ considerably. *Again the Goose Step* is an aroused book and a lively one. The present ugly situation in Germany is, Clark declares, "the result of a policy which ignored common sense and the national interests of the United States . . . which went into effect piecemeal, almost furtively. . . . The excuse that [this policy] was forced upon us by the cold war won't hold water. It is the excuse of 'better an unreliable ally than none,' and it makes no sense politically or militarily. The best defense against Soviet penetration would have been an energetic program of genuine democratization in every department. Instead, by the end of 1946, our mak-



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ers and executors of policy were committed to the thesis that the way to stop Russia was to erect a great wall of ultra-conservatism. . . ."

At the outset, there were a number of first-rate men in Military Government — men working earnestly to reform the Germans — but a high percentage of them were driven to resign out of frustration. Paper was not forthcoming for new textbooks for the German schools, and soon the "reorientation" program for German youth amounted to little more than athletics, a strong point with the Nazis. Militant anti-Nazis were ignored or cold-shouldered by officials whose sole interest was to "get production going." From the standpoint of political integrity, says Mr. Clark, the best leadership was to be found in the labor unions, always more political in Germany than in most other countries; but the Western powers, Laborite Britain included, preferred to deal with the old managerial class. Now ultraconservatism is in the saddle and, Mr. Clark warns, it is no wall against Russia: an ultranationalistic or neo-Fascist Germany would have strong reasons, strategic and other, for siding with Russia in a third world war. Mr. Middleton, too, notes this danger.

Middleton's is a more dispassionate, more detached report, which retraces the great powers' German policies from Yalta to the present time; studies closely the struggle for Germany between Russia and the West; then discusses the current situation and the emergent problems. Mr. Middleton believes that the switch in American policy toward speedier reconstruction of German industry was fully justified by the economic situation in Germany. He believes, too, that democratization failed not so much for lack of trying as because of the Germans' deep-seated antipathy to democratic ideas.

The Russians, according to Middleton, have played their hand rather poorly in Germany, vis-à-vis both the West and the Germans. The Soviet-sponsored Socialist Unity Party is honeycombed with members who privately detest "the Ivans"; it is showing signs of apathy; and it has lately lost prestige. Western Germany or a united Germany might, however, be forced into the Russian orbit by economic pressure. When ERP assistance ends, Germany will have to export or die. But to whom will she export? Several Western European

countries are already worrying about German competition. Russia is only too willing to sign trade pacts. The only solution, Middleton concludes, is to face the fact that Germany must be admitted into a Western European association as an equal partner.

A curious contradiction crops up periodically in Mr. Middleton's reasoning. He pooh-poohs the fears of "excited liberals" about Nazi activity and elsewhere notes that a "neo-Fascist" state could come into being (he even predicts that in ten years there will be an immensely potent Hitler legend). "One should not discount the latent dangers of German militarism," Mr. Middleton cautions, but he is unreasonably irked with the French for fearing a strong Germany. He warns against the "pressure groups in the U.S. and abroad" who are trying to keep alive hostility toward the Germans, and yet he says: "We must take it for granted that the Germans whom the United States will have to deal with in the future are not much different basically from those it has fought and defeated."

There is more than a hint of "forget and forgive" in Middleton's recommendations, and it seems to me that his own factual report — a first-rate job — makes Mr. Clark's "viewing with alarm" the more persuasive attitude. At any rate, both these books are among the most urgent published this fall. They deserve a good many readers.

Potpourri

THE RIVER LINE by Charles Morgan. Macmillan, \$2.75.

A melodramatic plot situation; distinguished prose; and an inquiry into the nature of responsibility, guilt, and the spirit of the Western democracies are the main ingredients in the latest novel by the author of *The Fountain* and *Sparken-broke*. They add up to a book which does not quite come off — better than average but not up to Mr. Morgan's par.

The trouble is that he has fashioned the kind of story that should have a great deal of suspense, and he doesn't keep the reader guessing enough of the time. As to the philosophizing; interesting, but only mildly.

THIS I SAW: LIFE AND TIMES OF GOYA by Antonina Vallentin. Random House, \$5.00.

Mme. Vallentin does not set much store by the Goya legend, which includes such picturesque items as that he broke into a nunnery to kidnap a young lady who

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had resisted his advances and that he once climbed the dome of St. Peter's. The Goya we encounter in these pages is a less dashing figure but still a good sitter for a biographer. Mme. Vallentin — the biographer of Leonardo da Vinci, Heine, and Mirabeau — has given a full-bodied work in which Goya's painting is dealt with in very great detail as well as the "life" and "times."

THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH by André Gide. Knopf, \$3.00.

At regular intervals during the past few years, there has appeared some book by André Gide which should have been published in English years ago. *The Fruits of the Earth* was the fruit of a voyage to North Africa in 1893. The Arab world appeared to Gide a terrestrial paradise, and he wrote his book in a mood of great exaltation. It is a prose poem on the theme "exuberance is beauty"; a rebellious and exaggerated affirmation of the senses which contains passages of great beauty. At the conclusion Gide, characteristically, advises the imaginary disciple he has been apostrophizing to "throw away this book" — other attitudes towards life are equally valid.

GENIUSES, GODDESSES AND PEOPLE by Winthrop Sargeant. Dutton, \$3.50.

Once one of the most brilliant music critics of the fourth estate, Winthrop Sargeant, currently employed by Time, Inc., has brought together his various accounts of all kinds of people, most of which were done in the line of duty for *Life* magazine. The subjects of his straight-to-the-point, blow-by-blow interviews include, among others, Toscanini, Joe Gatto (a former prize fighter turned painter), Rita Hayworth, Frank Lloyd Wright, Ezio Pinza, and Sir Thomas Beecham.

Here is how Mr. Sargeant gets at the character of a Toscanini performance: "The first to strike the listener is the impression of excitement and energy given off by the orchestra — something that has nothing to do with mere loudness or even with quality of tone — a sense of harnessed frenzy controlled with hair-trigger precision by the circular motions of his queer paddling beat. It is present even when the orchestra is playing its softest and most delicate passages, and in climaxes it becomes whipped into a furious, but still rigidly controlled, torrent of sound." This passage is a fair example of Mr. Sargeant's method: simple and vivid writing about complicated things.

THE GREENROOM by Hamilton Basso. Doubleday, \$3.00.

In the glamorous environs of Nice and Cannes, Hamilton Basso spins out a small pre-war romance that is always on the verge of being bigger. By the menacing maneuvers of a baleful old Nobel Prize winning female author, a young American

publisher is balked in his pursuit of the writer's niece-by-marriage. Mr. Basso unfortunately allows both the menace and the mating to misfire just as one is being led expectantly straight up to the muzzle of the gun. One is left with an impression of high hopes, a successful atmosphere of suspense, two well-projected characters (the writer and an incidental princess), a leisured but never long-drawn pace, a writing style that is spare, *sec*, and quietly accomplished, and of minor despair. Mr. Basso has an excellent equipment with which to say something more, than he says here.

THE WITNESS by Jean Bloch-Michel. Pantheon, \$2.50.

An introspective and simply written tale about a narcissistic young man who believes himself a coward, by a novelist who has been encouraged by Albert Camus. The story is told by the "coward" to a friend, and is stylistically reminiscent of André Gide's *The Immoralist*. There are two things lacking in *The Witness* that are present in Gide's masterpiece, and they are crucial. Gide's protagonist is a complex, intelligent, and fascinating personality, and the tone of urgency is proper to the book. The protagonist in *The Witness* is a bit on the lumpish side, rather uninteresting and unsympathetic; and the tone of urgency is false (the events fail the tone). Still there is evidence that Camus isn't altogether off the mark.

GENERAL FULLER REVIEWS THE WAR

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

AMERICAN admirers of Major-General J. F. C. Fuller's stimulating and often exciting military studies (and this reviewer is one of the group) have been eagerly awaiting an American edition of his book, *The Second World War: 1939-1945* — a "Strategical and Tactical History" published in England two years ago. Their anticipation has been disappointed by the appearance (under the imprint of Duell, Sloan & Pearce; \$5.00) of a volume so badly edited in detail as to cause constant and growing irritation to the reader, and so poorly conceived as a project that its virtues are concealed or submerged beneath a mass of unnecessary factual background.

Apparently the 1947 English edition was rushed to press in a great hurry, and copy and proof readers failed to find or correct an amazing number of errors and made ineffectual or listless efforts to clarify and straighten out the author's text. In a

rush job, slovenly work may be forgiven, but there is no excuse for perpetuating and embalming such errors in a later edition published in 1949.

The blame for misspellings, compositor's errors, meaningless blobs of vowels and consonants, and sentences which have to be read three times to be understood may fairly be laid to editorial incapacity. But for the ineffectiveness of the blueprint of the book the author is to blame. It was an error for General Fuller to attempt to cram into one volume a battle-by-battle account of the campaigns of so vast a conflict as World War II and at the same time to try to present his critiques and arguments in an adequate manner. So much factual material, condensed by the Procrustean bed of "Space," becomes a mere chronicle of cities captured, positions occupied or lost, advances and retreats, which could be found in any yearbook of the period.

General Fuller must have written the chapters dealing with the various Russian campaigns with a kind of dreary doggedness. I doubt very much that he was really interested in writing the repetition of reported facts. His interest lies in the lessons to be learned from new tactics successfully essayed; in the validity of strategic decisions or in the reasons for their failure; in the political consequences of military policy; in the changing character of war as technology improves. To him Wingate's campaign in Burma and the German airborne invasion of Crete are more important in their implications than the slugging match in Russia or the repetition anywhere of the tactics and strategy of World War I.

Space confined him, and important source material was not available at the time he wrote. Consequently his "history" could be neither wholly adequate nor convincing. The important element in his work is what he thought about a campaign, what lesson he could learn from it — not the repeating of events with which he could assume his readers were reasonably familiar. And there is enough of such stimulating thought and comment to justify the book and enhance the reputation of the author.

In this book, as heretofore, General Fuller demonstrates that he is doing his own thinking, on his own, irrespective of established or popular schools of thought, unhampered by convention, and quite unawed by hal-
lowed names, high office, sacred cows,

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civilian or military. He has his short but pointed say about Mr. Churchill, President Roosevelt, Generals Montgomery, Eisenhower, and all the rest. He is not, I think, quite fair to General Eisenhower, whom he blames for a lack of political-strategic acumen which clearly should be attributed to his superiors in policy — the Combined Chiefs of Staff and the civilian controllers of such policy, President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. Otherwise this reviewer finds his praise and his criticism generally fair, just, or at least reasonable.

It is proper to add, too, that if this book had been written in 1949, the author would have had access to better source material than, for example, Captain Harry Butcher's notes, or Morehead's, or Ingersoll's forensic volumes. With the material available at the time the book was written, he seems to me to have reached an unusual number of sound conclusions.

I cannot quarrel, for example, with his condemnation of the imbecile slogan of "Unconditional Surrender" adopted by Roosevelt and Churchill at Casablanca in 1943 — "two words [which] were to hang like a putrefying albatross around the necks of America and Britain." This negation of policy not only prolonged the war with Germany and Japan for an indefinite period at a fabulous cost in blood and treasure, but it destroyed the hope of a balance of power in Europe and Asia and played directly into the hands of Russia. Perhaps no more fatal formula was ever produced by politicians alert for phrases which would catch the popular fancy.

Chiefly, however, he attacks the delusion — even now strenuously upheld by elements in our Air Forces — of the efficiency of mass bombing of enemy cities. The official reports have shown that the mass murder of civilian populations and the obliteration of cities did not accomplish either of the objectives confidently prophesied by the Drouhets and Mitchells — the collapse of civilian morale and the destruction of enemy productive capacity. Neither in Germany nor in Japan did the civilian population weaken under frightfulness, nor did production seriously decline. On the contrary, Germany's production increased steadily and Japan's ultimate weakness was due to blockade, submarine warfare, and a lack of food — rather than to the quarter of a million civilians blasted and burned to death, half a million maimed, and over two

million homeless. Such indiscriminate destruction, he says, left us at the "peace" with cities of rubble to occupy, a population to feed, clothe, and house, and, of course, a heritage of hate for which the ruined cities will stand as monuments and reminders

"Strategic bombing," he says, should be aimed to cripple the movements of enemy armies by destroying the means of transportation; by depriving them of essential supplies and weapons, particularly oil, gas, munitions, food, and ordnance. This was successfully done before and after the invasion of Europe. But the vast expenditure and effort necessitated by the mass hit-or-miss bombing of civilian centers could have been employed far more profitably in the new and truer function of aviation for logistical purposes. At long last we learned that airborne troops and airborne supplies could immeasurably speed up ground attack. If instead of destroying enemy centers which we hoped to occupy, this air force could have been used to supply and support an invading army, largely dispensing with conventional bases and lines of communication, we could have occupied living cities much more quickly than was done by the slow approach to burned-out rubble heaps.

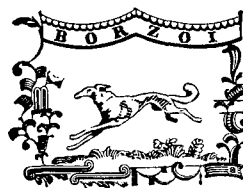
The danger is that we do not learn from past mistakes. There is a large and vocal element in our armed forces which still believes that wars can be won by mass bombing, and there is much popular support for the entirely false prediction that the atomic bomb is capable of winning a "good" peace. If the Western powers rely on this kind of flying Maginot line, they will deserve all that they get and they will probably get it.

General Fuller's book is so frequently quotable that one is tempted to quote at length, rather than to paraphrase his confident and eloquent dicta. Perhaps a few lines from his preface may be repeated as containing the theses he sets out to prove. He says: "I have always held that war is no more than a lethal argument, and, to be worth the fighting, it demands a sane and profitable political end. That the object of war is not slaughter and devastation, but to persuade the enemy to change his mind. That 'strategic bombing,' as inaugurated by Mr. Churchill, was not only morally wrong but militarily wrong and politically suicidal — one has only to look at Central Europe today to see this. The ideological wars are non-

sense, not only because ideas are impervious to bullets, but, invariably, the holier the cause the more devilish the end. That bombardments of obliteration, as resorted to by so many generals, are as clumsy as they are generally unremunerative. That generalship demands audacity and imagination and not merely weight of metal and superiority of numbers. That British strategy should be based on sea power and not on land power, if only because Britain's geographical position dictates that it should be so. For the United Kingdom to attempt to play the part of a Continental power is to play the fool, a thing she has been doing ever since 1914. And lastly, taking all in all and irrespective of what your enemy does, it is more profitable to fight like a gentleman than like a cad; for a cad's war can only end in a cad's peace, and a cad's peace in yet another war, which to me seems to be silly."

Here we run into some of General Fuller's less happy specialties: a simplification of the moral problems of modern warfare based on the political and ethical training of an old-school soldier, and a kind of embittered hindsight or wisdom after the event. Newspaper quotations from an article of his which appeared in a recent issue of *Ordnance* present his theory that it would have been better for the world if the United States had not intervened in World War I or II. Without such intervention there would have been in each instance a negotiated peace, the results of which would have been preferable to the present state of impoverishment and fear, the threat of truculent Stalinism, and the inevitability of World War III.

In the present volume he does not go quite so far, but his horror and disgust for the moral decay which can endorse the use of mass bombing and rely on the atomic bomb for future offense and defense are just as strongly felt and expressed. However, he seems to beg the question at times. Naturally, as a soldier and a gentleman he would prefer a Sahib's to a Cad's war. But even an old-school war fought by professional soldiers, with the greatest and most scrupulous efforts to safeguard civilian populations, is "a lethal argument for a profitable political end" and as such a completely amoral thing. Total war is infinitely worse in its effects, more devastating, more cruel, by many degrees, but fundamentally it is no more wicked or immoral than cold-blooded



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professional warfare for a profitable political end. The difference is in degree, not in kind.

I agree with General Fuller that there is no more terrible indictment of our civilization than that Christian people should calmly discuss a future whose security is based on the indiscriminate slaughter by scientific methods of hostile populations — men, women, and children — and ruination of the cities, economies, and cultures which they have laboriously constructed through the ages. This moral callousness is a more dreadful thing than the death and destruction it relies on to save itself. Future historians may decide that Christendom died in World War II, but if that conflict is to be followed by another and more fearful one, we shall see, not Christendom dead, but Anti-Christ alive, dominating the souls of men.

"What," asks General Fuller, "can all this striving to destroy lead to? To a veritable religion of death, in which the scientist becomes the immolating high priest, and humanity the sacrificial victim. This is not war; it is the conflict of gangsters." Sure enough, a total war is worse than a Sahib's war, but what General Fuller

does not admit is that *all* wars are bad. He admits this by implication, in his *Ordinance* article. Nobody can "win" a modern war. Better to negotiate a peace which repudiates all the moral issues for which the war was fought than continue a suicidal struggle for "unconditional surrender."

But he still clings to the theory that wars are inevitable and that it is well to fight them cleanly and reasonably, like well-regulated prizefights. He has not yet reached the point where his enemy is not the conduct of war, but war itself. Those dark and somber interludes in man's struggle toward the light, those dreadful negations of his dream and glory, are for him, still, regrettable incidents in a reasoned competitive political world — and let us all play up, play up, and play the game. The book has much valuable and constructive comment on the tactics and strategy of the last war and of the various great figures, military and civilian, in that stupendous drama. It is sharply critical of the present brutalized conception of warfare and it urges a return to relative sanity and decency.

If this reviewer discovers a certain confusion in General Fuller's philoso-

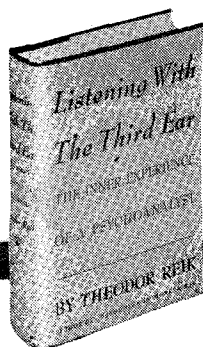
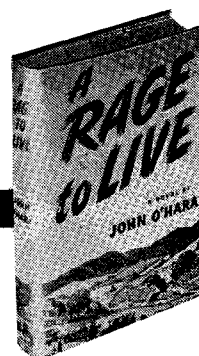
phy of war, it is perhaps because an equal confusion exists in the mind of this reviewer. In fact, I think we are all confused. Only pacifists and Quakers are consistent in their hatred of war and their refusal to participate in it. But even they are recurrently faced by its existence, which they cannot ignore. The rest of us are hopelessly involved.

War, like Pope's Vice, "is a monster of so frightful mien, As to be hated needs but to be seen; Yet seen too oft . . ." We have seen war too oft and its horror has become commonplace. We praise peace but we do not fight to destroy war. It is unfair to ask a professional soldier, writing a technical critique on certain aspects of the last war, to lead a crusade against war in the abstract. It is only because he criticizes some phases of war as abominable, without admitting that all war is abominable, that I feel that he steps from the field in which he is professionally competent into a philosophizing which is as confused and incoherent as my own. Let us praise him for the good and constructive element in his book and forgive the moral confusion which most of us share with him.

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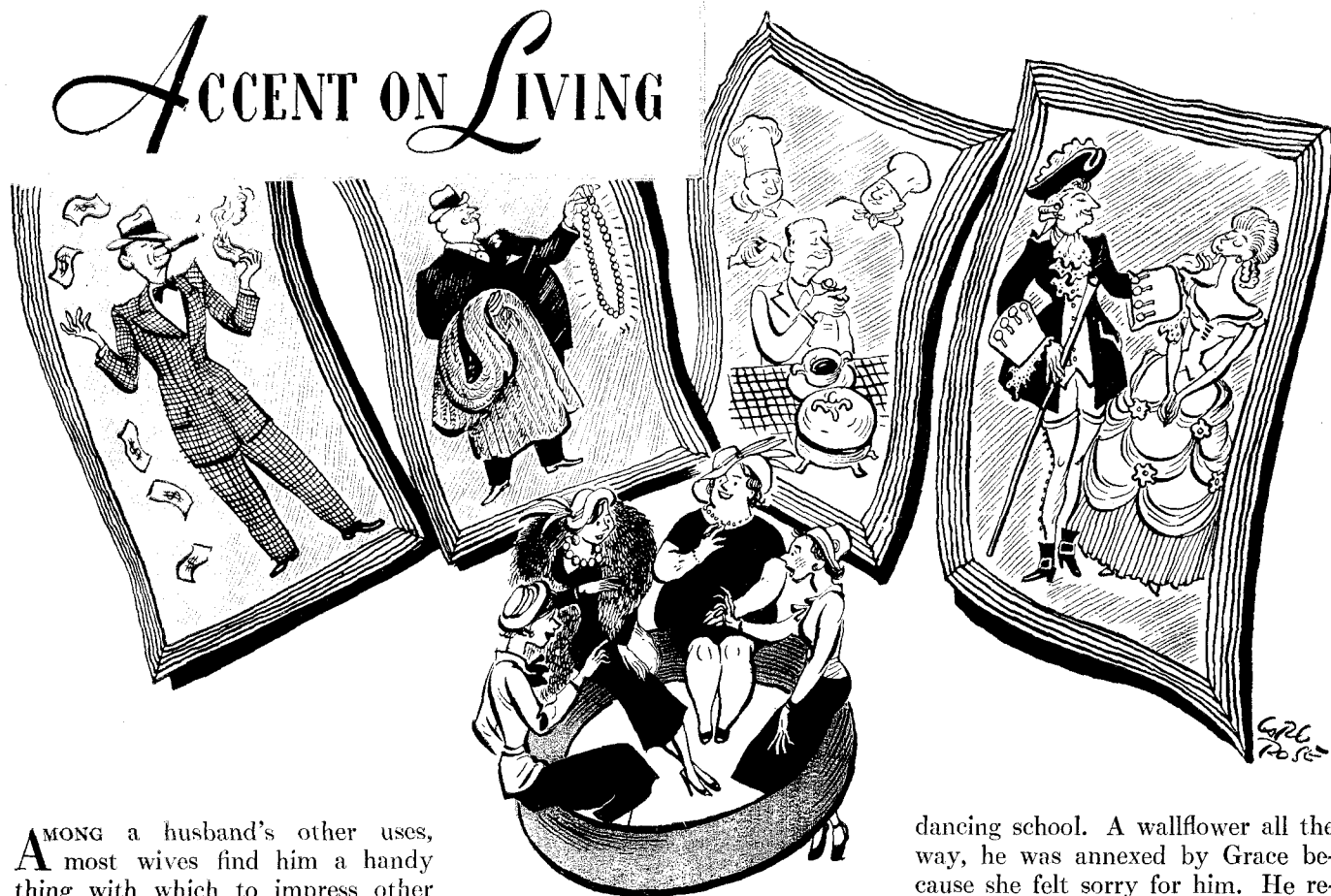
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Case 1. — Ralph is very tight, very thrifty. He has to be, on his salary as manager of the Uptown Branch of the First National Bank. But Ralph is also tight by nature, hates letting go of money for any reason whatever. Helen chose carefully when she married him ("My husband is a banker") after discarding an instructor in chemistry, a cosmetic salesman, and a horse player (the horse player, to Helen's disgust, subsequently settled down and made a fortune in knitting ma-

THIS MONTH

chines). Ralph belongs to a luncheon club, on account of the bank, but he can't afford to eat there. He buys his shirts at clearance sales, serves California sherry (from a decanter) instead of cocktails when Helen "entertains." He is barely able to divert from Helen's clutch enough money to keep up his insurance payments from which he hopes to receive one hundred dollars a month on retirement.

Helen's pitch to her friends is that Ralph is a wild spender, hobnobbing with the wealthy and worrying her half to death with his excesses. "I suppose he's at one of those expensive clubs of his right now," she tells the luncheon party. "Only last week he brought home a catalogue of first editions and, my dear, the prices of those things were simply staggering." Only by every feminine wile and seductive art, Helen implies, has she kept Ralph from orgies of expenditure.

Case 2. — George is a pudgy, nondescript man. Now in his forties, he has been uneasy about women ever since his early failures with them in

dancing school. A wallflower all the way, he was annexed by Grace because she felt sorry for him. He rewarded her by hanging on to some family real estate which now yields him a large income. He puts in all his time on his stamp collection, attending stamp auctions and corresponding with philatelists.

To hear Grace tell it, George is a gay dog who responds only to most extreme fripperies and froufrou. Grace has stood off various well-equipped rivals by blowing large sums on her wardrobe and personal appearance. Having to lay out so much on furs, for instance, worries Grace, but George likes fine furs; jewelry is another of his weaknesses, Grace insists. Her friends are bound to agree that Grace is protecting her interests skillfully as she unswathes herself from yards of mink and nervously twirls a gigantic emerald-cut diamond ring (new). "These big stones seem vulgar to me," she explains, "but George likes them and what can I do?"

Case 3. — Frank is an easygoing harmless sort. He works hard, does well, and leaves all other arrangements to Maureen. As long as he gets his meals on time, Frank is unconcerned with food, can't tell beef from lamb, eats sparingly anything set before him.

Maureen's version is that Frank is

a gourmet, placated only by rich, exotic food. This obliges her to outspend all her friends on elaborate dinners. She must plan, search, and worry to achieve a daily succession of culinary triumphs, for which Frank supplies her with a cook, waitress, and housemaid. What Frank would do if she tried to simplify her dinners, she tells her friends, she dares not imagine. "He's so accustomed to living this way," she explains.

Maureen weighs 225.

Case 4. — Henry is terribly remote. An amateur of Elizabethan literature, he counts anything written after the seventeenth century as trash. He is shy, avoids company, believes he is on the verge of proving not only that Bacon wrote Shakespeare but that Bacon was trying to predict, acrostically, World War II somewhere in Act IV of *Measure for Measure*. In these pursuits Henry is assisted by an elderly stenographer in his office at the college library. Henry does not know where she lives, is not sure of her name, and would not recognize her if they passed on the street.

Henry's wife, Alice, gets a sympathetic hearing by dark hints that the stenographer is — potentially at least — the "Other Woman" in Henry's life. "He simply *never* mentions that Miss What's-her-name," Alice says, "and when I ask him this or that about her he just says he doesn't know." With some husbands this might be a risky theme leading to gossip and impairment of the man's fair name, but because Alice is the sole proponent of the theory, she can heat it up or play it down pretty much at will. If Henry is not a potential philanderer, he is a nonentity, and no woman is willing to acknowledge her husband as a complete blank. Hence: "I have half a mind to make him get rid of her, yet she *is* helping him on this research of his and I suppose, after all, that's the important thing." Alice's place among her friends is thus established: she's on her toes, nobody's fool, and proprietress of an almost unfathomable bit of intrigue.

A strict code governs the etiquette of these report sessions. The spirit of fair play prevails. Each wife knows that she is expected to make a colorful contribution, and each is entitled to the full attention of the group. Appropriate squeals, laughter, whoops are accorded each wife's story. Murmurs of sym-

pathy greet a tale of woe, but most of the exchanges recount victories in high-spirited conflict with husbands, and the hard-luck story as such is trotted out only sparingly.

The session winds up with all the wives talking at once, repeating their own drolleries and affecting to listen, at the same time, to the recapitulations of the others. This last — no mean feat in itself — is achieved by gestures, nods, winks, giggles, and loud outcries distributed impartially, at top speed, around the table while the wife keeps on chattering her own story. Each wife, in the finale, is retelling her yarn as fast as she can talk, and simultaneously giving a veritable ovation to each of the other wives. Only women can do this.

General acceptance of a wife's report is necessary. Skepticism there will be — naturally — but expressed only in good part as a spur to higher flights of fancy. Effects of astonishment, incredulity, and dazzled belief — in that order — must reward each participant. Her basic offer as to the idiosyncrasies of her husband must never be challenged, even though everyone there knows it to be pure moonshine. On rare occasions when a wife loses control of herself, she may come out bluntly with a flat contradiction of another wife's saga. "I've known Herbert since I was five years old," Gertrude asserts, "and you can never make me believe that he washes the breakfast dishes even for you, my dear."

Herbert's wife can only bull her story through against a crack of that kind. All the wives know that Herbert is the only genuinely tough customer among the husbands concerned, and that he would no more wash a breakfast dish than he would accompany Estelle to the Tuesday Morning Musicale. But Gertrude has gone too far. Her sally gets no endorsement, and several wives hasten to testify that Herbert is becoming quite a malleable husband under Estelle's direction. Wasn't it Herbert who was seen cutting the grass only recently, and didn't he go to a Parent-Teacher's meeting last year — or was it year before last?

There is shocked comment, afterwards, about Gertrude and her rough ways: "I don't know what's got into Gertrude — she was positively catty to poor Estelle."

CHARLES W. MORTON



HOW FOOTBALL DIED

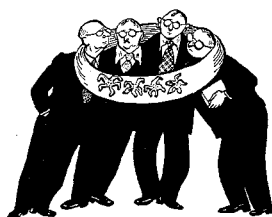
by SAMUEL YELLEN

SAMUEL YELLEN is Associate Professor of English at Indiana University. His verse has appeared in the *Atlantic* and other magazines.

GIVEN the hindsight we have now in 1960, there was a moment thirteen years ago when one might have foretold the recent debacle at Ann Arbor and the nation-wide collapse of intercollegiate football. That moment occurred very early in the opening game of Michigan's 1947 season. Oddly enough, the scene then was also the stadium at Ann Arbor. I cannot recall who the opposing team was. However, having elected to receive, it had just failed to gain on three attempts and, in the orthodox manner, had punted on fourth down. The complete Michigan team then retired from the field, a full fresh team trotted out, and football fans saw a school use *two* entirely different teams — one for the defensive, the other for the offensive.

As the "Michigan System" spread, the resulting demand for football material became a serious drain on the country. Each year a number of the smaller colleges, like Wabash, Hiram, and Amherst, had to give up football. There simply were not enough players to go around.

The next fateful step leading to the ultimate catastrophe was taken by Notre Dame. It was in 1952 that the Irish came up with the specialized unit trained to execute one, and only one, particular play. So well was the secret kept that the opposing teams did not catch on until the season was well along. Of course, even during the 1940's one could have foreseen the specialized unit in the development of the specialist who came out on the field to kick the point after touchdown and then returned to the bench until his educated toe was again needed. The new unit was made up



of four, five, or six keymen, and was plugged into the offensive team whenever its specialty was required—that is, for an off-tackle plunge, an end run, a dive through center, a short screen pass, and so on. Similarly, units perfected in breaking up particular plays could be plugged into the defensive team.

Offhand one might have thought that the specialized unit would be at a disadvantage, since its very appearance on the field practically called the play coming up. Nevertheless, so thoroughly expert did each unit become in its specialty, such machine precision was drilled into it, that rarely could it be stopped, except by a defensive unit which had specialized in the same play. Nor was there any lack of deception and surprise, as can be seen by considering the variations possible in a standard play like the end run. While the "Notre Dame System" had limitations, it had the basic strength and subtlety of draw poker; whereas the older system was more like playing poker wild. In 1953, all of the Big Ten and at least twenty other schools introduced the specialized unit.

The spread of the Notre Dame System meant a further drain on the already depleted football resources of the nation. In the years before 1947, a top-ranking school could get along with a squad of 60 or 70. After the Michigan System came into use, squads jumped to 100 or 120. Now, however, the development of specialized units made it necessary to have a squad of at least 150 and often 200. The coaching staff, too, had to be increased. Furthermore, it was not enough to collect simply 150 or 200 players. For no longer were men interchangeable parts on a team. Scouts had to locate not merely a good lineman or back, nor even a good tackle or fullback, but rather a good defensive screen-pass tackle or offensive end-run fullback.

It remained for the original offender, Michigan, to take the final step. Equipment, additional coaches and trainers, travel, and a network of scouts had made of football a major financial operation. Meanwhile, the revenue from football remained approximately stationary.

The trouble lay, everyone readily agreed, in the limited capacity of a

stadium seating only 100,000. Yet it was extremely doubtful that the game could be made visible to 200,000 spectators. Already, half the spectators found it impossible to see clearly what was happening out on the field. Most of them had to rely on the loud-speaker to learn what the microscopic organisms off on the distant field were up to.

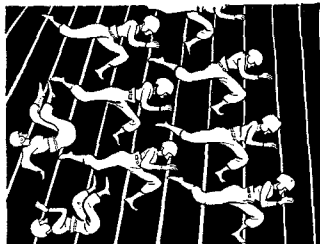
An impasse had been reached, but deliverance came suddenly, and from a most unexpected quarter, in the fall of 1957. The *deus ex machina* was an assistant professor in the Department of English Literature by the name of J. T. Worthington. The saving idea flashed upon him one evening as he was frowning over the cryptic reference in Milton's *Lycidas* to "that two-handed engine" and dreaming of renown won by unraveling a riddle which had puzzled scholars for so long. He little realized how soon he was to shine in a blaze of fame. The idea itself had all the simplicity of genius. What Professor Worthington proposed was that Michigan build a second stadium holding another 100,000, and then play two games simultaneously. At any one time, while the offensive team was playing in one stadium, the defensive team would be playing in the other. An underground

tunnel was to connect the stadiums. The team was the two-handed engine.

The new stadium was completed for the opening of the 1959 season. On the first Saturday in October, Michigan was

to play both Stanford and Wisconsin. As one might have predicted, these schools, like others, had been reluctant to sign up under the Worthington plan, since it gave them the appearance of second-rate teams which Michigan could take on two at a time. However, such was Michigan's prestige and, perhaps more significant, so alluring the share of the gate offered them that they were prevailed upon. The eyes of the college world were on Ann Arbor for this initial test of the plan. Of course, bungling was unavoidable on that Saturday; and although Michigan beat Stanford, the Wisconsin game was lost through faults in planning and timing. But towards the close of the season, things were running like clockwork.

Nevertheless, complaints were heard, both from the other schools and from



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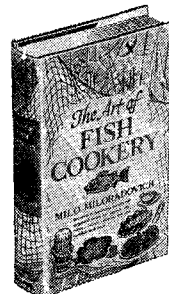
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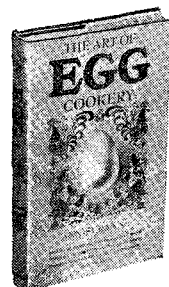
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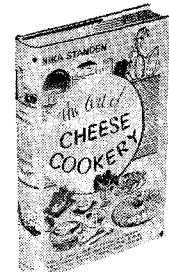
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DOUBLEDAY

the fans. The visiting teams felt that they were somehow being used. Notwithstanding the larger share they were given, they could not forget that it came from a single gate; whereas Michigan's came from a double gate. Moreover, chagrin set in as they began to comprehend what an unsurpassable lead they had allowed Michigan to attain. For, obviously, not every school could undertake to build a second stadium and schedule double games. Simple arithmetic was against it. There were not enough teams.

The fans, too, caused difficulty. They displayed a reluctance to come to Ann Arbor for the less important game. A kind of Gresham's Law in reverse came into operation. Thus on the Saturday when Michigan played Illinois and Syracuse, the first stadium was packed, the other only half-filled. And when Michigan played Notre Dame, the other stadium, where the opponent was Princeton, had a handful of spectators. Worthington, appealed to for help, came up with the daring suggestion that Michigan schedule a double game with Notre Dame in 1960. The idea was that both schools would shuttle back and forth, taking the offensive in one stadium while on the defensive in the other.

To relate the melancholy events of the fatal Saturday just a month ago seems hardly necessary. They are only too well known. The day began fine, the crowds were colorful. The 200,000 rabid fans who had descended on Ann Arbor were getting their money's worth. For the first three quarters the games went off with exceptional smoothness. The score was tied at 14 all in the old stadium, and



Michigan led 21 to 20 in the new. Then, during the fourth quarter, through some caprice of fortune or some momentary tangle in the weary brain of one of the coaches, the irrevocable mistake was made. The Michigan offensive team shuffled from the new stadium to the old at the same time that the Notre Dame

offensive shuffled from the old to the new. This brought Michigan's offensive against its own defensive, and put Notre Dame in a like predicament.

A number of factors prevented the teams from noticing the blunder until it was too late. A drizzle had started to come down in the second half, the fields had been churned to mud, and the uniforms had become unrecognizable. Furthermore, dusk having fallen, the light was poor. And, perhaps most important, the teams had grown so big, with 200 men on each squad, that a player did not know half of his teammates even by sight unless they happened to be associated with him in particular operations. Whatever the reasons, thanks to a special trick play, really a brilliant and thrilling maneuver, held in reserve for this very moment, Michigan scored against itself. Only then, after the extra point had been kicked, was the mistake discovered.

Chaos settled over the old stadium. The gridiron was a darkling plain swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight. The players wrangled. The referees could make no decision.

The snarl never was untangled. Both schools claimed the victory, and some of the Michigan alumni raised a fund to carry the case to court.

But cooler heads quickly understood that something far more serious than the score — namely, the future of football itself — was at stake. What would be the reaction of the fans? Michigan waited anxiously. On the following Saturday the worst fears were realized. Across the entire country the stadiums were deserted, and have remained so ever since. Most of the schools have not even bothered to play the scheduled games. A stupor of bewilderment overwhelmed the fans. Apparently their firm faith in football had toppled and they would have no more of it. Although a few schools have gone ahead halfheartedly to draw up a schedule for 1961, it is certain now that intercollegiate football is as dead as falconry or dueling. Most of the big schools have announced that they are quitting the game. With its usual hardheadedness and resourcefulness, Michigan has already put its best minds to work devising uses for the two stadiums at Ann Arbor, so that it need not default on the bonds. Plans are afoot to hold a festival of Greek drama in the new stadium next spring, opening with Euripides' *Hercules Distracted*.



CHRISTMAS COOKIES

by VIRGINIA PASLEY

VIRGINIA PASLEY is a former Chicagoan and news reporter who now lives in New York. This article was taken from The Christmas Cookie Book by Mrs. Pasley, which has just been published by Atlantic Monthly Press-Little, Brown.

CHRISTMAS came to our big old-fashioned kitchen on Chicago's north side long before the holly wreaths went up in the front windows or the Christmas bell was hung on the door.

Christmas came to our kitchen on the wings of a frosting-painted cookie angel, in the hundreds — no, thousands — of cookies spicy and sweet, crispy and chewy, that were baked and decorated there — cookies to be packed lovingly into baskets or boxes and carried to friends or served in our own house throughout the holiday season.

During the Christmas baking, our kitchen, always the focal point of the household, took on exciting new values with a succession of tantalizing aromas. The essences of honey and cardamom, cinnamon and cloves, molasses and ginger, mingled with the heady ambrosia of rum and apricot brandy, and the fragrance of anise, the dark pungency of black walnuts, the almost cloying sweetness of almonds pounded with powdered sugar and egg white. Finally, as the magic day approached, the kitchen was redolent with the gentler scents of melting butter and caramelizing sugar, with now and then a whiff of nutmeg or mace or chocolate and vanilla.

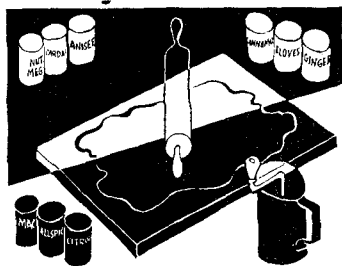
Cookies were everywhere — cookies in the batter stage, cookies being rolled out on the big breadboard, cookies being cut out on the table, cookies just fresh from the oven and impossible to resist even if they burned your fingers, cookies cooling on the marble shelves in the pantry,

ACCENT ON LIVING

cookies being decorated and frosted, and cookie jars and tins stacked high in all available corners.

There were golden macaroons with curlicues of orange peel, frosty white kisses topped with savory minikins of nuts or cherries, sugar cookies, butter crisps, and sugar-frosted black-walnut squares. There were the old-country cookies, the dainty spongelike Springerle and the dark brown spiciness of Lebkuchen and Pfeffernüsse. And there were the special cookies for the children, the cookies to hang on the Christmas tree, in the shapes of stars and bells, white-winged angels with golden halos and blue gowns, the snowmen with frosted buttons, the elves and Santa Clauses.

Mother laid in an ample supply of cookie essentials before starting her Christmas baking. The only items she bought on a day-to-day basis were such perishables as butter, eggs, cream, and so on. The spices and cookie decorations were easy to obtain in all grocery stores.



Today, although ordinary food seasonings can be found in any delicatessen or supermarket, the rarer ingredients of cookie making are sometimes hard to find. Unless you live in a community large enough to support a shop specializing in all varieties of spices, sweet herbs, rare teas, and exotic food oddities from around the world, you will have to ask your druggist or grocer to order them. However, you might first tour the various neighborhood stores, trying the Scandinavians, for instance, for cardamom, the Czechs or Germans for aniseed, the French or Italians for decorations and candied peels.

Our Christmas baking invariably seemed to start unexpectedly, to happen overnight. One snowy brisk day in November we three girls would race in from school rosy-cheeked and cold-nosed, and go wild with excitement at the sight of the big cookie sheets that had burgeoned during our absence, the Springerle board spread out on the kitchen table, and Mama checking her handwritten recipes.

My mother always saw to it that no one, not even the youngest, was made a drudge in the Christmas cookie making. If you shelled nuts, you were allowed to put them on the tops of the cookies. If you measured the flour out and sifted it with the

spices, you could hold the spoon and stir for a minute or two. And you were never too young to be given a scrap or two to cut out a cookie of your very own.

We began our Christmas cookie baking with Lebkuchen. Lebkuchen is one of the very oldest of the Christmas cookies — so old, in fact, that there are literally hundreds of different recipes for it. Even the exact meaning of its name is lost. You could translate the word as “lively cookies” or “long-lived cookies” or “life-giving cookies,” I suppose. They are lively with spices, and the ones made from honey have a life span (if they get a chance) of from twelve to eighteen months.

Lebkuchen cooks argue endlessly as to which recipe is the best, or the most authentic, or the oldest. Mama’s problem, however, was different but possibly more difficult. She had to try to make Lebkuchen the way Grandma Schmitz — Papa’s mother — used to make it. Grandma

cooked by the touch system and made the Christmas Lebkuchen herself as long as she lived. She left no recipe for Mama’s guidance.

Mama tried recipe after recipe in her attempt to find Lebkuchen “like Mother used to make,” and in the meantime perfected her skill with other varieties until she was baking cookies so good everyone was begging for them. That was when Papa suggested she give them to friends on Christmas, and that was how the Schmitz Christmas cookie tradition got underway.

About that same time Mrs. Schmidt next door — no relation to the Schmitz clan — produced a recipe for Lebkuchen that Papa finally approved. Mama took it over and Lebkuchen became the one cookie she insisted on making all by herself, allowing us children only the privilege of slivering the almonds or cutting up the citron.

Mrs. Schmidt’s Lebkuchen is probably closer to the time-honored traditional Lebkuchen than the other recipes which we used. In a European farm home where honey could be produced by the inexpensive processes of nature, and where refined sugar was imported and thus prohibitively high, Lebkuchen was the cheapest of all cookies, calling for no eggs, no butter, and only a minimum of lard.



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Lebkuchen is one of those cookies that you either like or you don't. The honey gives it an elastic texture — those who don't like it call it rubbery — and it does have a clinging taste that not everyone enjoys.

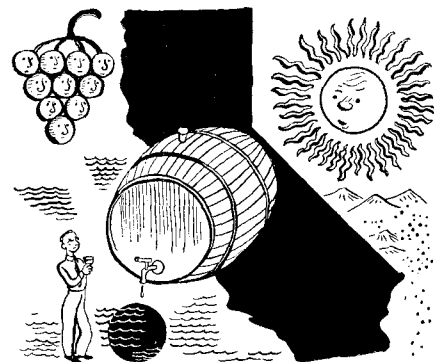
Lebkuchen, incidentally, is not likely to be a favorite with the children, especially as made from Mrs. Schmidt's recipe; but it is greatly liked by those persons who, with advancing maturity and the acquiring of sophisticated, if not effete, palates, have lost their taste for the simple sugar cookies. Lebkuchen is a good cookie to serve with after-dinner wines of the heavier type such as port and sweet sherry.

MRS. SCHMIDT'S LEBKUCHEN

- 4 cups honey (3 pounds)
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 3 tablespoons lard
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 1/2 teaspoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon cardamom (crushed)
- 2 cups slivered blanched almonds
- 1 1/2 cups chopped citron, candied orange and lemon peel
- 9 cups all-purpose flour (about)

Bring the honey to a boil, add the soda, brown sugar, and lard, and stir until dissolved. Allow to cool somewhat before adding flour sifted with spices and chopped nuts and fruits. Add flour by cupfuls to make a very stiff dough. Perhaps not all the 9 cups will be needed, since the consistency will vary, depending on the honey and the flour. Spread the dough in flat buttered tins about one half inch deep. Bake in a slow oven — between 300° and 325° — about 15 minutes.

The cake may be frosted with an icing made of confectioners' sugar, lemon juice, and water mixed to the consistency of thin cream and spread on while the cake is hot. Cut the cakes while warm into sticks about five inches long and one inch wide and store tightly in a tin box. These cakes improve with age. They do not get the right texture until they are aged. They may be cut and stored unfrosted, and frosted just before using with the above icing, or with an apricot glaze, or with a heavier icing of confectioners' sugar and cream. With the latter icing, they are usually decorated with blanched almonds, candied cherries, and angelica.



WINES OF CALIFORNIA

by SALVATORE P. LUCIA

A San Francisco doctor by vocation, SALVATORE P. LUCIA is a well-known amateur of fine wines. He served on the Judges Committee, Red Table Wines, California State Fair, for the past three years and is a member of the Board of Governors, San Francisco Branch of the Wine and Food Society.

THOSE of us who look forward to leisure and ceremony at the end of an arduous day, and choose dinner-time as the period of relaxation, enjoy the part which wine plays in this ritual. The tempo of living is too quick and the length of life too short for us not to observe a respite in an overburdened day. More than the ceremony which a glass of crystal-clear, sound wine brings to this important hour is the fact that wine is a nutrient and a partner to bread; bread and wine are the foundations of a civilized palate. My plea is for a glass of simple, honest wine with ordinary meals, and for a fine premium wine on festive occasions. Wines of these classes grown and produced on native soil are available to us, and the promise is that with greater distribution they will cost less, and thus be within reach of the leanest of purses.

The controversy concerning the relative merits of California wines and French wines has always seemed idle to me. Premium wines constitute less than 5 per cent of the French total wine production, and superior wines make up another 10 per cent. I believe that it is unfair to compare California wine with French premium wines; however, the fine California products are equal to the French superior wines.

The vinous results of Cabernet Sauvignon grown in French earth and grown in our soil differ markedly. In California this grape produces a vigorous, florid, and coarse wine,

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which needs such handling and prolonged aging to create the beautiful, rich, suave, and elegant product it can be. On the other hand, the Pinot Noir, the greatest of the French grapes, and the one responsible for the magnificent wines of Burgundy, produces in California a pallid, delicate, and weakly flavored wine. California wines will never be French wines; neither will a Chambertin be a Romanée-Conti, nor a Château Cheval Blanc ever be a Château Latour.

Let us judge California wines on their own merits. The ordinary California table wines are equal or superior to their counterparts produced elsewhere in the world. In the recent past a French training ship visited the port of San Francisco. Its supply of *vin ordinaire* for the daily consumption of the sailors had been exhausted en route, and the purchasing officer set out to replenish his stores with California wine. He bought a large quantity of competitive wine, not particularly celebrated for its quality. The French sailors were enthusiastic over the new wine ration — it was far better than the *vin ordinaire* with which they were usually supplied.

As I see it, there are two major problems confronting the producers of California wine: first, the production for everyday consumption of a sound, honest table wine, uniform in color and flavor, and of low alcohol content, available at a reasonable price, perhaps in half-gallon or gallon jugs; and second, the production of fine varietal premium wines identifiable by the region of provenance, the year of the vintage, and the name of the producer as essential elements of the label, and in addition characterized by full display of the best features of the grape rendered into the wine. No other garniture is necessary on such a bottle. The person in quest of fine California wine could then be his own selector.



There is no doubt that the American is primarily a drinker of hard liquor, and that in the present stage of our development the abominable cocktail — that anesthetic agent of the palate — holds sway. But with the disappearance of the rugged pioneers and the aging of our population, and the increasing longevity, Amer-

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icans are acquiring time for reflection, contemplation, and the enjoyment of the good things of life. There is a growing appreciation of table wines in the United States, and they are now available in increasing numbers of restaurants. Societies are being formed for the appreciation of food and wine, and for the good comradeship that comes from the enjoyment of both.

The American people will learn to recognize the wine of their choice by its title. The custom of labeling wines under the name of the variety of grape from which they are made is as old as California viticulture. In 1860, the Arthur Lachmann Company labeled a wine California Grand Noir, and I have tasted the 1892 vintage of Pinot Noir, bottled at Rutherford, California, by Captain Niebaum. The California law states that a bottle carrying a varietal label must contain at least 51 per cent by volume of wine of that grape.

The better red varietal wines include Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Gamay, Zinfandel, Barbera, and Grignolino. These must be distinguished from wines labeled generically Claret, Burgundy, and Chianti. Among the white varietal wines are to be found Pinot Chardonnay, Pinot Blanc Vrai, Sauvignon Blanc, Semillon, Sylvaner, Traminer, White Pinot, White Riesling, and Folle Blanche. These are to be distinguished from the generic Sauterne, Chablis, and Rhine Wine. Over and above the varietal type name, it is important for the purchaser to know a bit about the regions in which some of the better wines are produced — the Napa, Sonoma, Livermore, Santa Clara, San Joaquin, and Cucamonga Valleys, and the Sonoma and Santa Cruz Mountains.

The wines of the Napa Valley are exceptionally fine, the reds are vigorous, big, and robust, and the whites delicate, elegant, and slower to mature than the white wines of the neighboring Sonoma Valley. In general, the wines of the Sonoma Valley are much softer, mature more readily, and can be drunk earlier than those of the Napa Valley.

Illustrative of these features is the case of the Zinfandel, which produces an unusually good wine in Sonoma. Colonel Haraszthy brought the Zinfandel to Sonoma County in 1852 and it was one of the earliest European grapes to be extensively cultivated in California. When it is grown on the slopes of Sonoma County, it produces

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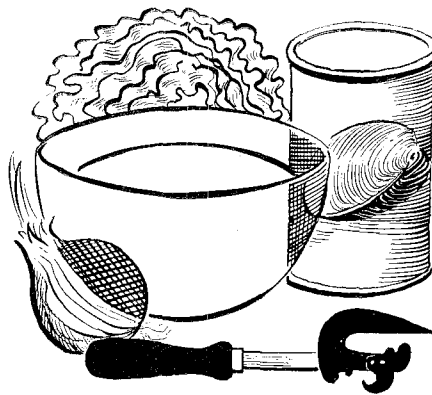
Fine American Wines for Nearly 100 Years

an attractive, brilliant, clear wine of florid bouquet, moderately heavy body, and excellent flavor. Its main characteristic is a pleasant, sweet foretaste. The wine of the Zinfandel is singularly Californian, and a good Zinfandel can be unusually crisp and delightful if it has not lain too long in the barrel and is drunk relatively young.

In the Livermore Valley are produced the finest varietal white wines of California. From the Santa Clara Valley come many excellent wines: fine Grenache Rosé, soft varietal red and white wines, and good Champagnes. The Santa Cruz Mountain region produces an excellent and pleasantly tart Folle Blanche. This is one of the very few areas in the world where a drinkable wine is made from this grape. For a uniform light red table wine, the Grignolino, produced in the Cucamonga Valley, might be used as a standard wine for popular consumption in the United States.

Fine wines are the artistic expression of the creative genius of the vinifer — painstaking application of talent and skill. To produce a premium wine takes time and patience; it must be made from select grapes carefully handled, carefully fermented, tended in small batches, and jealously watched. Wines are living products, and they must be handled accordingly. Their quality is ensured by the producer, their maturity takes place in the cellar of the purchaser. They are fragile and vulnerable unless they are artfully made and handled.

My best advice to those who desire to purchase California wine, is: First learn the outstanding characteristics of aroma and bouquet of the grape varieties, taste the wines produced by them, and then decide which ones you like. Second, learn the names of the producers of fine California wines. Third, obtain as much information as possible concerning the districts from which the best wines come. Fourth, insist upon the variety or wine type you desire and be certain of its identification; then try a bottle — make tasting a ceremony — and if it is suitable, purchase a supply of it and store it under proper conditions. In this simple way the greatest of pleasure awaits the cultivated palate.



PRE-GAME LUNCH

by ALEXANDER W. MOFFAT

ALEXANDER W. MOFFAT is a yachtsman who served as a naval officer in both World Wars. His "Cruising Cook" appeared in the September Atlantic.

TWENTY-SIX people were expected; thirty-three have showed up. Forty-three would have made no difference. A menu for this kind of party has to be flexible; it consists of clam chowder, tossed salad, and coffee.

On each large plate is a glass bowl from the five-and-ten filled with chowder, flanked by salad and two Crown pilot crackers. The crackers have been lightly buttered and put in the oven until piping hot.

The clam chowder is exceptional. It is canned by the Poland Spring people who put up the bottled water. Not only does no other canned chowder approach it, but few cooks could produce a better fresh one. It is minus the fat and onions which it needs. Nobody would suspect it, once doctored, to be a canned product.

These are small cans, two of which will serve three people, including seconds. For each can, provide one small onion, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and three quarters of a can of light cream or the cream from the top of a bottle of milk. Slice the onions small and try them out in the butter. Before the onions brown, empty them, butter and all, into the canned chowder in a large double boiler. Add the cream and season with salt and pepper to taste. Give an occasional stir. When hot, it is ready to eat.

The French dressing served with the tossed salad follows an old Spanish proverb, "A Prodigal with the oil, a Miser with the vinegar, and a Philosopher with the salt." To be more specific, keep a couple of cloves of garlic in the bottle of olive oil.

This is an improvement over rubbing the salad bowl with garlic. To make this dressing for four people (one large head of lettuce — garden, not iceberg, variety) the quantities should be about as given: —

- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon black pepper
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil, flavored with garlic
- 2 tablespoons vinegar, preferably tarragon

Mix the dry ingredients. Add the oil, stirring with a fork. Only after all the oil has been added should the vinegar be introduced. Add it very slowly, stirring vigorously while the emulsion with the oil takes place. The lettuce must be picked apart, washed in cold water, and each leaf individually dried with a dish towel. Place the lettuce loosely in the salad bowl. Pour the dressing over it and then gently lift and turn over the lettuce until each leaf has been just moistened by the dressing.

The provender thus prepared vanishes as if by magic. Black coffee is served in breakfast cups. The host makes his announcement.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please shush. The time is now 12.30. May I remind you that in fifteen minutes we shall leave for the game. I mean literally fifteen minutes because this year something new has been added. A chartered chariot awaits your pleasure, and will take us one and all to the stadium. There it will wait to bring us back after the game. No delays, no parking troubles. Ladies may powder upstairs, gentlemen on this floor and in the basement. Don't miss the bus. It will leave at 12.45 on the dot."

To sounds of approbation, the bus is filled. The driver is given the sign to start . . . and the cheering begins as the bus pulls away.

WAVE'S END

by HORTENSE ROBERTA ROBERTS

LENGTH of a purple shadow
And a last gull flying . . .
After the hushed word's stillness
Hear how the dark comes crying.

Hear how the dark comes crying
With rush of wave on sand
Till the rhythm of sound and sighing
Puts sleep into my hand.